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# THE CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

## NATIONAL REVIEW.

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The Dominion Lands Act is not intended to apply to territory over which the Indian title may not at the time have been extinguished.

The above is merely a synopsis of the law embracing the policy connected with the Administration of the Dominion Lands. Persons wishing more full and complete information are referred to the Dominion Lands Act.

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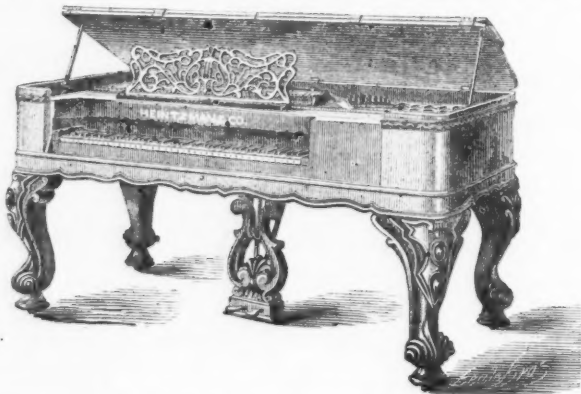
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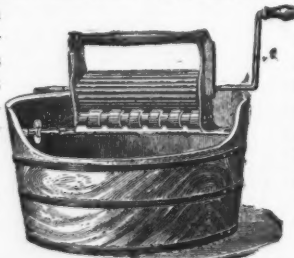
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L. LETELLIER,

*Minister of Agriculture.*

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
Ottawa, January 1st, 1875.



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THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF CANADA.\*

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

II.

THE former part of this paper closed at the point where there opened for consideration the scheme of a Canadian Nationality, with its independence guaranteed by England. The feasibility of this project is the question now to be examined.

The proposal helps to clear away a good deal of mist from our subject. If Canada is competent to maintain her own independence, it is evident that there is no need to have England guarantee it; but if an English guarantee is requisite to save her from annexation, it follows that she cannot stand alone, and must cast in her lot with either England or the States. As all our people agree in preferring a British to an American connection, the question, with all who believe the guarantee to be essential, is

narrowed to that of the form which our alliance with the Fatherland shall assume. That it will not be that of an independent Canadian republic, with England bound by treaty to come to its aid in time of war or other difficulty, may be confidently predicted on the most cursory survey of the situation; and the reason is the simple fact that the terms of the new alliance would be even less favourable to England than those which she now denounces as being unfair. The favourite argument of the advocates of a guaranteed nationality is derived from the case of Belgium. "Why," it is asked, "when England is willing to guarantee Belgian, should she be unwilling to guarantee Canadian, independence?" The answers are easy and numerous. In the case of Belgium, she is one of many guaranteeing powers; consequently the burden is lighter than it would be in a case where she would be the sole guarantor. Her interests are more involved in Belgium than in Canadian independence. Her statesmen and soldiers have always been willing to fight rather than allow Belgium to fall into the hands of a possible foe, because they hold that Antwerp and the Scheldt are,

\* Canada First, or Our New Nationality. By W. A. Foster, Esq.

Canadian Nationality: its Growth and Development. By William Canniff, M.D.

Imperial and Colonial Confederation. By A. T. Drummond, B.A., LL.B.

The Colonial Question. By W. H. Fuller, M.A.

Speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at Aurora.

The Canadian Question. By William Norris, Late Captain of Canadian Volunteers.

if not the only positions from which an invasion of England can be undertaken with any chance of success, certainly those from which an attack would be most dangerous; while they have not formed a similar opinion in regard to Canada and the St. Lawrence. Besides this, when the guarantee was accepted, it seemed to be the only means of averting unpleasant European complications, which fact, doubtless, weighed in its favour. And again, if England should decide that annexation must at any cost be prevented, she can attain this end much more easily under the terms of the present alliance than under those of the proposed guarantee. England now complains, or at least Emancipationists complain, that the connection with her Colonies subjects her to dangers, responsibilities, and burdens for which she receives an inadequate return, and from which she would be freed by the dissolution of the tie. While arguing in this manner, she still holds the keys of peace and war in her own hands exclusively; the Colonies are bound to follow her into war, and are now strong enough to afford her assistance in the strife, as Canada offered to do during the Russian war. But were the guarantee system substituted, the ex-Colonies could, by their prerogative of declaring war, involve her in a strife, and by that of concluding peace, desert her in the midst of it, if so inclined, whilst they would not, as at present, be forced to follow her into war. Indeed the latter fact seems to be held up prominently in favour of the guarantee system. Then again, England's chief gain, from the connection under present circumstances, is found in her trade with the Colonies. But under the guarantee system, the tendency towards a Protectionist policy of which she now complains, would be increased by the need of larger revenues, and the exclusive devotion to local interests, which it would cause in the Colonies. Finally, England now exercises a considerable amount of moral influence over the colonists, by the name of their common Sovereign and nationality; and a direct influence over colonial statesmen and legislatures, through the chief magistrate whom she appoints; by whom she can at any time convey her wishes, or suggest a remedy for any sin of omission or commission of which she may believe them to be guilty; and can, in the last resort, send legislators about their business and appeal direct to the people. But

standing merely as the guarantor of Colonial Independence, she would possess none of these prerogatives. Do not these facts prove that the consequence of a system of guarantees would be to increase England's risks and responsibilities, whilst diminishing her returns and securities? By way of improving her position, it is proposed to strip her of the prerogatives and privileges which now tend to lighten the weight of the burden of colonial defence, and both practically and morally to secure some return for it, and yet to leave her liable to be called on at any moment to fulfil those duties for which Emancipationists declare the above prerogatives and privileges to be an illusory compensation! Is anything more requisite to prove the scheme to be an absurdity? If England should determine to maintain Canadian or Colonial Independence, would she not prefer to do it on the present terms, which at least secure her some return, rather than on those which would leave her destitute of any?

In face of these facts there seems but little room to doubt that a guaranteed nationality is unattainable. But if this view is correct, the question again becomes narrowed. If a British alliance is essential to our independence, and if we cannot get it in the form of a guarantee, it must either remain substantially on its present footing, or assume a more intimate character. In other words, shall we remain colonies, or become members of a glorious world-wide Pan-Britannic Federation, embracing, on equal terms, fatherland and offspring within its ample folds?

The relative merits of these two forms of polity now claim our attention. These have been compared by Messrs. W. H. Fuller and A. J. Drummond, in the pamphlets whose titles are placed at the head of this article. Both of these gentlemen arrive at substantially the same conclusion, which is expressed by Mr. Fuller in these words: "How long their [the colonies'] present relationship with Great Britain will last cannot be predicted, though we feel assured that it is the most enduring tie with which they can be bound together, and the most wisely adapted for mutual profit and advantage" (p. 31). With this view of the situation I cannot agree. The truth seems to me to have been approached much more closely by Mr. George Brown, when, in an address to

his South Oxford constituents, he said : " It cannot be that these great Provinces shall always be permitted to hold their present relations to the Mother Country. We cannot expect that Britain will always, without consideration, send her navy to guard our shores. We cannot expect that British troops shall always, without consideration, stand ready to defend us against attack. We must look forward to the day when the whole of British America shall stand together, and in close alliance and heartiest sympathy with Great Britain be prepared to assume the full duties and responsibilities of a great and powerful nation." If it be replied that these words were uttered under circumstances different from those now existing, I would answer that the changes have tended to increase the difficulty of maintaining the present alliance.

My reason for holding this opinion is the fact that in the present system of government there is no provision in existence for securing that united action which experience has proved to be essential to the maintenance of any sort of union. Unity of action is the basis of every sort of association, be it political, ecclesiastical, commercial, benevolent, or fraudulent. Hence the existence of some authority to enforce such a course of action amongst the several parties associated is essential to the permanence of any organization or corporation, whatever. That in a state " absolutism must reside somewhere " is an admitted maxim of political science. But in the British Empire at present it practically resides nowhere. The several countries composing it are, in fact, almost independent of one another. Each acts with a view to its own peculiar interests ; but the confusion of prerogatives is so great that the act of one may affect all. England possesses exclusive control of diplomacy ; she can make war and peace for the whole Empire without consulting the Colonies, whose relations towards foreign states are thus entirely at her disposal. On the other hand, England is responsible to foreign countries for the action of colonial officials towards their people ; but of these officials she usually appoints only the Governor, and where " responsible government " exists, his power to command is very small. The Colonies can tax the products of the Mother Country to any extent which they may desire ; and it

can do the same with those of the Colonies. England's insistence on the Colonies assisting in their own defence, and the withdrawal from them of imperial troops, have led to the formation of separate armaments in different parts of the Empire, each practically under the control and at the disposal of the government by which it was called into, and is kept in, existence. Thus, in matters pertaining to either armaments, commerce, or diplomacy, one part of the Empire may act in a manner directly at variance with the wishes or interests of another part ; and in some cases the result of such action may affect all its members adversely, whilst in finance there is not even a show of union. Under such a polity permanent political unity seems clearly unattainable ; for whenever the actions of several associated parties become inconsistent with one another, and one insists upon adopting a policy to which another refuses to submit, their joint action must end. When two associated wills come into collision, their quarrel can be settled only by a dissolution of the partnership or an appeal to the sword—in the case of individuals I, of course, mean the sword of state. But there is no doubt as to how such a quarrel would end in the present instance. England has repeatedly declared that in the event of its occurrence she will at once settle it by dissolving the connection. Hence it follows that the Empire can remain united under the present polity only so long as its several members use their prerogatives in reference to each other, and to foreigners, in such a manner as neither by acts of omission or of commission to disturb that identity of feeling and policy which is essential to the united action of several different parties. Neither nations nor individuals have ever maintained such a course of action for any considerable period ; and its permanent occurrence in the present instance may, therefore, be dismissed as an impossibility, from which it follows that the alliance cannot be permanently maintained on its present basis.

It may be replied, however, that the alliance may exist until Canada has become sufficiently strong to stand alone ; and this, I believe, is the popular idea of the day on this subject. The fact is that Canada can never stand alone so long as the Union remains intact. The United States, although we may continue to gain on them, must al-

ways remain sufficiently ahead of us to enable them to array against us a force which would crush any that we could oppose to it; and so long as this should be the case we would hold our political life at the pleasure of our neighbours. Should it be said that this is barbarous, drum-and-trumpet philosophy, utterly unworthy of the nineteenth century, the reply is that it is no less a stubborn fact. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen hits the simple truth when he tells us that: "War and conquest decide all the great questions of politics, and exercise a nearly decisive influence in many cases upon religion and morals. We are what we are because Holland and England in the sixteenth century defeated Spain, and because Gustavus Adolphus and others successfully resisted the Empire in Northern Germany." Or, as Mr. Stephen might have said still more forcibly, we are what we are because, so far off as eleven centuries since, Charles Martel crushed the Saracens on the plains of Tours, but for which event, to use the sneering, but truthful, language of Gibbon, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the halls of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the religion of Mahomet." It is the same on this American continent, and in this nineteenth century. The Union is in its present position to-day simply because Lee failed to rout his foes at Gettysburg. And thus will the world continue to be to the end of the chapter, for the simple reason that, in the words of Dean Milman, "when men feel strongly they act violently." In the opening lines of "The English in Ireland," Mr. Froude enunciates the theory that "when two countries, or sections of countries, stand geographically so related to one another that their union under a common government will conduce to the advantage of one of them, such countries will continue separate as long only as there is equality of force between them, or as long as the country which desires to maintain its independence possesses a power of resistance so vigorous that the effort to overcome it is too exhausting to be permanently maintained." I have no doubt that Mr. Froude is right in so thinking; but I do not undertake to defend his position, since all needful in the present instance can be established much more easily than by attempting to demonstrate its truth. That a Canadian

nationality would stand in the position of the weaker country in the above illustration is patent; and that its powers of resistance would be tested, has already been shown to be at least probable. To call it into existence, in the face of these facts, would be simply equivalent to the action of a stage manager who announces the performance of a play without providing for the part of the central character.

If this be the case it follows that, if we wish to obtain security against annexation, we can do so only by placing our relations with the Fatherland on a mutually satisfactory basis. The only matters in which any readjustment is needed are the duties and privileges of the several parts of the Empire in reference to diplomacy, armaments, commerce, and finance. On all other matters no objection is made to each member acting for itself; but on these mutual complaints are heard. Hence, to obviate the danger of dispute and collision, all that is requisite is that they should arrive at a clear settlement of their relative duties on these points, and secure adherence to it by placing the administration of its provisions in the hands of a legislature in which all parties to the settlement should be proportionately represented. These things once done, the FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE would be an accomplished fact.

Here, however, the Imperialist at once encounters a loud shout to the effect that unity may be indefinitely prolonged under the present polity, but that to attempt to establish an Imperial Federation on equal terms for all is to seal the disruption of the Empire. What is this but to allege that unity may be maintained in connection with the present anomalies and incongruities, but not without them? Is not this something very like starting the argument against Federation with a transparent inconsistency?

But, not insisting on this point, let us pass on to the next. It is alleged that it would be impossible to arrive at such an understanding, or to form such a legislature. I believe that it would be very easy to arrive at such an understanding, because each party could supply what the other would value. The difficulty arises from the unequal distribution of the powers, privileges, burdens, and responsibilities of nationality. Let England agree to share its powers and privileges with the Colonies; and the Colo-

nies to share its burdens and responsibilities with England, and a settlement would be effected by means of giving and taking. As to the machinery of a Federal Government, the greater part of it is already in existence. It is admitted by Mr. J. S. Mill that "the ruling powers of the United Kingdom already constitute to some extent a Federal Government, and the countries comprising the British Empire a Federation." This is undoubtedly correct. These countries acknowledge a common sovereign. Questions of peace and war are decided by the Imperial Government. The army and navy are raised and paid by the same authority. And in the Colonies local governments are established, which have control of their internal affairs. Here we have almost the entire machinery of Federalism already in existence. What is needed is not creation but reconstruction; and for this I should say that there are requisite only the following measures:—

1. That a Federal Legislature, consisting of two chambers, should be formed, the lower House to consist of representatives returned on one uniform system by the British Islands and the Colonies; and that provision should be made for colonial representation in the Upper House also.

2. That the Colonies—meaning thereby British America, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australasia—should be left in possession of the systems of local self-government at present enjoyed by them, and that means be taken to secure the same privilege to the British Islands.

3. That the revenue required to meet the expenditure of the Federal Government should be raised on a uniform rate of taxation, though not necessarily on a uniform system, all over the Federation, and that the inhabitants of it should be equally liable to military and naval service.

4. That the Federal Legislature should succeed to all the prerogatives now enjoyed by the Imperial Parliament, excepting only those granted to the body or bodies appointed to legislate for the local government of the British Islands, and should also enjoy the right of taxation all over the Federation.

It is plainly impossible to compress details of the measures requisite to give force to the above policy within the compass of an article in the *Monthly*. A few explanations, however, are indispensable, in

order to throw light on some points which otherwise might be misunderstood. The basis of the Federal Legislature is to be found in the Imperial Parliament. The number of representatives to be returned by each province should be settled by fixing a basis of representation, and having the representation readjusted at each census in accordance therewith, as is now done in Canada and in the States. Colonial representation in the Upper House could be adjusted either by a reconstruction of the House of Lords, something in the style proposed by Mr. Mill, or by simply allowing the Crown to appoint a given number of colonists peers for life, though, under present circumstances, I do not think it would be well to confer any further title than that of knighthood on them. The absence of a wealthy class in the Colonies would have to be met by the payment of an indemnity to their representatives. The distance between the different parts of the Empire would render necessary the appointment of a certain date for the opening of the session, as is done in the States, and the accordance to colonial members of the right to vote by proxy, in order to secure them their due influence should extraordinary circumstances render necessary a meeting of the legislature more quickly than all of them could attend. The taxation could be adjusted by leaving the United Kingdom and the Colonies each responsible, as at present, for their local debts and the cost of their local governments, and all equally responsible for charges of the army, navy, diplomacy, and civil service of the Empire. The share to be borne by each could be settled by taking at each census a valuation of the real property of the Empire, and assessing each member for a proportion of the expenditure, equal to that borne by its property to that of the whole. And the ways and means of raising the colonial share of it could be found by making it a first charge on their customs duties. The commercial relations of the several members would be adjusted by an agreement that no province should impose customs duties above a certain rate on the produce of other parts of the Empire. The local government of the Colonies should be settled by leaving the colonial legislatures in possession of all the prerogatives now enjoyed by them, save that of exceeding a certain rate of customs, and of



raising armaments; and that of the British Islands either by creating local legislatures endowed with prerogatives similar to those of the Colonies, or by having the Imperial Legislature, as at present constituted, hold one session for legislation on matters defined as belonging to the local government of the British Islands, and then having the colonial representatives admitted to their seats and a second session held for the discharge of matters belonging to the Federal Government of the Empire. Fully to explain and defend the details of these measures would require a volume; and as I have already devoted one to the subject, I must take the liberty of referring my readers to it, should they desire to pursue the subject.\*

The scheme of Imperial Federation is usually met by opponents clapping their hands to their ears and shouting, "Impracticable! Impracticable! Impracticable!" in loud, louder, and loudest tones. A few of the more calm-minded occasionally accompany this shout with a statement of their reasons for the faith that is in them. The feasibility of the scheme can probably be best tested by examining the soundness of their pleas.

1. A very common argument is that employed by Mr. Norris when he says: "The scheme was never recognised by statesmen as possible. It is the theme of dreamers and speculators only, and can only be ranked with that other beautiful but impracticable dream, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More" (p. 40). Those who adopt this argument must be rather short of memory. In Canada the scheme has been warmly supported by the late Mr. Howe and by Mr. Blake, and in England it is supported by an ex-Premier. Lord Russell, in his "Recollections and Suggestions," after denouncing emancipationist theories as strongly as he possibly could do, goes on to say: "At the same time I do not think the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country can be kept up precisely in their present form." And after a short sketch of what might be done, he remarks: "This scheme may seem impracticable to many. But so did the Reform Act of 1832; so did the total repeal of the Corn Laws; so did the abolition of the Irish Church. Great changes have been

made; great changes are impending; amid these changes *there is no greater benefit to mankind that a statesman can propose to himself than the consolidation of the British Empire.*" None of these gentlemen can be called "dreamers and speculators." If they are few in number, it is simply because the need for action, and the circumstances calculated to encourage it, are both of recent occurrence.

2. The great standing plea against Federation is that concisely stated by Mr. Mill, in the words: "Countries separated by half the globe, do not present the natural conditions for being under one government, or even members of one Federation." The answer to this *theory* is the *fact*, that all the countries in question have been thus united for about a century. The Imperial authorities have, during that time, fulfilled for the whole Empire, all the duties which would devolve upon a Federal Government, with the single exception of raising a revenue. When alleged "natural" laws, or conditions, are contradicted by actual historical facts, the only possible explanation is, that the laws of nature have been misinterpreted. If the testimony of facts is of any value, Mr. Mill and his endorsers are, in this instance, guilty of such misinterpretation. For the British Islands and their Colonies not only have been, and are, for certain purposes, united under one government; but, after an experience of its administration, desire to remain so. Seeing is believing. That a central authority is competent to manage the diplomacy and armaments of the Empire, has been demonstrated by experience. That the difficulty of the task would be increased by the mere receipt of colonial contributions to the revenue, can be maintained by nobody. Under such a financial policy as is sketched above, no difficulty could arise in reference to unjust appropriations of taxation, because the amount for which each member would be liable could be ascertained by a simple operation of arithmetic; nor could any difficulty occur as to the "ways and means" of raising it, as the source from which it should be taken would be specified. With the commercial policy of the Empire the Federal Legislature would not interfere, save to enforce the observance of the terms of union. Thus the Federal Legislature would have few, if any, further duties to discharge in the future than the Imperial Government has

\* See "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," by Jehu Mathews, London: Longmans & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.



already discharged in the past; and this under circumstances which practically rendered the different provinces of the Empire about thrice as far from one another as they are to-day. If it could be done once it can be done twice; if it could be done without steam navigation and the electric telegraph, it can be done with them. "The wisdom of a statesman is the result of experience and not of theory."

3. To this reasoning it may be replied, that it altogether overlooks the fact that the rule of the past was effected by the Legislature of the United Kingdom, while it is proposed that in future it should be carried on by a Federal Legislature, representing the most distant Colonies; and that the difficulty consequent on the absence of geographical unity lies in the fact, that it would render impossible the meeting of the Legislature as quickly as might be needed. The Imperialist must meet this difficulty. But before doing so, he is entitled to observe, that it is one thing to say that the countries in question "do not present the natural conditions for being under one Government, or even members of one Federation," and altogether another thing to say that they cannot be members of one Federation, because the Legislature could not be called together as quickly as might be requisite. The latter plea implies that if such an assemblage of the Legislature is possible, so is the formation of an Imperial Federation. It is quite true that such meeting would have been impossible fifty years ago, but it is equally true that it is possible to-day. Distance for purposes of communication has been annihilated by the electric telegraph; and, for locomotion, reduced three-fourths by steam. Canada is practically as near London to-day as was Caithness or Donegal at the beginning of the century; and Australia can be brought almost as near to it as were California and Oregon to Washington prior to the opening of the Pacific railway. The force of these facts is so strong that even Mr. Fuller is obliged to admit that "the objection to the scheme on the grounds of distance, would not seem to be well founded" (p. 14). His conclusion is correct, for the simple reason that all the members of the Federal Legislature could be brought together within a fortnight of the same time as could the American Congress ten years ago; and that in times of pressure it could, by allowing colonial members to vote by

proxy, as before suggested, be assembled as quickly as is the Imperial Parliament to-day.

4. The suggestion to fix a *maximum* rate of tariff, not to be exceeded by any member of the Federation, is said by Mr. Fuller to "contain in itself a condemnation of the Federal scheme, for there can be little hope of the success of a Confederation thus arrayed against itself" (p. 19). I may remark that the same suggestion is made by Lord Russell, which fact may induce some more respect for it. The reply, however, is very easy. Mr. Fuller holds that union may be indefinitely prolonged under the present system, which makes no provision whatever against a war of tariffs. If there is hope for union in presence of this difficulty, why should there be none in the absence of it? If it be alleged that any sort of customs' duties is inconsistent with unity, I again oppose fact to theory. Not only has such union existed in the British Empire, but so long as tariffs have been limited to revenue purposes there has been no complaint on any side against them. These facts prove that all requisite to secure harmony is, not their abolition, but only provision against their abuse. And this is precisely what would be afforded by what may be called a commercial treaty, binding each member of the Empire not to exceed a certain rate of duty.

5. It is alleged that the Colonists, "having tasted self-government, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon, would be loth to sink their autonomy in federative union even with England." Were it necessary to the success of the scheme that they should do so, the fact would probably prove an insurmountable difficulty. But there is nothing of the sort needed or suggested. A glance across the line may throw light on this matter. New settlements in the American Union constitute territories, and stand on much the same footing as do British Colonies, being denied representation in Congress but allowed to regulate their internal affairs by means of the free action of a local legislature. Is their local autonomy endangered by their development into *States* and their acquisition of sovereign powers through representation in the national legislature? If not, how can it be proved that a similar process on behalf of the British Colonies could endanger their local autonomy. The new prerogatives might serve to protect the

old ones, but could scarcely expose them to new risk, *more particularly as the amount of local independence would be much greater in the British than in the American federation.*

6. The idea of having colonists sit in a chamber mainly composed of British Peers is denounced as the crowning absurdity of the scheme. It would be such if the want of historic ancestors rendered men incapable of making themselves respected, or of securing attention to their counsels. But as this is not the case, and as Englishmen of every rank are continually making their way into the House of Lords, and making themselves respected in it, I fail to see why colonists could not do the same, particularly when aided by the moral support of their countrymen, and the fact that their position would be in nearly all cases an acknowledgment of past services. For people who denounce the House of Lords as a caste to shrink from competing with its members on the wider field of free election is rather inconsistent.

7. We are informed by Mr. Norris that "the voice of Canada could not be any more powerful in a Federal Parliament than it is now" (p. 34). I confess that this style of argument tries my patience somewhat, inasmuch as it involves a mathematical absurdity. At present, when Imperial Ministers use Imperial prerogatives to our disadvantage, we have no means of checking them. Were Canada represented in the present Imperial Parliament according to her population, she would return about 80 members to it; and if according to her property about 22, as nearly as I can judge. Mr. Fuller says very truly: "Had Canada possessed representation in the Imperial Parliament she would never have tamely submitted to the lease of her fisheries" (p. 16). Can anybody suppose that the Ministry would have dared to adopt such a policy, had they known that its result would have been to throw into the ranks of the Opposition a number of votes counting 44 on a division? If "the whole is greater than a part," surely "something is greater than nothing." Even the smallest proportion of representation that could be granted to us would be as large as the balance which usually decides the fate of Ministries. To say that such a body would be powerless is simply to allege that representatives are unable to influence the action of Ministers.

But this is only one side of the subject. That there are serious difficulties to be overcome is loudly proclaimed; that the conquest of them would entail a rich reward seems to be totally forgotten. Did the reward consist only in the prevention of the evils consequent on disruption, we should be richly repaid. "It would, indeed," says Lord Russell, "be a spectacle for gods and men to weep at to see this brilliant Empire—the guiding star of freedom—broken up . . . while France, the United States, and Russia would be looking on, each and all willing to annex one or more of the fragments to the nearest portion of their own dominions." And, alas! too probable is it that these or other powers would succeed in such aggressions; for "these are not the days of small states;" and that the age of conquests is *not* past has been demonstrated pretty clearly by the events of the last twenty years. In the light of recent events it seems not improbable that the West Indies might witness scenes akin to those of the St. Domingo massacre; or that in South Africa the British, Dutch, German, and Natives might become involved in strife. Canada and Australasia would be less exposed than the above countries to the danger of internal dissension; but even supposing them to escape it, they must, should they resolve to make any stand whatever against foreign aggression, maintain armaments which would act as a severe strain on their resources. The need of raising money for their maintenance, and the current of local feeling could scarcely fail to lead to the adoption of a protectionist policy, and a consequent war of tariffs; while their isolated position and diplomatic complications might even induce war in which men of the same race would imbrue their hands in each other's blood! On the other hand, let them unite their fortunes in one grand Federal league of British nations, and the smallest chance of even the least of these dangers vanishes in the might, glory, and unity, of the new Pan-Britannic Empire. Internal order and liberty are secured by the strength of the central authority, resting on institutions which have withstood the strain of centuries. External aggression is defied by the might of their united power, which, within a few years, would enable them to face the world in arms. And harmonious action is secured by their union on equal terms, and experi-

ence of the fact that it brings to each exactly that of which it stands in need. A teeming population and overflowing capital seek an outlet on the one hand ; on the other, millions of acres of virgin soil, with immense undeveloped riches in sea, mine, and forest, invite them to come in and take possession. Long lines of coast need defence on one side ; on the other, the mightiest navy in the world stands ready to guard them. Youthful energy and beaming hope exist in the offspring ; the strength of manhood and the wisdom of experience in the Fatherland. The lustre of historic glory, calling on us to love, admire, and revere, is found in its highest development in the Old Country ; opportunity for new achievements encouraging us to aspire, in the youthful communities. Scientific culture has reached a high point at home ; an unoccupied field for the application of its fruits is offered by the Colonies. The gifts and resources of one side are almost useless, in some cases are even pernicious, unless supplemented by those of the other ; but their union would produce an Empire unique in the history of the world, before the glories of which those of Old Rome would pale. Difficulties there are ; but to shrink from a noble enterprise in dismay at its proportions, is simply to yield to the dictates of sloth and cowardice, or in other words of sin ; and to pronounce the difficulties insuperable before the first step in advance has been taken, is nothing else than to refuse to subject the correctness of a theory to the test of action.

In reply to the above arguments, it may be alleged that even an admission of their correctness would not suffice to establish the Imperialist position, inasmuch as they adduce benefits to the whole Empire in support of the scheme, while the point under consideration is the future of Canada alone. Let us, then, examine the subject in a purely "Canada First" light, and enquire whether Canada would be likely to gain more from Nationality or Federation.

Our experience of British connection and institutions proves most decisively that they secure to us a continuance of the inestimable blessings involved in the combination of internal order and political freedom. Nationality would involve the adoption of democratic republicanism, and an extension of the duties of the legislature. The latter

fact would afford increased matter for sectional and partisan dispute, and the former would afford increased facilities for the expression of such jealousies. Such increase might seriously endanger internal concord and political freedom ; or if not, could scarcely fail to render our system of government less pure and efficient than it is at present. It is possible that nationality might tend to establish a Canadian national spirit amongst us, though even this point might be disputed ; but the question is whether we should be greater gainers by having our views contracted to so limited a sphere and so short a history as our own, or by having them extended to an Empire on which the sun never sets, and to a history embracing "classical association and great names of our own which we can confidently oppose to the most splendid of ancient times." Nationality would place us in possession of the rights and privileges of sovereign states, but we have already seen that these are useless without the strength to enforce them ; while, on the other hand, Federation would not only bring us these prerogatives, but also the power of the mightiest Empire in the world to back them. Nationality would in some measure enlarge the field for native genius and patriotism ; but Federation would open up for it a career of splendour unexampled in the history of the world ; let us once be represented in the Imperial Legislature, and there would be opened before us the very loftiest honours in law, politics, arms or diplomacy, throughout an Empire embracing a fifth part of the world in its ample folds. Nationality, it is contended, would promote immigration and the development of our natural resources. This could be the case only in what we have seen is the very doubtful event of it proving successful. But were a Federation of the Empire established, the promotion of the growth of the outlying provinces would become a direct object with the Federal Government, and the more intimate relations which would be established with the Fatherland would suffice to turn the flow of its surplus labour and capital in one mighty stream into the Colonies. Finally, Nationality would bring upon us severe financial pressure. The expenditure of the United States on the army, navy, and diplomacy of the Union have of late years amounted to about \$2 per head of its population. Did we expend only at the same

rate, it is evident that the expenditure would prove sufficient to maintain a force only one-tenth that of the Union, and consequently utterly insufficient; but were we to become members of a Pan-Britannic Federation, in which taxation for Federal expenditure should be proportionate to property, it seems probable that the total *increase* could not exceed \$1 per head. Thus Federation would bring us all the possible benefits of Nationality, and some others in addition, while enabling us to avoid all its chances, perils, and difficulties; and this at a much smaller pecuniary loss. Are not such facts decisive in its favour?

Whether they will or will not prove to be so is problematical. The question at issue vies in importance with any in the history of man, for on its decision depends the destiny of the race which has spread itself most widely in modern times. It is not one of those "burning questions," which "will not brook delay," and in which "the voices of indignant millions cry aloud for justice;" but it is a deeply intricate question, because there are different solutions open and dif-

ferent interests to be served, some by one policy and others by another. There is, consequently, ground to hope that it may be settled according to the dictates of reason rather than those of passion; but there is also ground for apprehension that it may be left to settle itself according to the policy of drift. To avert this catastrophe it is essential that our statesmen and thinkers should apply themselves earnestly to the task of inquiry; facing facts unflinchingly; exacting from the advocates of any policy a clear definition of the ends at which they aim; discussing rival theories in a spirit of patriotic good-will, and forming conclusions cautiously. This done, it seems probable that we may be able to secure for our country a future worthy of herself, by establishing her as one of the noblest members of a Pan-Britannic Federation which would, undoubtedly, constitute the Empire State of the world, in comparison with either the contemporaries by which it would be surrounded or the great nations by which it had been preceded in the long line of history.

## VIVE LA COMMUNE!

BY GRANT ALLEN.

(*Professor of History, Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica.*)

ALONE, amid the solemn heathy desert  
Whose bleak brown side o'erhangs Braemar,  
I sit, this sombre, Scottish August Sabbath,  
High up the slopes of Lochnagar.

Beneath my seat the gusty autumn breezes  
Drive on grey wreaths of swirling cloud;  
Above, a lowering mass of leaden vapour  
Wraps round the peak its misty shroud.

Far in the distance stands a ruined hamlet,  
Girt round with walls of fir or birch,  
Where looms the stunted solitary steeple,  
That marks some sober granite church.

Around, a bushy wilderness replaces  
The ancient tilth or meads of sheep,  
With forest growth where roam high-antlered figures,  
And purple moors where grey grouse creep.

But here and there a straying sunbeam flashes  
On palace, castle, tower, and hall,  
Thronged with the idle crowd whose lordly pleasures  
Cast desolation over all.

Who thrust across wild waves of Western Ocean,  
The scanty remnant of the clans,  
And gave to gorse and brake and forest-rangers  
The meadow slopes that once were man's.

Gazing athwart this weary waste of heather,  
And desolate haunts of bird or deer,  
And lonely homes of selfish Saxon splendour,  
A southern cry rings in my ear.

A cry that, bursting from ten thousand voices,  
Awoke from midnight into noon  
Marseilles, Bordeaux, St. Etienne, Lyons, Paris,  
With lips that shrieked, "Vive la Commune!"

My thirsty bosom pants for sunny waters,  
And luscious glebe of vine-clad lands,  
And chanted psalms of universal freedom,  
And sacred grasp of brotherly hands:

Pants to behold the ruddy Highland ranger,  
With fair-cheeked sons of English soil,  
Linked to the sunburnt throng of Southern cities  
In one vast brotherhood of toil;

Banded to break the pride of hoarded treasure,  
Or insolent boast of lordly birth,  
And spread the equal boon of free-born manhood  
Through all the mighty skirts of earth:

No longer with the red right hand of slaughter,  
Or eyes made drunk with blood and wine,  
But sober sweat of brows whose sure endeavour  
Builds slowly up the grand design:

Not eager to forestall in raw impatience  
The lagging wheels of distant years,  
But working out a silent revolution,  
Unstained by blot of blood or tears:

Till once again that holy cry re-echo  
From mightier crowds, and louder still,  
Through ocean-sundered streets, with happier auspice  
Of single, undivided will:

And once again this gloomy Scottish landscape  
With glowing glories shine afar,  
Spreading the nobler wealth of golden harvests  
High up the slopes of Lochnagar:

And, step by step, the men of many nations  
Merge in one boundless league and free,  
As Thames and Seine, St. Lawrence, Nile, and Ganges  
Mingle in one illimitable sea.



## LOST AND WON :

## A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

*By the author of "For King and Country."*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## WEDDING BELLS.

"Bear a lily in thy hand,  
Gates of brass shall not withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

And thy smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art !"

**L**OTTIE was married, as had been arranged, in the first week of June, and went on the wedding trip to which she had always looked forward as an integral part of the marriage ceremony, before settling down in the new red brick house which Mr. Sharpley had had furnished in the most approved manner to inaugurate the new order of things. She had invited Jeanie Campbell to be one of her bridesmaids—for she was not content with fewer than four—and felt somewhat aggrieved because Jeanie had coldly declined.

"For it wasn't as if I had broken an engagement with Alan," she said to her mother. "He really could hardly have expected me to do anything else in the circumstances."

Of course Alan knew the wedding day. By some means or other people always do, in such circumstances, even when they do not try to find out. He tried resolutely to shut the fact out from his mind, worked hard all day without a moment's intermission—they had a great press of business just then—tried to take an intense interest in every passing event; but, all through everything, could not get rid of the leaden weight he felt at his heart, the unformed but ever present thought that she whom he had once looked upon as wholly his own, had passed irrecoverably into the possession of another. That day was perhaps the hardest

he had ever had to pass through. When it was over, with all the dread of it which he had been feeling, a slight reaction set in, and his heart seemed a little lighter.

Very few people in Carrington, outside of Mrs. Marshall's circle at least, knew anything of Lottie; but Mr. Sharpley's marriage to a country girl caused its due share of talk, as well as some disgust to a few young ladies and their mammas; for Mr. Sharpley was in favour with mammas looking out for "settlements." Like Mrs. Ward, they were sure he would "get on."

However, the small affair of Lottie's nuptials was soon completely thrown into the shade by the preparations for the grand wedding of the season, Mr. George Arnold's, to his cousin, Miss Adelaide Junor. With so handsome a bridegroom, and so pretty a bride, to say nothing of the bridesmaids, the wedding could not fail to be as pretty a one as had ever been seen in Carrington, and the time of year—the last week of June—rendered everything possible in the way of adornment. Those who were invited guests to the marriage were envied by all who were not; but nearly all the "society" of Carrington had invitations for the grand party which was to be given at Ivy-stone, on the evening of the wedding day, in honour of the event. As every young lady wanted to look her best, and as all gave their orders at once, the poor dressmakers had a pretty hard time of it, rising early and sitting late, to try to satisfy their customers, and often not succeeding after all. Poor Helen Morgan was one of the victims of rufflings and trimmings and adornments for the dainty dresses. So hard and so long did she work, unwilling to disappoint the dressmaker on whose employment she depended for her own and her mother's subsistence, that the confinement and overwork brought on an alarming attack of ill-



ness, which looked as if it might be the precursor of an illness like her mother's.

It was a lovely summer morning at Ivy-stone, which never looked more charming than in June. The lilacs still wore their somewhat fading bloom—they were late that year—and the Tartarean honeysuckle and snowy Gueldres roses were just beginning to wane before the coming glory and fragrance of syringa, and honeysuckle, and early summer roses that were already making a flush of rich colour on the shrubbery, and particularly on that portion of it commanded by the Misses Arnold's pretty little morning room.

The house at Ivy-stone was a large one, built in a rather imposing style. It was of grey stone, somewhat irregular, with pointed gables and gothic windows, and at one end a double two-story piazza, commanding a lovely view across the sloping green lawn, and the winding river, and the green undulating country on the other side. The piazza, as well as the house itself, was richly draped with the Virginian creeper, which, from its resemblance at a distance to English ivy, had suggested the name of Ivy-stone. Upon the piazza, in a retired corner, opened the window of the graceful little apartment claimed by the young ladies of the family as their especial retreat, tastefully furnished in bright delicate chintz, and the pale green walls adorned with a few well-chosen photographs and water-colour landscapes.

There, on this particular June morning, were grouped Renée, Lenore, and Pauline Arnold, with their two cousins, the bride expectant and her sister, a girl some two or three years younger, but not nearly so pretty, though with much more character and cleverness in her face. Miss Adelaide Junor was spending the morning with her cousins, as she often did, and was now reclining gracefully in a large arm-chair, declaring herself "so tired, it really was too warm to work," and at the same time contemplating, with a critical eye, the effect of some trimmings on a drapery of gossamer material which Renée was holding up for her inspection.

"I should think the effect would be lovely, Renée," said Adelaide. "Just decide upon it at once. It looks very pretty in the daytime, and would be perfectly charming at night. It's just the very thing you want."

"Yes, only Miss Medwin grumbles a lit-

tle over the work it will be. She says she hardly likes to undertake it, she has so many dresses on hand," replied Renée, with a rather doubtful air.

"Oh, nonsense! that's what she always says. But she'll find ways and means of getting it done. That's her business, you know." And Addie languidly half closed her eyes, and took up a fan that lay conveniently near. It was warm for June.

"Renée, you can have your dress made as you please," interposed the gentle but decided tones of Lenore. "But please remember, I shall not have mine trimmed in that way, and you want them all alike."

"Come now, Lenore," replied her cousin, in a languid, deprecating tone; "don't you start up with your Quixotic notions, and spoil it all! We want to have the prettiest effect we can; George said so particularly, and it's only once in a way, you know."

"It's always 'only once in a way' for somebody, but it comes very hard all the time on the poor dressmakers; and Addie, I couldn't wear the dress with the least comfort if I thought those poor things had been slaving away at extra work over it this warm weather, when we are glad to sit still and do almost nothing."

"I'm sure I don't know what you call 'almost nothing,'" said Addie. "I know the amount of things I've had to do lately has been something dreadful. Everybody has got to, you know; that's only their way!"

"I'm afraid if we had to work in their way for a while we should soon feel that it was a very different way from ours! There is poor Helen Morgan, the sister of Joe Morgan, that died, you know, Renée. I met her the other day looking like a ghost, and walking as if she could hardly move, and I told her she wasn't fit to be working. 'Oh, it's no use to say that, Miss Lenore,' she said, 'If I were to stop working now, Miss Medwin would never give me work again! She's got so much promised, and the ladies want them all made with so much trimming that it takes us all to do it, every minute we can work. I've been working till past midnight for a week, and up early too; and I've got to go on!' Of course I told her it was wrong to endanger her health so, but what could the poor girl do? And I got a message, a little while ago, to say that she was very ill of bleeding at the lungs."

Now, Addie, there's one instance for you of what comes of 'once in a way.'"

Lenore spoke eagerly, almost breathlessly; her colour coming and going as it did when she was excited, and an indignant vibration in her clear, flute-like voice. Renée, always kindly and good-natured, looked shocked and impressed, but Addie only remarked coolly:

"Oh well! she has mistaken her vocation, that's all! People with delicate lungs oughtn't to go into dress-making, just as you can't stay here in winter when the rest of us can. But what a girl you are for *protégés*, to be sure! You're always having some one on hand. And, by the way, that reminds me, how do you come to be on such friendly terms with that young man we met this morning when we were driving out. George's head clerk you know."

"I don't know what you mean by such 'friendly terms,'" said Lenore quietly. "I bowed to him."

"Yes, and such a cordial bow! I thought you were going to stop the pony carriage and speak to him. How do you come to know him at all?"

"Why, Addie, don't you remember when I was driving with you last summer, and I dropped the reins; and he saved us from a runaway? I should think the least I could do was to bow to him."

"Yes, then, but not now, at this distance of time. I shouldn't think of doing so. It will only teach him to be presuming, and one has quite enough to do with bowing to the people one must bow to."

"I don't think he looks much like a 'presuming' young man; and by the way, Renée, it's rather a shame he's never been asked here,—a stranger in the place and connected with papa and George—"

"By business," interposed Addie.

"Have you asked him to the party, Renée, I dare say he'd like to come? Don't faint, Addie!"

"My dear child, I shall leave you and your vagaries to Renée; I'm tired of interfering."

"I never thought of it," said Renée "but perhaps we had better, as almost everybody is coming. I don't mind if I do write him an invitation, or you can for me. What's his name,—Campbell, isn't it?"

"Is it my Mr. Campbell you're talking about?" exclaimed Pauline eagerly. "Why,

of course, Renée, you must ask him! He's ever so nice, and he took such good care of me last winter, skating. And I'm sure he's met with some great misfortune lately, for he looks so grave whenever I meet him, and never laughs and stops to talk as he used to do."

"He looks as if he were getting dissipated," Addie said, decisively.

"No, indeed he doesn't! How dare you say that, Addie! He's far too nice! He's as good as—as—Mr. Dunbar!"

"Renée, that child ought to be looked after, really! She'll be falling in love the first thing you know."

"As if I'd do anything so silly," said Pauline, in a tone of supreme contempt. "I leave that to you, Miss Addie!"

Addie only laughed, and Renée and she resumed their discussion of the dresses, while Pauline took her cousin Clara out to the piazza, to tell her all about Mr. Campbell; how nice he was, and how many interesting stories he told her. "But oh dear," she said confidentially, "I wonder what has happened to him lately; he looks so dreadful, you can't think! Perhaps," and she put her mouth to Clara's ear, to whisper a theory she would not speak aloud.

That evening Alan found on his table a dainty little note, in a handwriting he had seen once before. He recognised it at once, and opened it with a little curiosity. It was a formal invitation to the party that was to be given to celebrate the wedding.

Nuptial rejoicings were not much in harmony with Alan's mood just then; however he thought it over and concluded that he would go. It would be a little variety, and he had some curiosity to see something of Ivystone and its inhabitants. He knew by this time what was the proper thing to do on such occasions, so he wrote on his best sheet of paper, in his neatest hand, an acceptance in due form, which, next day, found its way to Ivystone.

Miss Junor's wedding furnished the Caringtonians with abundant material for gossip for weeks beforehand as well as for weeks after. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with on-lookers during the ceremony; and the looks and dress of the fair bride, the effective bridal *cortège* of bridesmaids in their airy dresses—which were a compromise between the ideas of Lenore and Adelaide; the splendour of the

wedding presents and the dresses of the guests, formed the staple subject of conversation in the village for days after. Those favoured individuals who had the privilege of knowing how many dresses of various kinds were included in the *trousseau*, were regarded as oracles of eagerly sought information, and sometimes became rather hot in debating delicate points, such as whether a certain charming sky-blue robe were a poplin or a corded silk, or whether certain lace trimmings were Maltese or Valenciennes.

Of course Alan did not go to witness the ceremony, which would only have been a gratuitous torture to him then. But at the appointed hour, an early one—for the fête was to be a sort of garden party, so that visitors might enjoy the beauty of the grounds—Alan got himself up as well as the somewhat limited extent of his wardrobe would admit, and set out to join Mr. Dunbar and walk to Ivystone in company with him.

They found the guests already assembling, flitting about the shrubberies and gardens; their dresses making a pretty confused mingling of gay colouring under the trees by the river, and among the flower beds near the house. Alan was first duly presented to Miss Arnold, who, looking "superb," as every one said, in her bridesmaid's dress of white and rose colour, was standing in the large drawing-room, receiving her guests and chatting gaily with a little knot of young men who were hovering around her. Mr. Dunbar and she exchanged a few bantering remarks, and Miss Arnold graciously addressed a commonplace or two to Alan; and then they availed themselves of a fresh arrival to move on, through the open glass doors, into the piazza, and thence to the lawn, which sloped away towards the wooded river side. A bright little collection of flower beds, enclosed by a low cedar hedge, lay just under the piazza, and then a pretty winding walk led through the shrubbery to the river.

As they approached the river bank, Alan was welcomed joyfully by Pauline, who with her cousin, was trying to push out a little boat that lay on the beach. "Oh come here and give us a row, won't you!" she called out. "I was just wanting somebody to take us out, and I knew you would give us a splendid row! Mr. Campbell, this is my cousin

Miss Clara Junor," she added, performing the introduction with all due formality.

"Well, I think I may leave you, Alan," said Mr. Dunbar, laughing, "as you are being taken in charge, and as I should certainly swamp that little affair if I were to try to crowd in, I need not sit on the beach waiting for your return. No thank you, Miss Pauline, your invitation comes rather late; do you think I would accept it now? So, *au revoir!*" And he turned away to perform the duty that, he knew, was expected of him—that of endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the lady guests, by entertaining them with some of the sarcastic small talk which he was very good at manufacturing when he pleased.

Alan, in the meantime, rowed Pauline and her cousin up and down the quiet little bit of river that extended for some distance on each side, between the rapids, winding away on the side farthest from the wide river, till it was lost to sight between high green banks. Pauline was delighted; she was an eager, excitable little creature, and she was rapturous in her admiration of the rich rose-coloured gossamer wreaths of clouds, floating away up into the blue, glowing brightly in the sunset; "just like angels' robes floating after them," Pauline remarked, while her more matter-of-fact cousin made fun of her delight.

"Now, Mr Campbell, won't you tell us some stories, such as you used to tell me last winter," said Pauline. "I want Clara to hear them: about long ago, when you were young, you know, and used to go nutting in the woods; Oh! and about that time your father saw the she-bear with her cubs." Alan good-naturedly complied with her request, and repeated the story, which she had heard before, about how, when his next brother was a baby, his mother, being obliged to carry him to a doctor, had to take him on horseback, walking slowly all the way, while his father led the horse by the bridle, there being no good road for wheels; and how, on the way, his father saw what he at first took to be a large black log, and presently found out to be a bear with cubs; how he never told his wife for fear of frightening her, but passed as noiselessly as possible, with his hand on his clasp-knife all the time, and how they managed to get past without ever attracting the animal's notice; then how they heard wolves baying in the

woods as it grew dark, and they were still at some distance from their destination, and how glad they were when they finally arrived in safety at the village, which Carrington was at that time. Then there was a story to be told about a fright which they had got from the frantic demonstrations made by a party of Indians, who, as they thought, had come on some direly hostile intent, but who, as it turned out, had only come to perform a complimentary war dance by way of a serenade.

"Oh, there's Lenore looking for me!" exclaimed Pauline, when this story was ended, "I suppose she thinks we are staying out too long. But isn't it a shame to go in when it is so lovely out here? Only those angels' robes have all faded out. Look! they are only dark grey now, against the skies! And there's the young moon—high up—isn't she lovely? But you must row us in Mr. Campbell, for I know Lenore wants me."

Lenore was the only one of the family to whose wishes the wilful little Pauline would yield at once. She was evidently waiting for them, and as Alan beached the boat and politely handed out his passengers, she courteously advanced to meet him, addressing him at once, without waiting for the preliminary of an introduction.

"I'm sure, Mr. Campbell, it is very good of you to take the trouble of rowing these girls, they ought to be much obliged," she said, in the same sweet voice which had struck him before, when he had seen her in the pony-carriage.

Alan eagerly disavowed the idea of obligation, saying that the row had given him as much pleasure as it had them, which was on the whole true, for it was a long time since he had enjoyed anything so much before.

"Now Pauline," said her sister, "you have been enjoying yourself quite long enough, you must go now and help other people to enjoy themselves. There are Fred. Stanton and Willie Wood, looking as if they didn't know what to do with themselves; you had better go and try to amuse them a little."

Pauline looked unwilling enough to leave Alan, and go to try to amuse big boys at an age when "amusing" them is rather a difficult matter; however, she made no opposition, but went off with Clara to undertake the task, and very soon the lads were laughing heartily at her funny ways and naive speeches.

Lenore walked quietly up towards the house with Alan. Somehow he seemed to have the feeling that he had known her all his life, or, at least, for a long time, so completely at home did he feel with her. But Lenore had a way of making people feel at home with her. Perhaps it was her own complete unconsciousness, and the way in which she seemed to forget herself; but, whatever was the cause, Alan's shyness wore off, almost without his knowing it, and he found himself talking to her almost as freely as he would have done to Mr. Dunbar. To his own surprise he found himself referring to the evening when they had first met, in the thunderstorm.

"No! was that you?" exclaimed Lenore, in surprise. "I had no idea that you were our companion in misfortune that night! How it did rain! I had good reason to remember it, for it gave me a cold that I did not get rid of for months. But I remember very well your kindness in picking up my reins for me, a day or two after. I was feeling ill and stupid, or I should not have been so careless, and but for you the consequences might have been rather serious."

"I had good reason to remember the coming of the thunderstorm, too," said Alan, with a sigh, "for it was the beginning of a long series of family troubles."

Lenore looked up with so much genuine interest and sympathy in her face, that Alan felt himself drawn out to give her a brief outline of the events whose course seemed to have begun on that memorable evening.

"Oh!" said she, "I always felt as if that Mr. Leggatt was just like one of the usurers we read about in books. He always gives me a shuddering sensation when I look at his sharp, wizened face, and little twinkling eyes! Does it ever strike you, Mr. Campbell," she said earnestly, "how sorry one should be for people like him?"

Alan looked at her in surprise. Mr. Leggatt had not occurred to him exactly in the light of an object of pity.

Lenore caught the expression in his eyes. "Well, I don't suppose it's easy for you to feel very compassionately towards him, when you know how much suffering he has caused you. But don't you think, after all, the worst thing of all is, when one is miserable and never knows it; never knows there is anything better than the wretched little scraping and hoarding and working for one's self!

And then, how dreadful it must be for such people when the end comes, and they find out what a mistake their whole life was; when they have lost all the happiness they ever knew, and have no capacity for anything higher!"

It was quite a new view of the subject to Alan, whose thoughts had never taken that direction. He felt as if he would like to think it over, instead of giving a matter-of-course assent. Lenore had spoken earnestly, and more freely than she would perhaps have done in other circumstances. But the sweet, soft, summer dusk was falling about them like a caress, and the quiet twilight, and the fragrance of the white gleaming syringas, and roses, and honeysuckles seemed to draw out her thoughts, almost unconsciously. The expression of her soft, earnest eyes seemed to remind Alan of that which he had so often noticed in those of Ralph Myles. It was this association that made him say, a little hesitatingly;

"I think you and a friend of mine, Mr. Myles, would agree very well. He has always so much pity for wicked people."

"Well, I do think none are so much to be pitied! They injure themselves so much more than they can any one else, if they could only see it;" she replied with a sigh, for this was a painful problem that often burdened Lenore's mind. Then she went on enquiringly:

"Mr. Myles, you said. Is that any one in Carrington? I don't know the name."

Alan gladly seized the opportunity of sounding the praises of his new friend, who had already won his enthusiastic admiration and regard. Lenore listened with intense interest. This Mr. Myles must be very different from the people she usually met.

"How I wish I had known about him, before," she said, "I should have liked him to have been here and to have had a talk with him."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't have come," Alan replied, simply. "He has no time for anything but his work."

Lenore smiled a little. The speech seemed a little abrupt, but she rather liked abrupt things. They sounded genuine. "Perhaps we could have found him a little work here," she said, with a half-smile. "Don't you think any of these people here want putting right? How many of them seem to know anything better than living for their own

pleasure, in some form or other? But there, I suppose, I am getting censorious," she added, catching herself up, and wondering how she could talk so freely to a stranger.

"And what do you think it is best to live for, Miss Lenore?" asked Alan.

"Isn't our highest happiness in serving?" she asked, in turn, speaking softly; "like the Highest and Best of all, who 'came not to be ministered to, but to minister?'" And then she repeated two lines out of a poem that she loved—

"He serves Thee best, who loveth best  
His brothers and Thine own."

She said no more, and Alan did not reply. They were just approaching the house, and, after a few moments of charmed silence, they came out in front of the brightly lighted drawing-room windows. Then, with a courteous apology to Alan for leaving him, she went to do her share in making the evening a pleasant one for some of the quieter and shyer guests. Alan took his station on the piazza, beside one of the open windows, watching the gay, shifting scene within, made up of gay, fluttering dresses, and fair faces wreathed with smiles, and bright flowers and gleaming pictures, and graceful fitting figures; for the dancing had already begun, and Alan looked on with some amusement, getting his first glimpse of fashionable gaiety, and, meanwhile, also carrying on the train of thought suggested by his recent conversation.

How many, here, or anywhere, he thought were living on that principle? His mother was, he knew, and Jeanie also, but was he? That, after all, was the great question for him. If he had been, would he have given in, as he had done, just because his own dream of happiness had gone out? If his life was left desolate, he would not, at least, like to wake up and find it had all been a "mistake." Of one thing he felt sure, that neither Ralph Myles nor Lenore Arnold were living a mistake.

Alan was right in associating these two in his thoughts. Different as the sensitive, highly cultured, imaginative girl was from the sturdy, robust natured young man whose path had been among the roughnesses, not the refinements of life—they were animated by one spirit, their lives shaped themselves on one principle. They would have worded their thoughts and feelings rather differently,



perhaps, but the essence that lay beneath was the same, as was the ideal and the impulse. Mr. Dunbar had been right about Lenore's enthusiastic girlish dream of convent life. It was the life of self-sacrificing devotedness, secluded from all that could distract and impede, as she saw, or thought she saw it, in some of the teachers who had won from her almost a passionate love, and which had so impressed her imagination. She had fallen in, too, at an impressible age with the fascinating history of the Port Royalists, which had strongly influenced her tone of thought and feeling. Her own second name was Angélique, and the association with the devoted young abbess of Port Royal, Angélique Arnauld, had kindled her fancy and made her wish that she could have been called to stand at some such post, "faithful among the faithless," stemming the tide of misery and sin, which is always encroaching on the most earnest attempts to repel it. But when a strong feeling of home duty had withheld her from following out her own first inclination, there had gradually grown up in her mind a nobler, truer ideal, that of a life *in* the world, but not *of* it, a life not unnaturally secluding itself, but still devoting itself through all its varying phases to the one loving service which reigned supreme in her heart, as the only object worth living for. And she lived the ideal too, so far as human disabilities would permit, for she leaned upon the invisible Helper whose strength is promised to all who truly ask for it. She was the one above all the rest, who seemed to make the real centre and sunshine of home—the one to whom all instinctively turned for help and sympathy. And without, many a lonely sufferer, many a poor home, where bread was often scarce, and friendly visits scarcer still, knew and blessed Miss Lenore Arnold. Even now, while girls around her were thinking only of their own amusements and pleasure, of present "attentions," and possible conquests, she was eagerly talking to Mr. Dunbar about poor Helen Morgan, and asking whether he thought it could be arranged that she should have the change of air which seemed so needful for her, as well as the rest which Lenore's generosity had already secured for her. But she never thought of comparing herself with the thoughtless troop around her, and in her happy freedom from self-consciousness she was hardly aware how much reflex happiness she enjoyed from her

efforts to decrease sorrow and misery in her own immediate vicinity, and what an enviable immunity she enjoyed from piques and heart-burnings, and pangs of disappointed ambition—to say nothing of the hours of *ennui*, which, despite all the expedients of perpetual parties, dress, gossip, and shopping, too many of her acquaintances were compelled to spend.

It was not long before Mr. Dunbar found Alan out in his hiding-place. A little group of some of the seniors was formed near the window, to some of whom Mr. Dunbar introduced Alan, that he might join in the conversation that was going on. One of these was a lady, who evidently felt herself of great importance on the occasion, and who looked very magnificent in grey *moiré* and lace—Mrs. Junor, the mother of the bride. She was talking, in emphatic and impressive tones which corresponded very well with a good deal of stateliness and amplitude of exterior, of the sad blank she should feel in the loss of her daughter, who was to come to Ivystone to reside in the large mansion, abundantly roomy enough for all.

"No one knows how I shall miss the dear girl," she sighed; "but a mother must sacrifice her own feelings, and it is such a pleasure to see her so happy, and George is everything one could desire in the way of a son-in-law. And she will have a happy home here, I know; for those dear girls and she have been like sisters always. Ah! Mr. Dunbar, you and Lenore are always laying your heads together about some benevolent project! I heard you a little while ago; she is so good in that way, poor dear girl. Clara, my love, come here and let me straighten your wreath a little. And go and get your cousin Francis out of that corner. You see I have to take some little charge here, Mr. Dunbar. The dear girls are a little inexperienced," she said, with a self-important sigh.

"Quite so!" Mr. Dunbar remarked, in a tone whose slightly sarcastic inflection Alan noticed, though Mrs. Junor did not.

Then the lady turned to Alan and bestowed a good deal of her conversation on him, to his own surprise. But besides her fancy for playing the *rôle* of hostess, to some extent, at Ivystone, Mrs. Junor was rather fond of "taking up" young men, especially young men whose appearance pleased her, as Alan's



did, and whom she fancied she might turn to some good account. For she had still Clara to look after, and Clara was much plainer than her sister, as well as less attractive in every way, and so could not expect to make so good a match; and Alan struck her as having the look of a "getting on" young man. It was no harm at any rate to be civil to him.

Suddenly Mrs. Junor's platitudes were cut short by the piano waking up into a rich, beautiful symphony, very different from the light dance music that had been played on it previously.

"Ah! there is dear Lenore going to sing!" Mrs. Junor exclaimed, and settled herself into an expressively listening attitude, though her countenance never once changed as the music proceeded. Renée was playing the accompaniment; she played with a powerful, and withal tasteful, touch that seemed to bring out the full tone of the instrument. Lenore's songs were mostly like herself, thoughtful, earnest, sometimes sad. She sang "The Bridge" first; and Alan listened with delight to the exquisite melody and the suggestive words, and the sweet rippling, wavering accompaniment, while some of the words went home to his heart. Then "Tears, idle tears." Why must she select one that so revived in Alan his vain yearnings for "the days that are no more?" And yet it soothed, too, even while it revived them. And then, by special request, she sang one more—one into which she always threw especial power and pathos. As the words rang out in her rich contralto voice, with a certain touching tremulous tone in it—

"Farewell, there comes a morrow  
To every day of pain!"

Alan wondered in his heart whether that would ever be true for him. He had had a pretty long, weary "day of pain." Would a "morrow" ever come?

To his inward questionings, the sweet soothing tones of Lenore's last song might have seemed a reply. It was not easy for her to leave the piano when she had once begun to sing, for she was always obligingly ready to give pleasure in any way whatever, and she always liked to end with something that would raise the thoughts of the listeners to something higher than mere human pathos and sentiment, however beautiful that

might be. So, with peculiar sweetness of expression, she sang, last of all—to her own accompaniment this time, exquisitely modulated—the words:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me!"

Alan had by this time, however, taken refuge in the darkness of the piazza, to enjoy the music and pursue his own thoughts, undisturbed by the glare and distractions of the brilliantly lighted and crowded room. The words of the beautiful hymn, which might have awakened something of the spirit in which they are conceived, hardly reached him where he was, and he was quite content to enjoy the linked sweetness—long drawn out—of the music that stole out to him on the soft sweet summer air, fragrant with the breath of the honeysuckles and June roses. But the sweetness seemed almost to oppress and overpower him in his present state of mind. The music, lovely as it was, seemed to have stirred up into full force and vivid life the longing, yearning regrets that had, just before, been almost hushed for the time. It was a sort of returning paroxysm, and his whole being seemed to thrill with almost intolerable pain. Supper was announced shortly after, and the large crowded room was soon empty, but he was only too glad to remain where he was. Mr. Dunbar, however, missing him, found him out, and insisted on his going in, and Alan, too shy to give any hint of his mood, did not resist his friend's determined disposal of him. By the time, however, that he entered the supper-room, the ladies had finished their supper and had retired. Champagne was flowing freely—far too freely. The sparkling draught in the enticing little frosted goblets was pressed upon him again and again, and Alan, who felt it a relief to get his present pain relieved by any antidote, filled his glass once too often. Mr. Dunbar caught sight of his flushed and excited face, and listened to the unusual loquacity with which he was talking, and with some dismay went up to him at once, and told him he was going home. Of course Alan was quite willing to go too, and Mr. Dunbar got him away quietly, not, however, without encountering a grieved and startled

look from Lenore, whom they met on their way out, and whose eye caught, in a moment, the excited look on Alan's face. It spoiled the evening for her, for she felt deeply pained at the thought that Ivystone should be a place of temptation for any—a place of temptation even such as were the wretched taverns whose existence she so much deplored, because of the bitter evil they wrought to some of her poor *protégés*. She would have had still greater reason to feel this could she have seen some of the young men whom Alan had left in the supper-room, staggering home half an hour afterwards. Could hostesses, who think that the claims of hospitality require them to have wine flowing freely at their tables, oftener see the condition in which some of their guests leave their hospitable houses, it might lead them to much serious consideration before again placing before their young friends the temptation of wine; and, should such consideration lead to an entire reform of social customs, in this respect, many a mother and sister and wife might have reason to rejoice.

Mr. Dunbar sought Alan out next day. "Campbell," he said, almost sternly, "you must look after yourself a little better. I'm afraid you have rather a tendency to too free indulgence in wine. Now, stop in time; watch yourself, and keep within the strictest moderation. I never felt the inclination in my life to 'indulge,' but you evidently do, so you must be most especially careful. You wouldn't be the first I have seen go down hill from such beginnings."

But a stronger, more thorough-going appeal had already done its work with Alan. Ralph Myles had somehow come to know the circumstance, perhaps from Alan's headache and pallid looks next morning.

"Alan," he said, "if you wish to live the life God means you live, if you wish to be the man He means you to be, make up your mind that henceforth you will never touch it! It is the only safety for a predisposition like yours. As you value the welfare of your soul and your body, your present and your future, make a solemn resolve that, with the help which you know is yours for the asking, you will never let it pass your lips again!"

And Alan did make the resolve, and kept it, too.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CHANCES AND CHANGES.

"Love that has us in his net,  
Can he pass, and we forget?  
Many suns arise and set,  
Many a change the years beget,  
Love the gift is love the debt."

MR. and Mrs. Richard Sharpley returned from their wedding trip a day or two after the party, and Lottie, complacent in a handsome and fashionable toilette, and in her newly-furnished parlour, all fresh upholstery and veneer, "received" for the orthodox number of days, just as Mrs. George Arnold did, as complacently, in the Ivystone drawing-room, when she returned, a fortnight later.

Lottie looked in vain, however, for one visitor, whom, with her usual inability to understand any feeling deeper than her own, she had expected. She supposed that Alan would, of course, call and pay his respects, and while she rejoiced in the idea of impressing him with her grandeur and importance in her new position, she was prepared to be very good and gracious to him, and to take up the rôle of his intimate and patronising friend. She felt somewhat aggrieved, therefore, when the utmost limit of the time for "receiving" passed, and he did not make his appearance. She thought it "really unkind of him;" she told Dick, who only smiled knowingly, and thought how the poor fellow must envy him.

It was a good many weeks after her return before she at last met Alan on the street, as she was going to market with her friend, Mrs. Marshall. They encountered each other somewhat suddenly, so that there was no opportunity for Alan to turn aside, as he had done once or twice before, when they had nearly met. Somehow, it seemed to him that a change had come over her in the few months since they had last met. She looked much more like her mother. The sensual, worldly expression in her face had become more prominent, and the girlish softness and freshness had very much faded from a face which seemed hardening into lines of selfish scheming. She and her companion were talking and laughing loudly in a way that jarred upon Alan more than ever, now that it came upon him as a novelty. It

seemed to him scarcely possible that this could be the Lottie he had known and loved.

If he felt any embarrassment at the meeting, it was evident that Mrs. Sharpley did not. She accosted him with the coolest unconcern, taxing him with neglect of his friends in never having been to see her. Alan replied briefly that he had been and was very busy, with but little leisure for formal calls. He laid the slightest possible stress on the word formal, to convey the hint that no intercourse between them could ever have any other character; and then bade them a coldly polite "good morning."

"Well," said Lottie, as he passed on, "I never thought Alan Campbell would have cut up in that way!"

"He did look kind o' soury," laughed Mrs. Marshall, in her loud uncultivated voice; "poor fellow, I suppose he hasn't got over being jilted, yet."

"Jilted! he was nothing of the sort," replied Lottie, indignantly. "Don't you know the engagement was broke off ages before I took up with Dick?"

Certainly that sight of Lottie did very much to cure Alan, especially as his standard of female character had become considerably raised by even the slight intercourse he had had with the Arnold family. True, in his mother and Jeanie he had always before him a high type of character, but then they had always been so much a part of his home life that he took them as a matter of course, and never thought of judging other women by them. But since he had met Lenore Arnold, with her sweet, low-toned voice, and her dainty, lady-like ways, with cultivation and refinement in every word and movement, he had grown more fastidious, and the contrast he could not help seeing in Lottie involuntarily repelled him. But it was with a sad and desolate feeling that he seemed to himself to lay the ashes over the grave of his buried first love, and to find himself alone without even the sweetness of a "loving memory" to cherish.

Alan paid two or three visits to Mapleford during that summer. The first time he went he took out with him poor Helen Morgan, drooping like a lily broken on the stem, to be taken care of by his mother for a few weeks of rest. Alan had written home about her, and about Lenore's desire that she should have rest and country air; and

kind-hearted Mrs. Campbell sent an invitation that she should come out and stay a few weeks under her hospitable care, while Lenore procured a temporary nurse for the helpless mother. To Helen these few weeks in the country, with Mrs. Campbell's kind nursing, and Jeanie's bright, bracing society, were wonderfully invigorating, and she returned with a new stock of health and spirits to her monotonous round of work with its scanty remuneration.

Jeanie had got Mary Burridge's school when the latter became Mrs. Robert Warwick and went to be the mistress of Robert's comfortable farm-house. Some who had noticed Robert's admiration for Jeanie, thought she had been a fool to let so good a chance escape her, while she had to drudge away at teaching for her own support. But Jeanie, at least, did not think so. She had never regretted her decision, and her strong, bright, "capable" nature and her overflowing energy found a congenial outlet in her school. She was soon thoroughly interested in every one of her scholars, and found a keen stimulus and pleasure in the work of drawing out their young faculties, and watching their daily progress. Teaching was no dry task-work to her. She did not content herself with "cramming," and with hearing dry, parrot-like repetitions. She liked to see that they understood everything they learned, and, if possible, to excite their genuine interest in it; and the result was, that the parents of her pupils declared that their children had never yet got on half so well.

Dan's letters were always eagerly watched for at Mapleford. They still came with tolerable regularity, though not so regularly as at first. They often contained descriptions of skirmishes; now and then of an engagement. Dan had got the "scratch" he had been longing for, in the shape of a sword-cut on his right arm; but it had soon healed, and, as he said, it was well it was not his left arm, so that it did not disable him from riding, after the first day or two. They were getting accustomed now to the constant danger; and as Dan had been so long preserved from serious harm, a sort of confidence seemed to grow up in them that he still would be. The life of adventure and excitement seemed just to suit his high-strung nature, though, now and then, a few words of loving, yearning affection in his letters, such as Dan, a

year ago, would have been ashamed to write, seemed to show that the boy had his fits of home-sickness, too, a circumstance which gave his mother no small pleasure, mingled though it was with pain.

Hugh had been studying eagerly and steadily; and had made such progress with Mr. Abernethy that his kind teacher thought he would be ready to enter Mr. Dunbar's office as an articled clerk by the autumn; and then he would go to stay in Carrington with Alan, to which he looked forward with great delight, as did Alan also, for he was both fond and proud of his studious young brother, whose mind was developing fast, a good deal in advance of his years.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan went, in September, for a few days of camping and shooting, to Heron Bay, which they made their headquarters, spending the soft and bright September days in fishing along the glassy lake, taking long rambles in the woods after partridges, and tracing the reedy windings of the creek or river in search of wild ducks. The new saw-mill at Heron Bay was now in full operation, and bade fair in time to rival the mills at Carrington in business and importance. Ben, at his own request, had been transferred to it; the wild, free backwoods life suited him better than the more restricted life in Carrington, and here, after work hours, he could paddle about in his birch-bark canoe for hours, or go hunting, as his Indian nature loved to do.

Alan and his friend spent a day or two at Mapleford on their return, bringing with them a boat-load of ducks and other game, —more than the Campbells could use in a week, even after sending a liberal share to Mrs. Abernethy, and presents of them to others of Alan's friends in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dunbar enjoyed the home circle there exceedingly, and was more genial and free from cynicism than Alan had ever seen him. Hugh, his future clerk, was a boy of the stamp in which he delighted, —eager, inquiring, recalling his own youth, with its theories and speculations. Then both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell loved to talk to him about Edinburgh scenes and people, and though Mr. Dunbar's associations belonged to a later era than theirs, they found they had much common ground to traverse, reviving each others' memories of places and things that had been pleasant to both.

"Ah! there is nothing on this side the Atlantic like Auld Reekie," Mr. Campbell would say, for the hundredth time, "with the grand old castle frowning down upon the bonnie Prince's street gardens, and the Academy, and Sir Walter Scott's monument that's just a picture in itself; and how many a day I've gone up Nicholson Street to the old University in the days when they used to try to drive some Latin and Greek into my head! Poor Professor Pillans;—didn't you say he was there in your day, too?"

"Yes, poor old man, he was there still, but his best days were long gone by;"—and so they went on to talk about other Edinburgh men, who had been prominent characters in Mr. Campbell's day, and whose names and fames were still fresh and bright in Philip Dunbar's time.

These pleasant talks were held in Miss Honeydew's little verandah, where Mr. Campbell liked to sit in his invalid chair, in the golden September evenings, when the opposite slopes looked doubly golden in the sunset light, and the sun went down in a sky all barred with pale green and gold, turning into salmon colour after he was lost to view. And the river wound silently away round its projecting points, and Miss Hepzibah's garden looked bright and rich in its autumn colouring; its crimson and purple and white asters, its sweet-scented Marvel of Peru, and its deep-tinted stately dahlias. And Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie sat by, at their work, quietly enjoying the talk. It was the first time Jeanie had ever met any man of wide and varied information, and Mr. Dunbar's conversation had all the charm for her which a girl, fond of study and of knowledge, whose personal experience has been a very restricted one, must find in the conversation of a man who has seen and studied much, and who takes wide and intelligent views of the subjects to which he has given a calm and thoughtful attention. And Jeanie, in her turn, was a novelty, and a pleasant one, to Philip Dunbar. Her fresh, bright, unsophisticated nature, combined with native intelligence, and thoughtful study of everything worthy of study that had come in her way, interested him extremely, and he enjoyed drawing out her opinions about matters in which they differed, and looking at the world again through the eyes of a simple, unspoiled nature, which had as yet seen it only from a

distance. Then the touch of northern independence and brusquerie about her, like a waft of the heather-scented breezes from her mother's native hills, yet without the least mixture of unfeminine roughness, was a pleasant variation upon the silky softness of some of his female acquaintances, too often veiling shallow insipidity, and the loud "fastness" of others. He respected, too, the earnestness he saw in her, whenever their conversation touched upon higher things. She was a woman, at all events, who could give "a reason for the faith that was in her," whose religion was not one of mere sentiment or feeling, but a strong, presiding influence, pervading every thought and action. While their conversation restricted itself to general matters, Jeanie was quite willing to defer to his wider experience, but when it touched upon man's connexion with the unseen and spiritual, he could not move her a hair's breadth, and he was surprised to see how intelligently she met any objections he did venture to throw out, and how readily her intuitive discernment penetrated and exposed an unfair, though plausible sophistry. She never courted argument with him, however, or ventured into questions which she instinctively felt were beyond her depth, nor did Mr. Dunbar unveil to her the extent to which sceptical theories had taken possession of his mind. He did not wish to disturb her peace, nor could he expect to find in discussion with a mind so inexperienced as hers, any satisfactory solution of the doubts that oppressed him. But seeing the strength and intelligence of her faith, he at last began to wonder whether he should not have searched more diligently "whether these things were so," and when Philip Dunbar admitted a misgiving as to any conclusion at which he had arrived, half the battle was won. Altogether, both Alan and he were sorry when their visit was over and they must return to work, but its influences did not pass away with the golden radiance of the autumn afternoon on which they drove back to Carrington.

Miss Honeydew had written to the Campbells to say that her brother strongly desired her to remain during the coming winter, at least, as his wife and daughters were not to return till the following summer, and that she was willing to stay if the Campbells liked still to remain in her house. Of course

they were only too glad to do so, and so it was settled.

And then the time of glowing autumn leaves and gorgeous sunsets passed away, and the second November of Alan's stay in Carrington closed down, with its short days and murky skies, over the stripped and saddened country; and again Mr. Dunbar's snug, bright dining room seemed to Alan a haven of refuge from the general gloom. Thither, too, sometimes came Ralph Myles, whom Alan rejoiced to bring into contact with his friend; and long eager talks they occasionally had, reaching far into midnight, when Mr. Dunbar would propound his sceptical objections, with the earnestness of a man who really desires to find them met, if met they can be. And Ralph, who, if he had not a college education, had thought more vigorously and to more purpose than many who have graduated with honours, would reply in such a way as, if not to satisfy his friend, at least to send him to the fountain head, where, alone, his doubts could be fully satisfied.

Lenore Arnold had not yet set out for her southern winter quarters, though her still prevailing delicacy made it necessary, in medical opinion, that she should go for at least one more winter. But Mr. Arnold's health had been failing so rapidly and alarmingly that his daughter felt she could not make up her mind to leave him. Mrs. George Arnold had been rather disappointed as to the expected festivities which were to have followed her marriage, as her father-in-law's serious illness began not long after her return from her wedding tour, and it not only prevented party-giving at home, but kept George so busy as to interfere very seriously with party-going abroad.

Weaker and weaker Mr. Arnold grew, till he could no longer go, even in his carriage, to the counting-house at the mills. It was a breaking up of the constitution, the doctor said, the result of the wear and tear of a long life of toil and anxiety; and the people said he was suffering from the latter now; that the affairs of the firm were in a rather ticklish condition; that they had been launching out rather too much into speculation; and that the long postponement of the commencement of the projected railway was impeding them very much and causing them serious embarrassment. The people were awaiting the expected Government



grant before commencing operations, and one thing after another seemed to delay its consummation. At all events, whether it was mental anxiety or not, Mr. Arnold's strength seemed waning fast. It was sad to see his once vigorous form, now shrunken and tottering, supporting itself on a staff as he tried to drag himself through the mills on the occasion of his latest visits, before, unwillingly, he had to give them up altogether; and the place which had so long been the centre of all his thoughts and hopes and schemes knew him no more. And then his luxurious home would have seemed to him only a sumptuous prison, if it had not been for Lenore, with her sweet winning ways, soothing his irritability, and trying to brighten those dark days with thoughts of truer and more lasting happiness than any that earthly good can give, and to turn to unseen things a mind long absorbed in the things that belong only to the transient, shifting phantasms of this lower world.

It was towards the close of a gloomy November day, when the dripping of the clouds broke up in a pale, copper-coloured splendour at the horizon, that Alan, taking a walk with Hugh, who had now entered upon his new career, met Lenore Arnold walking into town, a very unusual circumstance, as she was not usually thought strong enough for walking in and out. She looked very pale, and that, together with the heavy waterproof cloak she wore, brought back vividly to Alan's memory the evening when he had first seen her. He stopped to inquire for Mr. Arnold. Lenore's voice trembled a little as she replied that he was very ill indeed. "So ill," she added, "that I am going to ask Dr. Wilmot to come and see him at once."

"Are you *walking* in and out?" Alan ventured to ask.

"Yes, I had to do so," she said. "The carriage was out with my sister-in-law, when he grew so much worse as to alarm us, and so there was no one to send, and my brothers were all out of the way, so I came on foot rather than have any delay."

"Please let me do it for you," said Alan, eagerly. "I can do it without the least trouble," he said, answering her inquiring glance.

"Thank you, if you will be so good I shall be very much obliged indeed," she replied, and they parted, Alan showing

some, at least, of the sympathy he felt, in his voice and the warm parting pressure of her hand.

Alan found the doctor at home, and sent him out at once, glad to be able to fulfil his mission successfully. But a day or two after that the news of Mr. Arnold's death spread rapidly through Carrington.

The shops were closed on the day of the funeral—a long and imposing procession, in which nearly all Carrington turned out to testify respect for the man who had done so much to make it. And there were long, eulogistic notices of the departed in both the Carrington newspapers, which would have somewhat surprised Mr. Arnold, could he have read them, since they attributed to him a good many virtues of which he would never have dreamed of claiming possession. And then the Carrington people, after they had exhausted all that was to be said about the death and the funeral, settled down to talk about the will, and "how the family were left." Every one approved of the arrangement which Mr. Arnold had made in leaving to his sons the mills, land, and business just as it stood, the profits to be shared according to a fair proportion, regulated by himself; while to each of his daughters he left a moderate but comfortable provision in money, which they were to have in addition to what they inherited from their mother, into possession of which they now entered, in accordance with the provisions of her settlement. So now, people said, George carried on the business at his own risk and that of his younger brothers, and if anything did go wrong with it, the girls at least would not suffer.

Lenore's always delicate health had been very much overtaxed by her constant attendance on her father, and still further affected by her grief for his loss, combined with the reaction when the excitement was over. The doctor decided that she must no longer defer her journey southwards, and though she longed to stay with her sorrowing family, she was obliged to submit. One cold, bleak afternoon, towards the end of November, just when the first few snow-flakes were straggling down on the black frozen ground, presaging the fast descending winter, Alan met the Ivystone carriage driving to the station, conveying Lenore and her second brother, Willie, who was to be her escort for the greater part of the way. He caught a

momentary glance of her pale, sweet face, looking more delicate than ever, in its heavy mourning. She recognised him, and bent forward with a sad, half-smile, for a parting salutation. Little as he had seen of her, Alan felt a pang strike through him, at the thought that she was really gone, and Carrington, for a time, seemed to him strangely blank and lonely.

It was a good while after that before he saw any of the family. On New Year's Day, having returned from a short Christmas visit to Mapleford, he went, with Philip Dunbar, to leave a card; but, to their surprise, they found that the ladies were "receiving." Mrs. George Arnold thought they had "moped long enough"—she found it "so dull being shut up there, in the country"—and she had persuaded George, and George had persuaded good-natured Renée, that it would be no mark of disrespect to Mr. Arnold's memory to see their friends quietly on New Year's Day, especially as it would be so inhospitable to allow them to come so far without seeing them and offering some refreshment. Accordingly, Alan and Mr. Dunbar were shown into the large drawing-room, where a splendid coal-fire was burning brightly in the grate, and where Mrs. George Arnold, in black silk, heavily trimmed with crape, received her visitors with winning smiles and an air that told how fully she had taken up the part of lady of the house. Renée, a little graver and quieter, sat near, but notwithstanding all her stylish looks and dignity of manner, little Mrs. Arnold evidently placed her in quite a secondary position, helped thereto by her stately mother, who sat beside her, enjoying her daughter's importance. Pauline sat in a window recess with Clara, and joyfully welcomed her friend Alan, whom she had not seen for months.

Mrs. Junor was as gracious to Alan as she had formerly been, on the occasion of their first meeting. She had a reason for this, as she had for most things she did. She had heard an excellent report of Alan from Mr. Dunbar, and she thought that, in course of time, he would make the very partner that George needed; since his thoughtfulness and steadiness, together with the amount of business knowledge which he had obtained, would make up for George's shortcomings in these respects, and place the business, of whose risks she was by no means ignorant, on a much more satisfactory basis. It

would be very much in the same way as that in which her own husband, who at first came as a clerk, had got into partnership with Mr. Arnold. And then—who knows? he might take a fancy to Clara, for whom she could scarcely expect a more brilliant marriage; and in the meantime it was quite as well to cultivate him a little. So Alan, a great deal to his surprise, received sundry invitations that winter to little quiet evening parties at Mrs. Junor's; since, owing to the family mourning, she was precluded from more extensive gaieties. As Mr. Dunbar, and even Hugh, who soon became as great a friend of Pauline's as his brother had been, were always included in these invitations, and the evenings were always pleasantly conversational and musical, Alan found them very enjoyable, especially as he set the invitations down to pure kindness on Mrs. Junor's part.

His old wound was fast healing over now, as it might not have done but for the way in which his illusion with regard to Lottie had been rudely dispelled. He always avoided meeting her, when it was possible, and declined all invitations to parties where she was likely to be present, thereby considerably offending Mrs. McAlpine, who, having heard some rumour of his disappointment might have guessed the reason of his repeated refusals to her party-invitations. But he sometimes heard reports of Lottie's flirting propensities, which she had not yet lost, and which, rumour said, sometimes caused some unpleasantness between her and her husband. And when he heard the way in which she was spoken of by the fast young men of Carrington, it took all the tenderness and charity with which his chivalrous nature still strove to regard his old love, so endeared by a thousand early associations, to prevent his acknowledging to himself that it had been a beneficent providence, rather than a hard fate, that had separated them.

Towards the close of that winter, Alan went to Montreal, to transact some business for George Arnold. It was the first time he had seen the metropolitan city of Canada, for so it may well still be called, notwithstanding the rapid strides of its more modern rivals. High as his expectations had been, they were more than realised. The Point St. Charles railway station, alone, astonished him by its extent, its numerous converging lines of rails, indicating the immense amount of business of which it was

the centre. And when he walked along the busy streets, past mile after mile of massive stone buildings, emporiums of commerce that spread its network over all Canada; or penetrated into the seemingly endless mazes of Griffintown with its smoky manufacturing establishments; or walked along the wharves and looked at the numerous steamboats and other vessels wintered there, and admired the magnificent docks; or stood in the great cathedral, and from its tower surveyed the great busy city lying at the foot of its snow-clad mountain, with the wide, white, frozen river spanned by the massive Victoria Bridge, and St. Helen's Island, and the snowy hills on the farther shore; or passed out of the city din and bustle and admired the numberless streets of handsome private residences that stretch far up the mountain side, with its girdle of princely villas; he felt a sense of the extent and importance of his country deepening within him, and felt that he had never had a true idea of its resources before.

Then he enjoyed, too, his glimpse of the gay side of Canadian winter-life; the dashing, handsome equipages, with their beautiful horses and rich fur trappings; the low fur-cov-

ered sledges in which officers, driving fair muffled ladies, glided rapidly by (for in those days Canada still rejoiced in the presence of British forces); the French-Canadians in their blanket-coats and hoods driving into town; and all the bright variety of winter life and stir. He even went to the Victoria rink, guided by Pauline's glowing descriptions of the skating there, and was almost bewildered by the brilliant scene, looking like a chapter out of a fairy tale—the wide, brightly illuminated rink, the richly dressed fairy-like figures gliding gracefully over the gleaming ice to the strains of inspiring music, and the crowd of spectators presenting scarcely less variety of colour and manner, from the sprightly French Canadians, all vivacity and motion, to the quiet English visitors, who looked almost stolid in contrast with their excitable southern neighbours.

Alan returned to Mapleford with his ideas considerably enlarged, and with a renewed and deepened faith in the future of a young country, which could already show such wealth of resources and means as he had seen in the busy populous city, which is seated, a stately modern queen, on that mediæval throne of the Old French Régime.

(To be continued.)

## SONNET.

From "SPRING WILD FLOWERS:"

*A Volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.*

TRUE love is lowly as the way-side flower  
 That springeth up beneath the traveller's tread,  
 And lifteth trustfully its lovely head.  
 Content to bless therewith the passing hour;  
 Unheedful of the wealth of heavenly dower  
 It lavisheth upon a path bestead  
 With the coarse trafficking of sordid meed,  
 So it lie open but to sun and shower.  
 And love no less deals with unstinted hand:  
 Lavish to others, heedless of reward;  
 Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,  
 So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she stand  
 Sowing around home's hearth her harvest treasure:  
 Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered down in affluent measure.

## THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX,

*Author of "Ocean to Ocean."*

## PART IV.

IT had been a long fight, but Howe was only 43 years old when it was over. He was in the prime of his strength; with a physical constitution that had stood every strain, with a mind disciplined, matured, and still growing. Had he been content with the limited sphere of his native Province, and used his power discreetly, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, a comparatively peaceful and easy life, and a quiet and affluent old age, would in all probability have been his portion. His frame was constructed to have lasted full four-score years; and in the elasticity of his spirits and the youthful vigour of his mind he had other securities for long life and enjoyment. But the restlessness of genius was on him. He sighed for other worlds to conquer. Nova Scotia was too little for him. He felt in it like an Indian in his birch-bark canoe, that he could lurch it to one side or another, pretty much as he liked. These periods in such men's lives are not the happiest. They are not then in their most amiable moods. They appear wayward and reckless. They hurt the *amour propre* of friends. They seem to despise what they have gained with much toil, to be ready to toss it aside, as a child throws away the toy he has long cried for, the moment after he gets it. The steady going politician does not understand such moods. Lord Palmerston could never understand Mr. Gladstone, and used to declare privately that nothing would ever tempt him to take a genius into his Cabinet again. The one is happiest in himself, and blandest to others, when he has succeeded. The other is at his best in opposition, or when in power, the new idea having gotten full possession of him, the period of mere restlessness being over, he rises in glowing strength to the height of the new argument, and seeks to lead men onward to new realms and enterprises. Howe, as leader of the Government

of Nova Scotia, all its resources and all the machinery of administration for the first time at his back, was more restless and less inclined for mere literary work than in 1845, when he seemed driven to the wall, penniless, ostracised, fighting a hundred foes with one hand, and digging with the other for daily bread. He dreamed new dreams. He believed himself capable of filling a position more than Provincial, more than Colonial. The vision of an United Empire, that glorious vision that made the old Loyalists leave all behind and go forth, not knowing whither they went, took shape and form before his eyes. But he was also a practical man, and daily work had to be done. How was he to combine the near and the far? How were the two sides of his own nature, the imaginative and the practical, to be reconciled? The answer suggested to him by the pressing facts of the day was, British America must have a vigorous Railway Policy. Railways will do much directly, and they will make much possible that is now impossible.

In 1850 Howe propounded his policy of railway construction, a policy that he adhered to all his life, and the soundness of which all our recent history is vindicating more and more. He contended that the true policy was for the Colonial Governments to build and own the railways, just as to build and own the main roads, and make them free if possible. "The roads, telegraphs, light-houses, the standard of value, the administration of justice, are the topics with which a Government is bound to deal." If it is the duty of Government to make and maintain the great highroads through which its industry must flow, it is equally its duty to provide the best. Let the Governments then assume the responsibility, pledge their public revenues, issue their debentures, borrow money honestly, and spend it as faithfully

as they can. This policy was bitterly condemned by many of his old opponents, and by not a few of his old friends, but at length it was accepted so universally in Nova Scotia that, had it not been for certain recent public proposals, I should have said that no man living would have ventured to propose its reversal. Howe fought hard for it. Free-traders assailed it on the ground that where there was a demand for railways, capitalists would provide a supply; and where there was not a demand, why tax the whole community for the sake of a portion? They forgot that the freest possible communication between the main centres and the productive parts of a country is essential to the prosperity of the whole country; and that just as it was right for Upper and Lower Canada to bring themselves almost to bankruptcy in order to build canals round the rapids of the St. Lawrence, though it might appear that only farmers and grain merchants were benefited thereby, so it was right to give the freest scope to the maritime propensities of our people, to connect our Province with the Continent, and our seaports with our agricultural and mining counties, that every facility for the exportation of our productions might be afforded. The main lines that were essential to the prosperity of the country were to be built and owned by the country, just as the great roads had been. Many believe this policy to be the best for all countries; for new and sparsely settled countries it is the only honest policy. In accordance with it, three lines were determined on and built in Nova Scotia; one connecting Halifax with the Basin of Minas, another connecting it with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a third joining the Province to the Continent, instead of leaving the Province like a thumb dissevered from the body. These railroads are accomplishing the purposes they were designed to accomplish. New life has been infused into the Lower Provinces. Major Head, the Commissioner appointed by Lord Durham, in 1838, to visit them, gave a melancholy report of their poverty, backwardness, and stagnation. Their population was only 365,000. Now it is over 800,000. He described his journey through Nova Scotia as exhibiting the spectacle of "half the tenements abandoned, and lands everywhere falling into decay." How different the spectacle now! In no part of the world is there

a more general and healthy prosperity than in these Provinces. And much of this is due to the railroads, railroads honestly built with our own money, and intended to be made as free as possible, consistent with the revenues of the country, to all our producing classes, the shipbuilder, the manufacturer, the merchant, the fisherman, and the farmer. When a Nova Scotian thinks that the ownership of these railways by the Province for the good of the Province was the one point settled by Howe's second ten years' conflict, and then recalls the fantastic proposals and bogus schemes that have been lately aired in connection with them, he is tempted to cry out for one hour of Howe in his strength, as Scott cried out for "one hour of Wallace's might." But we have not got Howe now; and I do not know that we used him well when we had him. This lesson let us learn; that when we have a statesman who combines capacity and honesty, who has done the state service and can do more, whose powers are all held by him in trust for his country's good, the people should overlook much, should forgive a little. Montaigne says that every one of us has deserved hanging five or six times. Let us grant that Howe should have been hanged once or twice. He still remains better than any we have, or are likely to get in a hurry. The worth to a country of a real statesman it is simply impossible to overestimate. Even in a money point of view there are few men in Nova Scotia who have made money in the last thirty years, who are not in Howe's debt.

The Nova Scotian Government approved of Howe's Railway Policy, and many an old Halifax opponent rallied round him; but in September, 1850, a despatch came from Earl Grey declining any assistance in the shape of guarantee or otherwise to any line, even though all the Provincial revenues were pledged for the payment. What was to be done? Howe offered to go to England, and he was sent on what seemed the Quixotic errand of changing the policy of the Government of Great Britain. What is more, he succeeded. His letters to Earl Grey, his speech at Southampton, and his speech at Halifax on his return are published. These, with his speech in the Assembly, in 1854, on the organization of the Empire, are perhaps his ablest efforts. In these years he was at the height of his



strength. His speech at the Detroit Convention, in 1865, has been extravagantly praised. Its magnetic force must have been immense. Addressing the most representative commercial gathering that has ever been held on this continent, an assemblage of hard-headed business men, many of them not only opposed to the renewal of a reciprocity treaty, but sent as delegates to the Convention to oppose any such proposal, he procured an unanimous vote in its favour amid boundless enthusiasm. Few speeches change votes; but then few men are orators. Still, that speech is inferior in weight and finish, in wit and force, to many that he gave on other and less important occasions previously. Howe's oratory was always fresh, because adapted to the occasion and to the prepossessions of his audience. He knew human nature, and could play on every chord, but he liked best to address a crowd. He had a thorough command of those homely proverbs and vigorous colloquialisms which finical people shudder at, but which in a public discussion always draw blood, and are well called "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." Surpassed by many of his contemporaries in fluency of utterance, in acute and sustained dialectical power, in weighty impressiveness of manner, and in classic elegance of style, he surpassed them all in freshness, versatility, suggestiveness, and true imaginative power.

Joseph Howe, in 1850 and 1851, actually moved public opinion in England, and changed the colonial policy of the British Government. He was treated with distinction by the leading men of the House of Commons, and praised in the House of Lords. The press acknowledged his services and abilities; capitalists had their attention drawn by him to British America as a field for the employment of capital; and the Government that had refused a few months before to guarantee eight hundred thousand pounds, agreed now to guarantee seven millions.

Howe came back to Halifax, glowing with excitement. The future opened out before him, and he felt that everything was possible. "You set eight or nine men on red cushions or gilded chairs, with nothing to do but to pocket their salaries, and call that a Government," he said to a crowded meeting. "To such a pageant I have no desire to belong. Those who aspire to

govern others should neither be afraid of the saddle by day nor of the lamp by night. In advance of the general intelligence they should lead the way to improvement and prosperity. I would rather assume the staff of Moses, and struggle with the perils of the wilderness and the waywardness of the multitude, than be a golden calf elevated in gorgeous inactivity—the object of a worship which debased." Such were the tones we in Halifax were wont to hear. We seldom hear them now.

As it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the other Provinces, Howe went on to New Brunswick, where he was received with enthusiasm, and thence to Toronto to confer with the Governor-General and Council. He made a profound impression on all he came in contact with. He was now at the height of his power, and he felt that he was only on the threshold. At the Toronto banquet, he said, "The father in classic story whose three sons had gained three Olympic prizes in the same day, felt that it was time to die. But having gained the confidence of three noble provinces, I feel that it is time to live." Then, as afterwards, in 1862, when he went up to Quebec to discuss whether any practical scheme of colonial union could be devised, he towered above all the other colonial politicians assembled. It is not for me to explain the causes that delayed the construction of the Intercolonial and other railways. The fault was not Howe's. And it would also be out of place to discuss here the lesser incidents of his after political life, though each of them in its turn was the all-absorbing question of the day in Nova Scotia—his enlistment of men in the United States for the British army in the Crimea, the rise of Dr. Tupper, the Gourlay Shanty riot, his quarrel with the Young Ireland party, the formation and success of the Protestant Alliance, the subsequent utter defeat of himself and his party, and his acceptance from the Imperial Government of the post of Fishery Commissioner. In 1863 he handed over to Dr. Tupper the keys of the Provincial Secretary's office, with the words, "if ever I can be of use to Nova Scotia, let me know." He was then supposed to have quitted the political stage, but an act full of stirring events remained to be played.

As to this act—his attitude towards Confederation and his action—I feel like the

Scotch preacher face to face with a difficult text : "weel, if it had been a' the same, I would have liket that this verse had been left oot." But there the verse is, and it ought not to be skipped.

In 1864, the question of the Union of the British American colonies assumed for the first time a practical shape : Canada, that had hitherto held aloof, was ready. Our leading politicians had long been in favour of it as one man. But scarcely was the Quebec scheme published when a formidable opposition sprang up in the Maritime Provinces. Which side would Howe be on, everybody asked? At first it was taken for granted that he who had spoken so many eloquent words, all pointing to the magnificent future of British America, all tending to inspire its youth with love of country as something far higher than mere Provincialism, would now be among the advocates of Confederation, and the wise and loving critic of the scheme to be submitted to the Legislatures. But by-and-by it was rumoured that he was talking and writing against it, and before long he came forth as the crowned head of the opposition. What was the real cause? It is a delicate question, but it ought to be answered.

There can be little doubt that if he had gone to Charlottetown and Quebec, as one of the delegates, he would have thrown himself heartily into the project, and made his mark on the proposed constitution. He ought to have been there. He was ready to go, but his duties as Fishery Commissioner took him away for two months just at the critical moment. The Admiral declared that he could not give him a vessel at any other time, and the other delegates did not dream that his presence was indispensable. The next thing he heard was that the Quebec scheme had been completed to the minutest detail and published to the world. The egg had been hatched, not by the hen that laid it, but by some fancy steam process. The ship had been launched without the presence of the designer. He heard at the same time that the people of the Lower Provinces generally were averse to the scheme, and that many were already arrayed in downright opposition. What was he to do? He paused for a little. Two courses were open, a noble and a less noble. Not only in youth has Hercules's Choice to be made. Stern principle called on him to

take one course, a hundred pleasant voices called on the other side. Was he to help, to be the lieutenant of Dr. Tupper, the man who had taken the popular breeze out of his sails, who had politically annihilated him for a time, with whom, too, his contest had been mainly personal, for no great political question had been involved between them; or was he to put himself at the head of old friends and old foes, regain his proper place, and steer the ship in his own fashion? In the circumstances, only a hero could have done his duty. There are few heroes in the world, and it is doubtful if modern statecraft conduces to make men heroic. Only he that can lose his own life finds it. He only walks in the first ranks among the mighties of the earth. And Howe was an egotist. Friends and colleagues had known his weakness before, but had scarce ventured to speak of it in public. In his cabinets he had suffered no rival. To those who submitted he was sweet as summer. He would give everything to or for them, keeping nothing for himself. They might have the pelf if he had the power. Proposals that did not emanate from himself got scant justice in council or caucus. When Chairman of the Railway Board, out of the Cabinet but with as much real power as if a member of it, he was restless and dissatisfied; damaged the Government by his criticisms and still more by a patronizing tone that degraded it. He assumed to be the power behind the throne, or, as the then Opposition called him, "the Government coo-per." This egotism which long feeding on popular applause had developed into a vanity almost incomprehensible in a man so strong, was not known to the outside world. But if we live long enough, our sin, though it be only what the world calls our weakness, will find us out. It found him when consistency, when duty said, "go and help your enemy;" and self spoke in his own almost savage language to an old colleague, "let the devil kill his own meat."

Of course, there were other reasons that contributed to his decision, and by looking only at these he perhaps persuaded himself that they were the only ones that actuated him. We can put the telescope to our blind eye and then say that we cannot see. We seldom acknowledge even to ourselves, much less in print, the real motives that actuate us. The opponents of Confedera-

tion had made out a strong case financially against the Quebec scheme, and he did obtain better terms. Besides, when he had visited Canada in 1862, he came back angry and annoyed that the Canadian politicians thought only of their own difficulties, and were quite indifferent as to what Nova Scotia wished or did not wish. To him Nova Scotia was everything. To them it was a small, far-away Province that did not at the time concern them, and about which, therefore, they did not care to be bothered. They had enough to do with their own difficulties of deadlocks, dual leaderships, double majorities, that resulted from differences of race and rival sectionalism. After all, was it wise to cast Nova Scotia into such a seething pot of incongruous and mutually exasperated elements, and was not his old dream of a Federation of the Empire the only radical cure? He also foresaw financial difficulties arising out of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty; and military harassments, Fenian and such-like, arising out of the state of feeling in the United States; and he was not prepared for the extraordinary vitality and public spirit which Canada has displayed since Confederation. Did he fancy that we or that any people could be bullied or worried into joining hands with their bullies and tormentors; that there could be birth without birth-throes; or that rude breezes would uproot a young oak? No, but his standpoint was unfortunate. Besides, he really doubted if the smaller would get fair play from the men who ruled the larger Provinces. He was not favourably impressed by those whom he met. Some he thought narrow, and others corrupt. He had little faith in their power to preside over the growth of a nation, especially in the troublous times that he believed were coming on us. "Had the Maritime Provinces been permitted to organize themselves first and then to unite with Canada, they might have acted together and had a chance to guard their interests; but disunited, they must be a prey to the spoiler." British America "naturally divides itself into four great centres of political power and radiating intelligence. The Maritime Provinces, surrounded by the sea; three of them insular, with unchangeable boundaries, with open harbours, rich fisheries, abundance of coal, a homogeneous population, and within a week's sail of the British islands, form the first

division." This bit he thought could be saved; the other three divisions he would abandon. As Sir John A. Macdonald put it in the House of Commons, "he would wreck the ship for the chance of saving some of the pieces." Once, who could have denounced the cowardice and folly of this so scathingly as he? Once, he could have easily seen that a time had come when it was easier to get the whole than the part, and that the part as he wished it would necessarily follow in its own good time. But the telescope was at his blind eye.

When he resolved to oppose Confederation, he went into the fight—as his wont was—without reserve. He flung away the scabbard, and struck right and left in his old style. Never was he more popular; never did he fight with greater dash. In England, in 1866, he wrought as if he would move heaven and earth. He went for a few weeks and remained nine months. He tried every avenue, and might have succeeded, only he had to fight Howe as well as Tupper.

But Howe knew when he was beaten. When the Imperial Act was passed and the Dominion of Canada constituted, he knew well that no power he could ever bring to bear could undo the Act, and that about all that remained was to inflict punishment on those who had framed it, and then seek what improvement was to be had within the lines of the Constitution. The success that attended the Party of Punishment deceived others, but did not deceive him. He knew that the very name of repeal was odious in the ears of every British statesman. However, as he was desired by the Local Government to go again in 1868, he went, but without heart. He fancied that if an union of the Maritime Provinces could even then be effected, there might be some chance. But as that could not be he said "what's the use of keeping up a cry? We shall be like a goose hissing at a stage coach. We may hiss, but the coach will run over us."

What was his duty? He considered every alternative, even that of resistance. The whole Province at the time was like tinder. A spark would have kindled a fire that would have ruined it, or thrown it back ten or twenty years. That he would not apply the match showed a self-control for which we cannot be too grateful to him.

This then he would not do. "The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured," stains his memory. What then was he to do? To sulk and let the Province suffer, or to make the best of matters? All the leaders of his party were agreed that the latter was the only course left. Why he failed to carry them along with him it is difficult to explain. There were faults on both sides. He fancied that when he was satisfied so would they be satisfied. And had there been no telegraph between Ottawa and Halifax, had he been able to come personally and been the first to explain to them the improved financial terms he had obtained, and the necessity of his taking a seat in the Cabinet, they would have been satisfied. But the telegraph spoiled all, especially as there were men in his party who had been fretting against his leadership. For ten days the only fact that was made to stand out before all eyes was that the leader of the Anti-Confederate and Repeal party had taken office under Sir John A. Macdonald. The cry was raised, Howe has sold himself; Howe is a traitor. They condemned him unheard. And when he returned to Halifax, old friends crossed the street to avoid speaking to him, and young friends, who once would have felt honoured by a word, walked as close before or behind him as possible that he might hear their insults. He was getting old; during his labours in 1866 in England, bronchitis had fastened on him; the winter journey to and from Ottawa had nursed the germs of the disease, and now the love and trust of the people—that which had been the breath of his nostrils—failed him utterly. Oh, it was bitter. Yet, was it not well that before his end he should know the reed on which he had leaned! "Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no stay." For the first time in his life, his buoyancy and courage deserted him. He gained his election for Hants, shattering his health in the contest, and he was never the old Joe Howe again.

Here, with a few words, we close our sketch of this man, the greatest that Nova Scotia has produced. Judging him not by single acts, as no one ever should be judged, but by his life as a whole, he may be called a great man. His honesty of purpose and love of country, his creative faculty, width of view, and power of will combined, entitle

him to be called a great statesman. He was more than a politician and more than an orator. He had qualities that made men willing to follow him even when they did not see where they were going, or only saw that they were going in a different direction from their former course. Steering in the teeth of former professions, he bade them have patience, for he was tacking; and they believed him. True, they were swayed by his eloquence, and gladdened by his sympathy and his humour. The magnetism of the orator thrilled them; but had they not believed that at bottom he was sincere, the charm would soon have ceased to work. As it was, they followed him as few parties have ever followed a leader. Men followed him against their own interests, against their own church, against their own prejudices and convictions. Episcopalians fought by his side against the Church of England; Baptists fought with him against the demands of the denomination; Roman Catholics stood by him when he assailed the pretensions of their Church.

Though he was merciless in conflict, and when you go to war you must "imitate the action of the tiger," bitterness did not dwell in his heart. He was always willing to shake hands, true English fashion, when the war was over. If friends expostulated about the generosity of his language or actions to political opponents, "Oh! what's the use," he would reply, "he has got a pretty wife;" or, "he is not such a bad fellow after all;" or, "life is too short to keep that sort of thing up." He was generous partly because he felt he could afford it, for he had boundless confidence in his own resources. This self-confidence gave him a hearty, cheery manner, no matter what straits he was in, that acted on his followers like wine.

The one thing lacking was that he had not wholly subordinated self to duty and to God. He was immersed in active engagements and all the cares of life from early years. He was capable of enjoying, and he did enjoy without stint, every sweet cup that was presented to his lips. He was conscious of great powers that never seemed to fail him, but enabled him to rise with the occasion ever higher and higher. Small wonder then that he cast himself as a strong swimmer into the boiling currents of life, little caring whither they bore him, because proudly confident that he could hold

his own, or, at any rate, regain the shore whenever he liked.

A thorough intellectual training would have done much for him. The discipline of an University career enables even a young man to know somewhat of his own strength and weakness, especially somewhat of his own awful ignorance. And self-knowledge leads to self-control. Circumstances put this beyond his reach; but something more excellent than even a College was within his reach, had he only been wise enough to understand and possess it as his own. In his father he had a pattern of things in the heavens; a life in which law and freedom meant the same thing, in which there was that reconciliation between the inner being and the outward environment which gives unity, harmony, and nobleness to life and life's work. The teaching of the old Loyalist's life was the eternal teaching of the stars—

"Like as a star  
That maketh not haste,  
That taketh not rest,  
Let each be fulfilling  
His God-given best."

But his veins were full of blood, and his bones moistened with marrow. Passion spoke in his soul, and he heard and loved the sweet voices of nature, and of men and women. Not that the whispers of heaven were unheard in his soul. No; nor were they disregarded; but they were not absolutely and implicitly obeyed. And so, like the vast crowd, all through life he was partly the creature of impulse and partly the servant of principle. Often it would have been difficult for himself to say which was uppermost in him. Had he attained to unity and harmony of nature he could have been a poet, or a statesman of the old heroic type. But he did not attain, for he did not seek with the whole heart. And he puzzled others, because he had never read the riddle of himself.

All Nova Scotians, except perhaps a few of the baser sort, are glad that he died in Government House. It was an honour he himself felt to be his due—a light, though it were but the light of a wintry sun, that fell on his declining days. Many old friends flocked to see him; and the meetings were sometimes very touching. A silent interview I cannot forget. An old follower, one who had never failed him, came to pay his

tribute of glad homage. His chief had reached a haven of rest and the height of his ambition. When the door was opened, the Governor was at the other end of the room. He turned, and the two recognised each other. Not a word was spoken. The rugged face of the liegeman was tremulous. He looked round; yes, it was actually old Government House, and his Chief was in possession. After all the storms and disappointments it had actually come to this. The two men drew near, and as hand touched hand, the two heads bowed together, and without a word they kissed softly as two children would. Are there many such little wells of poetry in the arid wilderness of political life?

The day of his arrival in Halifax, a true and tried relative called. "Well, Joseph, what would your old father have thought of this?" "Yes," was the answer, "it would have pleased the old man. I have had a long fight for it, and have stormed the castle at last. But now that I have it, what does it all amount to? I shall be here but a few days; and instead of playing Governor, I feel like saying with Wolsey, to the Abbot of Leicester—

"An old man, broken with the storms of State,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity."

That was about all that we did give him. The only levée he held in Government House was after his death, when he lay in state, and thousands crowded round to take a long last look at their old idol.

On the morning after Howe's death, a wealthy Halifax merchant, one who had been a devoted friend of his, saw as he was entering his place of business a farmer or drover, one well known for "homespun without, and a warm heart within," sitting on a box outside near the door, his head leaning on his hand, his foot monotonously swinging to and fro, looking as if he had sat there for hours and had no intention of getting up in a hurry. "Well, Stephen, what's the matter?" "Oh, naughtin'," was the dull response. "Is it Howe?" was the next question, and in a softer tone. The sound of the name unsealed the fountain. "Yes, it's Howe." The words came with a gulp, and then followed tears, dropping on the pavement large and fast. He did not weep alone. And in many a hamlet, in many a fishing village, in many a nook and corner of Nova Scotia, as



the news went over the land, Joseph Howe had the same tribute of tears.

I wonder not at it. Every time I think of him ; of his brave, loyal, kindly nature ; of his history so stirring, so splendid from a colonial point of view, yet so full of disappointment ; of his lifetime toils so poorly requited ; of his sufferings, the keenest reserved for his old age ; of that last satire on human ambition and popular greatness—his coming corpse-like to take possession of Government House, instead of like a conquering hero, as he had dreamed in former days ; of old friends standing aloof, young men who once honoured him now bitterly scorning, injurious things said of him, and sown broadcast over the Province he loved so well, and

whose trust he hungered for more than for anything else in the world ; and of his knowing it all, bearing it all in silence, but feeling it as the lion feels the bitterness of death ; my own heart ever rises in sympathy with him ; the tears start unbidden ; it is so sad that we recognise God's cure as the only one adequate to his case—

" Vex not his ghost ; O let him pass ! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this rough world,  
Stretch him out longer."

He sleeps in Camphill Cemetery, not far from the pines and salt sea water of his boyhood, a column of Nova Scotian granite marking his resting-place ; and his memory abides in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen.

#### " DIE LORE-LEI."

*Translated from the German.*

I KNOW not, O my sorrow !  
What bygone tale you've brought,  
Or the sad song you are singing,  
How comes it here unsought.

The breeze is cool, the twilight fades,  
And gently glides the Rhine,  
Only the hill-tops glow above,  
Tipped with the red sunshine.

O wonderful ! O fairest !  
Sweet maid that sittest there !  
Light gleaming from her girdle,  
And from her golden hair !

With golden combs she combs it,  
Singing a glorious song,  
Till all the hills send back to her,  
Its music sweet and strong.

O downward-drifting boatman,  
List to that song no more !  
Behind you lours the tempest,  
The rock-reefs boil before !

\* \* \* \*

An upturned boat is drifting  
Into the quiet bay :—  
God speed thy merry singing,  
Thou sweet-voiced Loreley !

BARRIE.

F. R.

## THE SITUATION: COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M.P., GALT.

THE progress of nations is like the ebb and flow of the advancing tide. Several successive years of commercial expansion, the statist finds, are almost invariably succeeded by contraction—longer, shorter and sharper as the case may be—during which the nation does well to hold its own until the returning wave brings further development and prosperity.

At the present moment Canada is passing through a period of unusual financial stringency and business dulness. In many quarters, more particularly in Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, and other commercial centres, the difficulties are undeniable, widespread, and serious; and writers have felt themselves justified, by the condition of affairs, in drawing sombre pictures of the country as on the eve of a great crisis, pregnant with failure and disaster.

Although the state of business is unusually dull, money scarce, and the burden of public and private indebtedness seriously felt—although some large failures have occurred, and there may be more to come, still, after making due allowance for these unfavourable symptoms, the circumstances of the Dominion do not warrant such gloomy forebodings. The difficulties so loudly complained of largely arise from the ebb of the commercial wave, and are the natural results, in a great measure, of the country's extraordinary development and expansion during the last few years.

Nothing is more certain than that Canada has advanced with rapid strides since Confederation took place. Evidence of this may be seen on every hand. The numerous new railways in operation or in course of construction, the steady growth of our cities and larger towns, the development of native manufactures, the establishment of new steamship lines, and the improved condition and habitations of our agricultural population, all bear witness to the fact.

The most conclusive proof, however, may be found in the great expansion which has

taken place in our commerce since 1867. The value of our transactions (imports and exports added) has augmented during each year as follows:—

1867-8	.	.	.	.	\$129,553,194
1868-9	.	.	.	.	127,876,951
1869-70	.	.	.	.	144,811,093
1870-1	.	.	.	.	161,121,100
1871-2	.	.	.	.	190,348,779
1872-3	.	.	.	.	217,304,516
1873-4	.	.	.	.	216,756,097
1874-5	.	.	.	.	*201,853,772

These returns show that we lately enjoyed several successive years of commercial expansion, the highest point being touched in 1872-3. In that year the value of our imports and exports reached what, for Canada, was the immense sum of \$217,304,516, having increased during that and the three preceding years no less than \$89,427,565, or nearly \$22,500,000 per annum! To put the point in another way:

In 1869-70, the expansion was	.	\$16,934,142
1870-1	"	16,309,907
1871-2	"	29,227,779
1872-3	"	26,955,737
Total	.	\$89,427,565

Our transactions with the Maritime Provinces having ceased to appear in our trade returns after the union, this expansion may justly be said to be unexampled in the previous history of our commerce, and certainly the people of Canada, numbering less than four millions of souls, have cause to feel some degree of pride in the fact that the volume of our commerce has in a single year exceeded TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, affording evidence, as it does, of great resources, enterprise, and prosperity, on the part of our young but vast and growing country.

Whilst these facts attest the progress of Canada since Confederation, it could not be

\* These figures are approximate, as will be seen later on, but sufficiently near to be accepted as accurate.

expected that our trade would go on increasing at the rate of \$22,500,000 per annum, without check. Contraction began to be felt in 1873-4—a most important fact in reference to the present commercial outlook, as we shall see hereafter—and it is now quite evident that it would have been much better if all classes, more particularly our importers—who are the greatest sinners, as they are probably at present the greatest sufferers—had put on the brakes earlier, and applied them with a firmer hand.

Never since the great crisis of 1857 has there been a more intense feeling of anxiety and apprehension among our business men than during the month of June, when, in addition to other troubles, the drouth threatened the almost utter ruin of the crops throughout a large portion of Ontario. There was for a short period a strong tendency towards panic. A succession of heavy showers came in the nick of time to ward off this danger; but had the failure of the harvest not been happily averted, the close of 1875 must have witnessed such widespread commercial disasters as would have rendered the year a painful remembrance.

Even as things are, and with the prospect now of at least average crops, the country is passing through a period of much anxiety, failure, and loss, which occasionally displays the milder symptoms of a crisis, as depressing circumstances tighten the money market and weaken public confidence.

The present condition of business is—stagnant. Those in every branch of industry who have been carrying too much sail—and their name is legion—find that the breeze which so long filled their canvas has lulled. Customers will not buy as they formerly did, and when they order at all, require to be at once coaxed and credited. Large stocks of goods fill the shelves of the retail traders, and still larger ones the ware-rooms of the wholesale houses, whose drummers, plentiful as blackberries in the month of July, scour the country with little avail; all descriptions of goods, with a few exceptions, are a drug in the market, good marks buy lightly or not at all, whilst others have already too much to carry. Manufacturers who began with making one hundred machines, then two, then three, and this year have run up to five hundred, and in some special cases even one and two thousand, feel anxious how they are all to be placed.

The pressure of indebtedness is felt very generally, many because they have laid in too large stocks, and others because they have built expensive houses, or lived too fast; in one way and another, bills payable and accounts due have assumed formidable proportions, and in the midst of it all, the banks, perceiving the necessity of caution, have curtailed discounts, raised the rate of interest, and thus increased the monetary stringency. Law suits and failures are frequent; and trials more or less severe, it is only too apparent, must be experienced before the business of the Dominion again reaches more solid ground.

Such is a rough outline of the existing situation—commercial and financial. Before we consider its probable results, and the needed remedial measures, let us glance briefly at the causes which have been at work to produce it. By clearly understanding the latter, we shall be able the more intelligently to come to right conclusions in regard to the former.

The causes of the prevailing depression are various. In the foreground, and standing out more prominently than all others is: over-importation and over-trading. We propose to show, at some considerable length, that this is the chief source of our troubles, but that they have undoubtedly been increased by other and totally different circumstances.

The crisis in the United States, with the long dulness which succeeded and still continues, has injuriously affected the business of the Dominion. Evidence of this is found in the decline of \$5,493,538 in our exports to them last year (1873-4), and the decrease of American traffic over our railways. For two years past, the lumber and timber trade—one of our chief branches of industry—has been in an exceedingly depressed condition, and millions of capital have been locked up in timber limits and their produce. Very large transfers have been made of floating into fixed capital during the last six or eight years. A great deal of money has been invested in railways, public improvements, and companies of various kinds, much of which has as yet returned very little in the way of dividends or interest. To these disturbing causes, must be added a decline in our exports, which fell off to the value of \$437,994 in 1873-4, and to the large amount, as we learn from official sour-

ces, of \$8,689,332 during the fiscal year which closed on the 30th of June last.

These various circumstances, more particularly the decline in our exports during the twelve months just expired, have no doubt contributed to the difficulties which environ the business of the country. But the principal cause thereof, we feel assured, is to be found in the enormous expansion of our importations of foreign goods as compared with our exports, for several successive years. This may be seen at a glance by the following comparative statement of our imports and exports during each year since the union of the Provinces took place :

Year.	Imports.	Exports.
1867-8 .....	\$71,985,306 .....	\$57,567,888
1868-9 .....	67,402,170 .....	60,474,781
1869-70 .....	74,814,339 .....	73,573,490
1870-1 .....	86,947,482 .....	74,173,618
1871-2 .....	107,704,895 .....	82,639,663
1872-3 .....	127,514,594 .....	89,789,922
1873-4 .....	127,404,169 .....	89,351,928
1874-5 .....	121,191,176 .....	80,662,596

Total since Confederation ...	\$784,964,131	\$608,233,886
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These statistics throw a flood of light upon the present position of affairs. In the comparatively short space of eight years, it will be observed, our imports exceeded our exports, according to our trade returns, by no less than \$176,730,245. The expansion which took place in our importations during the four years which terminated in 1872-3—when the maximum of inflation was reached—is unprecedented. During 1869-70 the increase was \$3,835,433; in 1870-1 it was \$15,709,879; in 1871-2, there was a further advance of \$20,761,634; and in 1872-3 of \$19,805,478; being over sixty millions of an expansion in four years, or an average of fifteen millions per annum! This is an increase of 77.13 per cent. over the value of our importations during the first year after Confederation took place.

The excess in the value of our imports, over our exports, it will be seen, is still more marked and striking. In the year—

1867-8	the excess was .....	\$14,417,418
1868-9	" .....	6,927,389
1869-70	" .....	1,240,849
1870-1	" .....	12,773,864
1871-2	" .....	25,065,232
1872-3	" .....	37,724,672
1873-4	" .....	38,052,241
1874-5	" .....	40,528,580

Total Excess of Imports. ....	\$176,730,245
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This excess of imports over exports in eight years, is sufficiently large to give a shock to those political economists who believe the right adjustment of the "balance of trade" to be the alpha and omega of national prosperity. We do not so regard it; on the contrary, the returns may show a country to be constantly purchasing more than it sells, and yet constantly growing in wealth and prosperity. The best proof of this is to be found in our own history, for Canada has rarely had the balance of its annual exchanges on the supposed sunny side, and yet who can doubt our steady progress and growth in wealth?

Whilst this position is indisputable, the balance of trade is, however, by no means an unimportant consideration. Whilst an adverse balance furnishes no evidence that a country is unprosperous, it can be easily understood that large deficiencies between the value of imports and exports for several successive years, may produce great monetary stringency, by the withdrawal of the capital necessary to balance off each year's transactions.

This is the chief and more immediate source of our present financial and commercial troubles. Not that Canada is not prosperous, nor that the superstructure of business is not generally based on a solid foundation. But that under the stimulus of various causes, more especially a large expenditure on railways and other public works, our merchants and others have made such enormous purchases of foreign goods, that the country neither requires them, nor can find the money to pay for them without temporary embarrassment.

The foregoing figures are eloquent in confirmation of this statement. Not to go further back than the past four years, it will be seen that in 1871-'72 the excess of imports over exports was \$25,065,232; the following year (1872-3), it rose to \$37,724,672; in 1873-4, it advanced again, reaching \$38,052,241; and for the year just closed, the excess was no less than \$40,528,580! Here is a balance of \$141,000,000 against us upon the trade of the last four years, which, so far as it is real, had to be paid in gold or its equivalent.

At first blush, it is more easy to understand how the adjustment of so large a deficiency might embarrass the business of the Dominion, than to see how its liquidation could be accomplished at all.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this balance appears much larger by our trade returns than it really was. Although a percentage is annually added by our Customs' department for short returns, there is a well-grounded confidence that our exports always very considerably exceed the value at which they are entered. Then there are various other ways by which the ostensible deficiency is reduced. We own the third or fourth largest merchant marine in the world, whose yearly earnings are large, but do not appear in our returns; then immigration brings into the Dominion a considerable amount of capital; and in various other ways, too, the actual balance required to square off the national account must be reduced to limits very much less than the difference between imports and exports as given in the official returns.

But after making due allowance for these considerations, and while confident the real balance of trade against Canada during the past four years, was vastly less than stated above, we feel equally certain that it is the enormous excess of imports over exports during these years, and the flooding of the country with goods, until the market has been glutted and business completely overdone, that is the principal cause of the evils under which we at present suffer.

Few persons have any idea how much the trade in Dry Goods alone has expanded. The importing houses, as a rule, have purchased lavishly for many years past; not a few have done so recklessly and wildly, considering their capital, being not unfrequently encouraged thereto by their correspondents in Great Britain and the Continent, some of whom now complain very bitterly of what is largely attributable to their own indiscretion.

The total value of the articles imported by the Dry Goods trade in 1873-4, as nearly as we can make out from the blue book, was in the neighbourhood of \$30,000,000,\* but the unusual expansion—not to say inflation—in this branch of trade, can be better understood by a comparative statement of

our imports of woollens and cottons during the last five years:—

	WOOLLENS.	COTTONS.
1869-70	\$6,968,552	\$7,339,992
1870-1	9,716,516	9,077,198
1871-2	11,735,351	10,182,154
1872-3	11,194,927	10,076,214
1873-4	11,297,598	11,182,045

The advance from \$14,308,544 in our purchases of woollens and cottons in 1869-70, to the sum of \$22,379,643 in 1873-4, notwithstanding the large increase in our home manufactures, tells its own tale; and the particular classes of goods mentioned are no exceptions, for the records reveal the fact that silks, satins, velvets, and other articles of luxury have increased about 100 per cent. during the same period.

The point may be still more clearly comprehended by taking our growth in population as the standard of comparison. That the purchasing power of a people augments with their wealth as well as their numerical increase, is no doubt true; but it will hardly be asserted by persons well informed on the subject, that there should be such a disparity in the percentage of increase between our dry goods' imports and our population, as is manifest by the following comparison:

	1868.	1874.	Per cent.
Dry Goods..	18,378,051	29,508,210	60½
	1861.	1871.	
Population..	3,090,561	3,585,761	16

Looked at, in short, from any point of view, the conclusion is forced upon us, that the import trade of Canada, more particularly in the dry goods line, has for some time past been largely in excess of the public wants, and is primarily responsible for the dulness of business, pressure for money, and occasional symptoms of crisis which unmistakeably exist. This state of matters affords no cause for surprise. In fact, when one observes how completely our importations have exceeded our growth in population, and considers how immensely the aggregate value thereof since Confederation has surpassed the value of our exports, the wonder is not that some dark and threatening clouds have appeared, but how the Dominion has been able to absorb such vast quantities of foreign goods, and to pay for them, with so

\* Since the above was written, we have received from Ottawa the following statement, which gives the exact value of our importations of Dry Goods, from Confederation up to 1874:

1868 ..	\$18,378,051	1872 ..	\$29,330,393
1869 ..	17,111,697	1873 ...	28,108,452
1870 ..	17,818,492	1874 ..	29,508,210
1871 ..	24,099,434		

\* We have added 100,000 to the census returns, for Prince Edward Island, as its imports are included in those of 1874-5. The comparison is not very exact, but sufficiently to bring out our meaning.



little embarrassment, failure, and loss as have yet overtaken us.

In turning from the causes of existing difficulties to the consideration of the results likely to flow therefrom, we see little now to warrant the idea, which some have promulgated, that a disastrous commercial and financial upheaval, similar to that of 1857, is about to overwhelm the country.

The month of June was, it is believed, the critical, and, possibly, the turning point of our troubles. During its earlier weeks, when the crops now being joyously gathered in were suffering so severely in many sections that absolute ruin seemed imminent, the future looked very dark. Had the harvest really proved a failure, nothing could have prevented a serious and generally-felt crisis, the best evidence of which is to be found in the effects of the threatened danger: the alarm of the monied interest, the great fall in stocks, and the rapid decline of public confidence.

This serious danger, however, may happily now be said to have passed away. An average harvest, at least, is now assured, and whilst a general weeding-out of the speculative, extravagant, and thriftless in business circles is probably inevitable during the next twelve months, there are many circumstances which favour the idea that we shall now escape those graver disasters under which the United States have suffered so long.

The history of great crises shows that certain distinctive features always precede them. Those who were in Canada, and remember the period immediately prior to the great upheaval of 1857, even if they were not among the victims, will readily recall these peculiarities. There was at that time not only enormous importations of goods from abroad, wide-spread over-trading in all departments of business, but a wild spirit of speculation at work in all directions under the stimulus of the high prices of produce caused by the Crimean war. The excitement extended to the farming community, a mania for real estate seemed to seize all classes, sales of town and village lots made every nook and hamlet resound with the auctioneer's hammer, and the prices then freely offered look perfectly fabulous when considered at the present time. The entire community seemed to have got the idea that they were becoming rapidly rich, and were

commencing to act accordingly, when, as if touched by a magician's wand, the scene suddenly changed: the crisis pitilessly dispelled the dream.

There is nothing analogous to this picture throughout Canada at the present time. The prevailing depression is not general; it is chiefly confined to two classes: our merchants, including the wholesale and retail trade; and the lumbermen; although not a few of our manufacturers may properly be added to the list. That great army of producers, the farmers, were seldom, if ever, more prosperous or less in debt. This assertion will, we think, be generally admitted, and finds corroboration in the fact, that of nearly \$100,000,000 of deposits now in the hands of banks, building societies, and the Government, they own no inconsiderable part.

There has been very little of the wild speculation which existed prior to 1857. Some municipalities may have pledged their credit to new railways with undue liberality, and, if all reports be true, there has been considerable speculation in Montreal in stocks and real estate. The same spirit, although in a less degree, has been manifested in Toronto and a few western towns; but, taking the country as a whole, the value of real estate has not unduly risen, and very little speculation of a dangerous character has taken place. Neither has there been much fast living nor much disposition manifested to put up costly buildings by those who could not afford them. In short, the present condition of the Dominion, financially and commercially, presents few of those striking and dangerous features which heralded the great crash of twenty years ago.

The contrast between the two periods is at least sufficiently marked to justify the conclusion that anything like the crisis of 1857 was never within the bounds of possibility, although the threatened ruin of the crops, had it actually taken place, would have been fraught with the gravest consequences.

"Forewarned is to be forearmed," and the lesson of the financial collapse in the United States in 1873 was not lost upon the more thoughtful of our people. It is at least partly due to this fact, that contraction in our import trade began to set in about eighteen months ago. This is clearly estab-

lished by our trade returns during the past two years.

During the four years ending in 1872-3, our purchases of foreign goods, as we have already shown, augmented to the aggregate extent of sixty millions of dollars, or at the rate of fifteen millions per annum. In 1873-4, this rapid expansion was sharply arrested, our imports declining \$110,425, and during the last fiscal year, which ended on the 30th

of June last, the contraction still continued, and was much greater in amount.

As great interest attaches to the commerce of the year just closed, we have obtained from Ottawa the following comparative statement, which shows the total exports and imports of each Province, with the duties collected thereon, during the first eleven months of 1873-4 and 1874-5 respectively:—

*Comparative Statement, shewing the value of the Goods exported from, and entered for consumption in, the Dominion of Canada, also the duty collected thereon, during the eleven months ending the 31st May, 1874 and 1875 respectively.*

Provinces.	11 months, 1873-4.			11 months, 1874-5.		
	Exported.	Entered for consumption.		Exported.	Entered for consumption.	
	Value.	Value.	Duty.	Value.	Value.	Duty.
	\$	\$	\$ cts.	\$	\$	\$ cts.
Ontario .....	21,145,894	44,594,208	4,039,992 89	16,684,696	39,570,500	4,470,050 07
Quebec .....	36,816,664	47,179,696	6,008,764 68	32,867,764	46,315,241	6,282,787 81
Nova Scotia .....	6,978,137	9,829,645	1,279,002 23	6,390,585	9,869,299	1,378,281 06
New Brunswick .....	5,611,311	9,177,565	1,262,194 42	5,714,939	9,139,941	1,271,288 85
Manitoba .....	788,702	1,424,071	54,907 50	579,027	1,224,071	94,294 62
P. E. Island .....	510,745	1,591,997	186,595 76	1,186,097	1,728,525	277,451 81
Columbia .....	1,660,929	1,377,853	212,132 75	2,191,919	1,725,921	280,438 67
Total .....	73,512,382	115,175,035	13,043,590 23	65,615,027	109,573,498	14,054,592 89

The returns for June, the last month of the fiscal year, had not all been received at the time of writing. But by adding to the returns of the eleven months of 1874-5, as given above, the value of the imports and exports for June, 1874, less five per cent. for the average decline in the year's transactions, a very close approximation to our total commerce during 1874-5 will be reached.

According to this method, our imports during the twelve months just closed, were of the value of \$121,191,176, and our exports, \$80,662,596, the total volume of trade being \$201,853,772. The variation from these figures, when finally computed, must necessarily be very trifling. They may be accepted, therefore, as the actual results of the commerce of 1874-5, and they show, as compared with the previous year, a decline of \$14,902,325 in our total transactions, of which \$8,689,332 were exports, and \$6,212,993 imports.

It is to the decrease in our imports, however, we desire more especially to invite attention, as it tends to support two of the principal positions assumed in this article;

first, that there has been over-importation, and secondly, that contraction—not by any means so extensive as is desirable—but still contraction more or less marked, has been going on for a considerable length of time. A decline of \$100,000 in 1873-4, and a little over \$6,000,000 last year, may not appear much as compared with our entire importations, but when it is recollected that previously there had been an average increase of \$15,000,000 per annum, the change will be seen to be sufficiently marked to affect the finances and business of the country.

There has also been a shortening of sail in other quarters. The production of lumber and timber had in 1872-3 become enormous. It needs only be said that our exports rose from \$18,262,170 in 1867-8, to \$28,586,816 in 1872-3—the latter nearly as much as the entire products of our farms—to prove the immense production in this branch of industry. The leading lumbermen of Ottawa and elsewhere, with great wisdom, met together last season, formed an Association, and decided to decrease their produc-

tion. This policy is now being carried out, and its effect must ultimately be to lessen the lock-up of capital, and improve the market both in demand and prices.

The Banks of the Dominion, with a few exceptions, have pursued a cautious policy, and since the temporary dearth of money shortly after the New Year, when some alarm was felt for a few weeks, have been steadily contracting.

During January, February, and March, they reduced their liabilities to the depositors and note-holders, to the very large amount of \$12,400,000. The official statement of deposits and circulation on the 31st days of December and March respectively, was as follows:

	31ST DECEMBER.	31ST MARCH.
Deposits -	\$79,300,000	\$70,800,000
Circulation -	25,400,000	21,500,000
Total,	\$104,700,000	\$92,300,000

The Banks met this immense drain upon their resources with comparative ease, a fact which affords undoubted evidence of stability and good management, but we need scarcely add that it could not be accomplished without more or less pressure being brought to bear upon their customers. The list of discounts affords evidence of this. Their loans of this description fell from \$142,375,795 on the 28th February, to the sum of \$133,715,965\* on the 31st May, and under the influence of the recent notice from the Auditor-General, that a considerable portion of the deposits of the Dominion Government would shortly be required, the Banks continue to strengthen their position as fast as it is practicable to do so.

It should also be mentioned that this prudent policy on the part of the Banks is not of yesterday. Their managers evidently foresaw that financial difficulties of more or less severity were inevitable, and have for months been quietly preparing for them. Their action in reducing discounts and calling in their loans, has no doubt contributed largely to, and in many cases is the more immediate cause of, the pressure for money so generally felt. But the pinch must soon have come under any circumstances, every week's delay only added to the danger, and although it might have been more pleasant

\* This does not include discounts of the Jacques Cartier Bank, whose returns have not been given since its suspension.

to stave off the evil day, to face it promptly and manfully was the safest road back to a healthier and sounder business position.

It might be shown that in some branches of manufactures, which are suffering mainly from overstocking our limited market, similar prudence has been manifested in meeting the difficulties of the situation. But sufficient has been advanced, we submit, to prove that however severe these trials may be, they have not surprised the people of Canada in the midst of a fool's paradise, and found them entirely unprepared for the emergency.

The remarks which we proposed to offer upon the remedial measures which should be adopted, have, to a considerable extent, been forestalled.

The most obvious suggestion is—contraction; more particularly on the part of our importers, whose immense purchases of foreign goods we trust we have proven to lie at the root of most of the troubles which exist. This policy, as we have seen—and it is the silver lining to the cloud—has already been partially adopted, but the contraction has so far been limited, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it is not merely rumour that the representatives of our wholesale houses in Europe have been ordered to purchase very lightly this season. If this fall and next spring, the Dominion were again to be flooded with goods, to lie unsold in the importers' ware-rooms, or to be crowded off upon the already over-stocked retail trade, present difficulties would be immensely aggravated instead of relieved.

Contraction is not, however, the only reform which is needed. Not a few abuses of a grave character have sprung up in the general business of the country which urgently require to be eradicated.

The credit system is still in full swing, and inexperienced men, with little cash and often less brains, seem to experience little trouble in getting goods of almost any description with which to start business. In fact, during the past few years, mercantile agents have not confined themselves to soliciting the orders of successful traders, but not unfrequently have forced goods upon men too weak to resist their importunities, and too poor to meet their obligations. This system, as practised by some houses, has grown into a huge abuse, prolific of loss and vexation to both buyer and seller.

We venture to say there are in business

to-day throughout Ontario, at least one-third more of the class known as "store-keepers," than are required by the legitimate wants of the community. Besides the regular trader, who understands his business, many have rushed into this line who have neither the capital, training, nor capacity necessary to success. These very persons, although their defects may be notorious, are daily besieged by drummers to purchase more goods, the alluring baits of bottom prices and unlimited credit often being held out to silence any scruples which may stand in the way of giving an order. The results can be seen everywhere: embarrassment, insolvency, ruin.

Too strong condemnation can hardly be uttered of the system of "compromises," which is becoming alarmingly common, and very disastrous and demoralising to the solvent traders of the country. We will not say that under no circumstances, however exceptional, creditors are not justified in accepting a percentage as payment in full; but we do maintain that the frequency and ease with which compromises have been obtained of late, and the readiness of many houses to open fresh accounts with their victimisers, on the one hand places a premium on dishonesty and incapacity, and on the other not unfrequently ruins the honest and capable trader, who is unable to compete with a rival who gets his goods at half-price. The ultimate effects of this system must be very serious, if its growth is not arrested; and there are sufficient grounds for the assertion that the dangers which menace the business of Canada to-day would be less than they are, but for the bitter fruits of this growing evil.

The stoppage, or, at least, the better regulation of the "bonus system," which is piling up a huge burden of municipal indebtedness, is another necessity to a return to a better condition of affairs. Not that there can be any substantial objection to municipalities being public-spirited, and aiding in necessary and profitable public improvements. Such a spirit, indeed, is commendable. But it cannot be disguised that of late the liberality of many municipalities has quite outstripped prudence, and that enormous debts have been incurred to aid doubtful railways, to allure manufactories from neighbouring towns, or to secure other objects of questionable utility. The

results, in not a few cases, it is to be feared, will be disappointment and burdensome taxation.

The municipal indebtedness of Ontario, not to speak of Dominion burdens, has grown to large proportions, and is steadily on the increase. It is high time, therefore, that property-holders took warning, and refused their sanction to all "bonuses," except for works of absolute necessity and acknowledged utility.

There has been quite a mania recently for Joint-Stock Companies. New Banks, new Fire and Life Insurance Companies, new Building and Loan Societies, new Guarantee and various other kinds of Companies, jostle each other in all our chief commercial centres; whilst scores of new enterprises are ready to be floated, but cannot find the means. How so many contestants for popular favour can possibly earn profits, let alone achieve success, is a question which ought earnestly to be considered by the shareholders, who, in most cases, pay from ten to fifty per cent. upon their subscribed stock, but would find, in case of failure, they were responsible for the whole amount. The multiplicity of these companies, now in operation or projected, is not the least dangerous symptom of the times, and capitalists will consult the country's interests, as well as their own, by carefully scrutinizing every new company which presents itself, and refusing to take stock except where such an institution is absolutely required, and is to be controlled by experienced and responsible managers.

Further remedial measures might be suggested. There should be less speculation in stocks, more particularly under the pernicious system of buying on a "margin," which has been imported from New York, like too many other risky practices. Speculation in real estate, symptoms of which have appeared, as already pointed out, should also be carefully avoided; but we need not enlarge further in this direction. We had no idea of furnishing a *panacea*, but merely undertook to offer a few plain, common-sense suggestions, which, it is hoped, after the bitter experience of the past few months, many of our business men may not only read but put into practice.

On reviewing the whole situation, commercial and financial, we have been led to the following conclusions:—

1st. That the Dominion having enjoyed five or six years of development and prosperity, unexampled in the previous history of British North America, is at present experiencing the temporary rebound which naturally follows such a period.

2nd. That, on account of these circumstances, aggravated by over-importation and more or less inflation and over-trading, the business of Canada has for several months been suffering a severe strain, which a failure of this season's harvest would have intensified into a crisis of considerable severity.

3rd. That the fabric of business, although generally stable and sound, contains not a little rotten timber, which the hard times will unsparingly consign to the limbo of insolvency during the next twelve months.

4th. That the most critical point was passed during the month of June, and good crops being now assured, the country is at this moment *passing through* the only crisis there is likely to be, if our importers and commercial classes generally act promptly and decisively in the direction already pointed out.

5th. That contraction began to set in at least twelve months ago, and that business is

already making its way back to a sounder and safer position.

The commercial and financial position of a country like Canada is affected by so many contingencies, and changes so rapidly in critical times, that we offer these conclusions, and indeed the entire article, to the public, with strong feelings of diffidence. We have only consented to do so in the hope that the ideas advanced, however crude and inaptly expressed, may throw a little light upon the actual present condition of business throughout the country, and furnish some reliable evidence that the existing circumstances are not such as should cause alarm in Canada, or uneasiness abroad.

The character of the future, however, depends largely upon our own actions. When present clouds are dispelled, if the lessons of the past are forgotten, and reckless importing, investing, and speculating speedily regain the ascendancy, the gravest consequences may be more than realized. But if contraction and prudence prevail—and both are being exercised at present—one or two good harvests will not only enable the Dominion to right itself both financially and commercially, but will prepare it for the succeeding wave of development and prosperity.

## SONNET.

I N dreams my tongue doth whisper but thy name :  
 My waking thoughts no other centre find.  
 The midnight vigils thee alone still claim ;  
 And noontide vision without thee is blind.  
 My body wearied, and oppressed my mind,  
 With labour needful, and from studies long ;  
 Priest and physician, thou canst soft up-bind  
 Mine aching frame and spirit with thy song.  
 In walk through wood each leaf doth speak of thee,  
 By purling stream the echo is still the same.  
 O ! list, thou know'st I ne'er can happy be  
 Till thou consent with lip to quench the flame  
 Thine eye created, when its melting ray  
 First fired my heart, and turned its night to day.

INGERSOLL.

MERMOTH



## LEGENDS OF THE DELUGE.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C., TORONTO,

"Legends,  
That like voices from afar off,  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken."  
—*Longfellow's "Hidwatha."*

THE argument in favour of the Unity of the Human Race has had its advocates amongst ethnologists and philologists; but it is singular that few, if any, have tested it by investigations into the systems of mythology which have existed from the earliest times to the present. And yet, in those systems, there are traditions which bear internal traces of unity of origin; and notably those which encircle the story of the Deluge.

Of the interesting question, in what part of the globe the human species was first introduced, various opinions have been advanced, and very opposite theories have been propounded. Sir Humphrey Davy\* surmised that the locality must have been somewhere in or near the Tropics, in a climate suited to the tender childhood of the race. Sir William Jones† fixed upon Persia or Iran. Adelung‡ has concluded in favour of a contiguous locality—the regions of the Indus, the borders of Cashmere and Thibet; and his opinion is supported by Mr. A. J. Johnes§ who states that "in these regions are found, in juxtaposition, nations which exhibit the very opposite physiological characteristics of the Mongul and Western Asiatic races; and that there, the Monosyllabic and Polysyllabic languages, branch off as from a common centre." And in this connection the question whether the Deluge was limited to the places where human and animal life

then existed, or whether it covered the whole surface of the now known globe, may be left for the criticism of other investigators—notably Bishop Colenso, who asserts\* "that a universal Deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis."

Geological science has an argument in favour of the universality of the Flood in the discoveries of vast quantities of marine productions upon the tops of mountains as well as under the surface of the earth at places far distant from the bounds of the known oceans; and by the finding of vast remains of the elephant and rhinoceros in Siberia—far from the usual warm homes of these animals. And so the Legends of the Deluge have likewise their argument found in lands far distant from the birthlands of the human race, and in mythologies the most diverse, all illustrating a singular fact, that there is no nation—ancient or modern, savage or civilized—without a story of the destruction of human life by a deluge of waters.

If the importance of any nation, or of any sect of religion, was to be estimated by its supposed antiquity, all must bow down before the claims of China. They pretend to trace back their authentic records to a period far beyond the European era of creation; and if they are not found so minute in the earlier portions of their history, they give us the excuse that it is because one of their princes destroyed every historical document he could seize upon. Owing to their great exclusiveness there has been a

\* Consolations in Travel.

† Discourse on the Origin and Families of Nations.

‡ Mithridates, Vol. 1.

§ Philological Proofs of the Unity of the Human Race.

\* Colenso on the Pentateuch, p. 6. In the same place he refers to Lyell's Elementary Geology which states that volcanic hills of immense extent exist in Auvergne and Languedoc, which must have been formed before the Deluge, and which are covered with pumice stones, &c., which have never been disturbed.

difficulty in tracing out the Chinese traditions of the creation and of the deluge. They set out that before the creation chaos existed in the shape of a vast egg, in which were contained the principles of all things. From this egg, placed in the deep gloom of primeval night, proceeded first the *heavens*, which were formed of the *shell*: secondly the *air*, which proceeded from the *white*; thirdly the *earth*, which was formed from the *yolk*; lastly from the earth man was created. This was the first state of heaven, and which is described as a happy age in which heaven and earth employed their virtues jointly to embellish nature. "Man was united inwardly to the supreme reason, and outwardly he practised all the works of justice."

But from this universal goodness man fell, and the second phase, or the second heaven, is thus described in the Chinese book *Li-Ki*: "And now the pillars of heaven were broken, the earth shook to its very foundation; the heavens sank lower towards the north; the sun, moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces and the *waters enclosed within its bosom burst forth with violence and overflowed it*. Man having rebelled against heaven, the system of the universe was totally disordered, and the grand harmony of nature was destroyed. All these evils arose from man's despising the supreme power of the universe. He fixed his looks on terrestrial objects and loved them to excess, until gradually he became transformed into the objects which he loved, and celestial reason entirely abandoned him."

Turning to the Hindoos, with their cruel and hideous divinities, we are told by those learned in the subject, that there is no part of the Indian Mythology which has not some hidden meaning, either philosophical, astronomical, or historical. The legend of the Deluge appears in what is called the Third Incarnation, or *Vahara-Satara*, from the Sanskrit—"a boat"—which has two stories. One, that for the wickedness of the inhabitants the earth was plunged into a great deep, and that *Vishnu*, wishing to rescue it, descended into the waters and bore it aloft on the horns of his tusks. The other is, that a certain devotee or demon obtained from *Brahma* the boon of universal empire and freedom from danger through noxious animals, which he enumerated one by one, but forgetting

the wild boar. The demon having thus obtained universal empire, seized upon the earth, and carried it with him into the depths of the sea. *Vishnu*, willing to preserve the earth, took the form of a boar, and descending into the abyss had a contest with the demon, and eventually slew him and rescued the earth on the point of his tusk. During the time the earth was plunged beneath the waters, another of the deities, *Paravati*, transformed herself into a ship called *Argha*, of which a god, *Mahadeva*, became the mast; but when the earth was brought up from the waters, *Paravati* (or *Argha*) and *Mahadeva* flew away in the shape of doves. These two deities are also typical of the productive energies of nature, and symbols of them are sometimes identified with the first parents of the second world.

Sir William Jones\* has furnished a translation of the Hindoo story of the Deluge, from the *Bhagavat*, in which *Heri*, the preserver of the universe, thus directs a pious king, *Satyavrata*: "In seven days from the present time the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but in the midst of the destroying waves a large vessel sent by me for thy use shall stand before thee; then thou shalt take all the medicinal herbs, all the variety of seeds, and accompanied by seven saints, and encircled by pairs of all brute animals, thou shalt enter the spacious vessel, and continue in it secure from the flood, on one immense ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy holy companions."

The myths of Egypt have a heaviness and massiveness, of which their deities and structures are striking examples. Their temples of Luxor and Carnac were constructed of such a stupendous size as to suggest the idea that their builders were giants, and so we look for no romance in their legends.

Of their mythology, however, we have but scant traces. The Egyptian priests kept their secrets with wonderful tenacity, and allowed very little to become common property. They spoke in parables to the multitude, and those parables were understood only by the initiated. We have not, therefore, that full story of the deluge from them which we are able to find amongst other nations. The Egyptian account, which is found in Plato's *Timæus*, after discussing

\* Asiatic Researches, vol. I.

the destruction of the earth by fire, proceeds to discourse of its destruction by a mighty flood of waters, thus: "The gods, now wishing to purify and cleanse the earth by water, overwhelmed it by a deluge. On the flowing over of the waters certain herdsmen and shepherds were saved by the gods bringing them to the tops of the mountains, but those who dwelt in the towns and valleys of Egypt were swept into the sea by the rising of the waters."

Stories about the ark are curious. One is that in the dim mythological years, the eight principal gods of Egypt were represented as sailing over the sea in a curious ship. Another is that *Typhon*—a personification of the sea, and brother of *Osiris*—envied and hated his brother, and desired to dethrone him. At last, during the absence of *Osiris*, he organized a conspiracy, and under the guise of a feast, on the return of the king, he caused a beautiful box to be brought in, which had been made exactly to fit the size of *Osiris*, and declared he would give the box to whosoever would get into it. The others tried, but none fitted into it. At length *Osiris*, being urged, tried, and immediately *Typhon* shut down the lid, and caused the box to be flung into the Nile, from whence it floated into the sea, and ultimately reached the shores of Phœnicia, and there *Osiris* was released. Another account says the box was an ark of crescent shape, and that at the ancient obsequies of *Osiris* the Egyptians in cutting wood prepared an ark in the shape of a crescent. This vessel, or ark, became known as the *Argo*, or sacred ship, of the Egyptians.

The Babylonian legend is that in the reign of *Xisuthrus*, tenth king of Babylon, there was a great flood. *El* (or *Saturn*), the chief god, appeared to the king in a dream, and warned him that mankind would be destroyed by a flood on the fifteenth of the month *Dāsios*. He ordered him to write down all human knowledge, and to bury it in the city or the town called *Sipparis*,\* then to build a ship, and enter it with his companions, relations and nearest friends; to take food, and fowls, and animals with him, and if he was asked where he was going, to say, "to the gods to entreat peace for men." He built a ship five stadia long and

two broad, and entered it as commanded, and then the flood came. After the flood abated, *Xisuthrus* sent out birds from the vessel, which, not finding any food or place to rest their feet, returned to him. After a while, he sent them forth a second time, and they now returned with their feet tinged with mud. He made trial a third time with these birds, but they returned no more. He then made an opening in the vessel, and upon looking out found it was stranded on the side of a mountain, upon this he quitted the vessel with his wife, his daughter, and the pilot. *Xisuthrus* then erected an altar, and offered sacrifices to the gods.\*

Greek mythology has made us familiar with the story of the ship *Argo*, and of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*. And yet while we look upon the legend of the Argonautic expedition as one peculiarly Greek, we are forced by remarkable coincidences to look for its origin in the myths and legends of Indian mythology. The Greek mind, though showing traces of masculine vigour and political energy, by a wonderful contradiction, placed its faith in untested fables and in the creations of unrestrained imagination. Roaming in quest of wonders and traditions, it could easily be captivated with the story of the Hindoo *Argha* or the Egyptian *Argo*; but having obtained possession of the story, the Greek dressed the tale in the ornaments of romance, and, forgetting that the ship *Argo* was the first ship, they make out that the king of Colchis possessed a navy when Jason landed on his coast. "Circumstances like these made the Greek mythology of comparatively little value in an enquiry like the present; for whereas other nations, the Egyptians, the Indians, and the barbarians, preserved their traditions as they were handed down to them, the lively and poetical Greeks never ceased adorning and illustrating theirs."†

Faber, in noticing the singular manner in which the history of the Deluge is portrayed on the southern hemisphere of the globe, while criticising the authenticity of the Argonautic expedition, says:‡—"The greater part of this division is occupied by various aquatic animals, and water is represented as streaming upon it in almost every direction.

\* Dunlap's "Spirit History of Man," p. 139.

† "Universal Mythology," p. 438.

‡ Horæ Mosaicæ, vol. i., p. 131.

\* "Sepharvaim lay on the Euphrates, where it separates into two arms, and is probably the city of the Sun, or Sippara."—Munter's *Babylonier*, p. 27.

In the midst of the waves appears the ship *Argo*; near it is a dove, which seems to be flying towards it, and at a small distance from it is a raven, perched on the back of a sea serpent. Farther on, as if he had just left the ship, is the fabulous centaur, who, with his lance, pierces an animal, and bears it as a victim towards a smoking altar. The *Argo* thus depicted is claimed by the Greeks as the vessel of Jason, which bore him to Colchis, in quest of the golden fleece; the centaur is also claimed by them, and the whole is said to relate to a pretended expedition of a petty Thessalian chieftain. It is not difficult to show that such a claim was purely the result of national vanity, united with a love of poetical romance.\*

And so it would appear. The knowledge of the *Argo* was by no means peculiar to the Greeks. We find that famous ship well known from Egypt to Hindostan, and familiar to the earlier mythologies of India and Egypt; and when we find the dove in some of the legends, and the centaur sacrificing an animal near the ark in another, we have little difficulty in placing the legends close beside the Scripture narrative of the deluge, the ark, the dove, and Noah's sacrifice on Mount Ararat.

In the story of Deucalion, we have the resemblance to Noah. The Greek legend found in every Greek history, may be shortly stated thus:—Of all the ages into which the history of man was divided, the Brazen Age was the most degenerate and the most pugnacious. Necessarily engaged in fierce conflicts, mankind at last brought upon the world the wrath of heaven, and *Zeus*, indignant at their awful wickedness, sent upon man an universal deluge. *Deucalion* escaped by constructing an ark, according to the warnings of *Prometheus*, his father. After floating about for nine days upon the water, he landed on the summit of Mount Parnassus, and there prayed that *Zeus* would restore mankind. Accordingly, he and his wife, *Pyrrha*, were directed to cast stones over their heads—those thrown by *Deucalion* became men, and those cast by his wife became women, and so the world was re-peopled.†

From these soft and sunny legends of the south, let us next trace out in the northern

scalds and wild stories of the Scandinavians, the curious traditions that have nestled in their cold regions. These legends are curiously full of stories about giants and fairies, and such like, and have, doubtless, furnished the originals of many nursery tales. One of these tells us that once upon a time there was a world in the north, from which flowed poisonous cold streams which turned into ice, and layer after layer of ice became piled up in *Ginnunga Gap*, or the abyss of abysses; that opposite to this world, there was another in the south, from whence issued heat and sparks, so that the south part of *Ginnunga Gap* was as light as the purest air. The heat of the south met the ice of the north, and melted the ice, and produced a human form, *Ymir*, the progenitor of the Frost Giants. He was not a god, but was evil, together with all his race. Next we are told of a character named *Bör*, whose sons became gods, and who slew the evil giant, *Ymir*; but there ran so much blood from his wounds that all the Frost Giants were drowned in it, except the giant *Bergelmir*, who escaped, with his wife, on a chest or boat, and so the race was preserved. *Ymir's* body was carried into the middle of *Ginnunga Gap*, or the abyss, and cut in pieces. As his flesh mouldered away, it formed the earth; his blood formed the sea; his bones became mountains; his teeth, stones and pebbles; his hair, the vegetable creation; his skull, the arch of heaven; and his brains were tossed into the air, where they became clouds.\*

In the early Druidical legends of Britain, in which the Bardic traditions are found, the legend of the deluge is thus stated:—

"The profligacy of mankind had provoked the Great Supreme to send a pestilential wind upon the earth—a fierce poison descended, and every blast was death. Then the patriarch, distinguished for his integrity, was shut up, together with his select company, in the inclosure with the strong door. Presently a tempest of fire arose; it split the earth asunder to the great deep. The lake *Llion* then burst its bounds. The waves of the sea lifted themselves on high round the borders of Britain. The rain poured down from heaven, and the waters covered the earth, but that water was intended to purify the polluted world, to render it fit for the

† Encyclopædia Metropolitana—Hist. of Greece, p. 86.

\* Northern Mythology, vol. 1.

renewal of life, and to wash away the contagion and evil of its former inhabitants into the chasms of the abyss. The flood which swept away the patriarch's contemporaries raised his vessel on high, bore it safely upon the summit of the waters, and proved to him, and to his associates, to be the water of life and renovation.<sup>13\*</sup>

And now, leaving this remarkable likeness of "the old, old story," we may bid adieu to the old world, and, like Columbus, may strike out across the ocean to discover, in the new lands of this continent, as he found visible land, and trees, and rivers, like what he had seen in the old world, similar legends to those we have just left, and apparently all bearing the impress of the same original.

Among the earlier writers on American subjects we find many who, although of acute minds and habits of investigation, were nevertheless bigoted and biassed in the peculiar faith they sought to introduce amongst the natives of the newly discovered continent. However, as they heard the traditions of Mexico and the other portions of America in their purest state, we may, after a little sifting, find out the actual legends which were current amongst the natives; and amongst those legends we find one unmistakably allied to the original story of the Deluge. Humboldt's *Researches* contain legends of what are called the four ages of Mexican cosmogony. All these ages closed with some fearful destruction of the world. But the fourth age terminated with a great flood of water, since which no further destruction has come upon the earth. Former ages had changed mankind into corn, or birds, or apes; but this fourth age is said to have changed men into fishes. At each destruction one man and one woman were preserved, and thus a man and a woman became the objects of divine protection. The name of the man was *Tezpi* and of his wife *Xochiquetzal* (or *Zokiquetzal*). The story is that they saved themselves in a boat made from the trunk of a huge tree. Fortunately for this story we have not to rely upon legendary traditions alone, but are referred to a piece of Mexican picture-writing which it is said, relates the history of the preservation of this pair, and in which they are represented with their family, recumbent in the boat and sailing towards a mountain

peak which rises from the waves, called Mount *Colhuacan*—the Ararat of the Mexicans. Turning again to the tradition we are told that when this great flood of waters overwhelmed the earth, *Tezpi* embarked in this great boat, with his wife and children and a great store of provisions, and with them a variety of animals and every sort of grain. In this vessel the privileged family sailed over the great deep. All other animals were drowned, and all other men were changed into fishes. At length one of the deities ordered the waters to withdraw, and the boat came near Mount *Colhuacan*, and *Tezpi* sent out a vulture to ascertain how the earth was. The vulture finding the shores lined with the carcasses of dead animals, did not return. Then after sending forth other messengers, *Tezpi* sent out a humming bird, which, after a while, returned with some leaves. Thereupon *Tezpi* and his family left their boat and took up their residence on the Mount.

Another of the American races, the Peruvians, believed—by an old legend of their ancestors—that it once rained so violently as to deluge all the lower parts of their country. In consequence of this an universal destruction of the human race took place; but a few persons, *seven in number*, escaped into a cave in the top of a mountain. Into this elevated fastness they had during the storms of rain and rising waters, conveyed a stock of provisions and living animals, lest when the waters subsided the whole race of men and animals should become extinct. As soon as the rain ceased they sent out two dogs, who after a while returned to them covered with mud and slime,—so they waited. After an interval they sent out two other dogs, who coming back dry, they concluded the earth was habitable; and upon this they left the cave and settled in different parts, and so became the progenitors of the present race of men. The number seven may be accounted for by the fact that in many legends Noah's wife is omitted—she being looked upon as either the goddess of the ship or the universal mother.

The Brazilian legend states that the world and its inhabitants were once destroyed by water—save one man and his sister—who escaped, some say, on a raft, and others, by climbing trees, and that from these two the Brazilians are descended. At

\* Davies' Mythology of the British Druids.



certain periodical solemn assemblies, the people in general chorus, chant a sort of requiem to the souls of their ancestors; and it is said that in the course of the song they do not fail to notice the catastrophe of the Deluge, in which the whole world perished, save a few of their ancestors.

The curious may wonder how any legends of the Deluge could be found amongst the Coral Islands of the Pacific. These islands, broken off as it were from the rest of the world, and comparatively new to the earth's history and research, have stories of this great event wonderfully identical with the Mosaic account. The first visitors to these islands tell us that in Otaheite the natives have a short and simple legend, that the gods once broke up the whole world, plunged it under the waters, and that their islands were but the fragments of the vast original continent of earth which could not be submerged.

But in Owyhee there is a clearer and more distinct legend. They say that *Etoa*, their god—who had created the great world—subsequently destroyed it by a deluge of waters; that all the earth became covered with water save the peak of *Mouna Roa*, (their great mountain) on which one man and one woman saved themselves from destruction, and that from these had sprung the race inhabiting the Islands.

One more illustration,—kept purposely for the last, because it comes from those who traversed the lands we now occupy and cultivate. The Indians of North America, in the multitudinous traditions and adventures with which their mythology abounds, have a story of the "Flood of Waters,"\* shadowed over by the peculiar characteristics of Indian romance. The legend has been collected by Schoolcraft,\*\* and from it we learn that their great hero was *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha*, who went through most wonderful performances and acted at times as giant, manitou, demon, or as the fertile imagination of the Indian pictured him. In one of his adventures he proceeds to a lake and attacks the prince of some monstrous serpents; and, after a desperate conflict, kills his antag-

onist and runs away. The serpents, seeing their prince dying, give chase to *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha*;—he, with wonderful strength and speed, treads a mile at a step. But his pursuers are also spirits, and he finds them gaining on him. Darting to the highest mountain he climbs the highest tree; on its summit he turns round and sees, dreadful to behold, the whole lower country overflowed with the blood of the serpent-prince, or the water of their lake. The water gains rapidly on the high lands and rises steadily and surely, until it covers the mountain and rises over the tree. Soon the lower part of his body is submerged. Addressing the tree, he says:—"Grandfather, stretch yourself." The tree does so; but the water still rises. He repeats his request, and is again obeyed. He asks the third time, and the tree again stretches upward, but replies:—"It is the last time; I cannot get higher." The waters continue to rise until they come up to his chin, when they stay. Hope revives within his heart, and then the waters begin to abate. He looks around the wide expanse of waters and espies a loon. "Dive down, my brother," he says to him, "and fetch up some earth, that I may make a new earth." The loon obeys, but by-and-bye rises to the surface a lifeless form. He then sees a muskrat. "Dive" he says "for earth, and if you succeed you may hereafter live on land or water as you please." He dives down, but after a while floats up senseless. He then takes the body, and breathes in its nostrils, and the muskrat revives. "Try again." And again the muskrat descended. Again he comes up senseless; but, clutched in one of his paws, there was a little earth; and with this and the dead body of the loon, *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha* created a new earth, as large as the former had been, and he then placed on it animals, fowls, and plants.

It is not in human skill to tell the same story twice, or oftener, without some variations; and this peculiarity is markedly a characteristic of the traditions of the Deluge. Apart from all considerations of Revelation or History, these legends of the Deluge exhibit a resemblance of outline, a variety in unity, which take their characteristics from the climate, locality, or race; and which are local or extended, according to the density or isolation of the people, or grade of intelligence of the nation. Whether the nation has acknowledged one God or a plurality of

\* According to a myth of the Indians, a new earth was made by a second creator, *Aeson*. New men were created, or animals were turned into men. Dunlap, in his *Spirit History of Man* (p. 137), says that "a dog prophesied the Flood amongst the Cherokees, and a fish amongst the Hindoos."

\*\* Indian Antiquities and Tribes.

Gods, this story of the great Flood of Waters crops out amongst the curious mythologies which man has weaved into his Worship and his Revelation. As the Mummy of ancient Egypt tells of human life 3,000 years ago, and stands before us now as a "Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead—

Imperishable type of Evanescence,"—so, these legends of the Deluge, though wrapped and swathed by the fancy, or the imagination, or the romantic dreams of the nations and races of the earth, stand out before us as evidence of the imperishable fact that "the Flood came and took them all away."

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DOUBT NOT.

REPEL dark doubt,  
Dismiss dread care,  
Ah ! wherefore should we fear,  
When God is love,  
And merciful,  
And ever near ?

The humblest life  
That breathes on earth,  
Lives through His law divine ;  
Let us not dream  
His power can fail,  
His wise design.

No atom's lost,  
But ever change  
Has worked throughout all time ;  
No end then seems,  
Our brightest dreams  
And most sublime,

Can not discern  
The source of all,  
Nor grasp His mighty plan ;  
Each blade of grass  
Receives His care,  
Fear not, O man !

No rankling doubt—  
The spirit life  
Will ever bloom in higher forms ;  
So we may live  
With present faith,  
Above life's storms.

And hopeful hearts  
More trusting grow,  
Though "what shall be" is dim ;  
They look above,  
And see His love,  
No doubt of Him.

## THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION.\*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

## FIRST PART.

## I.

MY brother, the clergyman, looked over my shoulder before I was aware of him, and discovered that the volume which completely absorbed my attention was a collection of famous Trials, published in a new edition and in a popular form.

He laid his finger on the Trial which I happened to be reading at the moment. I looked up at him; his face startled me. He had turned pale. His eyes were fixed on the open page of the book with an expression which puzzled and alarmed me.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

He answered in an odd absent manner, still keeping his finger on the open page.

"I had almost forgotten," he said. "And this reminds me."

"Reminds you of what?" I asked. "You don't mean to say you know anything about the Trial?"

"I know this," he said. "The prisoner was guilty."

"Guilty?" I repeated. "Why, the man was acquitted by the jury, with the full approval of the judge. What can you possibly mean?"

"There are circumstances connected with that Trial," my brother answered, "which were never communicated to the judge or the jury—which were never so much as hinted or whispered in court. I know them—of my own knowledge, by my own personal experience. They are very sad, very strange, very terrible. I have mentioned them to no mortal creature. I have done my best to forget them. You—quite innocently—have brought them back to my mind. They oppress, they distress me. I wish I had found you reading any book in your library, except *that* book!"

My curiosity was now strongly excited. I spoke out plainly.

"Might it not relieve your mind," I suggested, "if you admitted some one into your confidence? You might surely tell your brother what you are unwilling to mention to persons less nearly related to you. We have followed different professions, and have lived in different countries, since we were boys at school. But you know you can trust me."

He considered a little with himself.

"Yes," he said, "I know I can trust you." He waited a moment; and then he surprised me by a strange question.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that the spirits of the dead can return to earth, and show themselves to the living?"

I answered cautiously—adopting as my own the words of a great English writer, touching the subject of ghosts.

"You ask me a question," I said, "which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided. On that account alone, it is a question not to be trifled with."

My reply seemed to satisfy him.

"You suggested just now," he resumed, "that it might relieve my mind if I took you into my confidence. You may be right—and, as my nearest living relative, you are certainly the fittest person whom I can trust. Promise me that you will keep what I tell you a secret as long as I live. After my death I care little what happens. Let the story of my strange experience be added to the published experience of those other men who have seen what I have seen, and who believe what I believe. The world will not be the worse, and may be the better, for knowing one day what I am now about to confide to your ear alone."

He began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in these words.

\* The Right of Translation (and all other Rights) Reserved by the Author.

## II.

On a fine summer evening, many years since, I left my chambers in the Temple, to meet a fellow-student, who had proposed to me a night's amusement in the public gardens at Cremorne.

You had then gone out to India; and I had just taken my degree at Oxford. I had sadly disappointed my father by choosing the Law as my profession, in preference to the Church. At that time, to own the truth, I had no serious intention of following any special vocation. I simply wanted an excuse for enjoying the pleasures of a London life. The study of the Law supplied me with that excuse. And I chose the Law as my profession accordingly.

On reaching the place at which we had arranged to meet, I found that my friend had not kept his appointment. After waiting vainly for ten minutes, my patience gave way, and I went into the Gardens by myself.

I took two or three turns round the platform devoted to the dancers, without discovering my fellow-student, and without seeing any other person with whom I happened to be acquainted at that time.

For some reason which I cannot now remember, I was not in my usual good spirits that evening. The noisy music jarred on my nerves, the sight of the gaping crowd round the platform irritated me, the blandishments of the painted ladies of the profession of pleasure saddened and disgusted me. I opened my cigar-case, and turned aside into one of the quiet by-walks of the Gardens.

A man who is habitually careful in choosing his cigar has this advantage over a man who is habitually careless. He can always count on smoking the best cigar in his case down to the last. I was still absorbed in choosing my cigar, when I heard these words behind me—spoken in a foreign accent and in a woman's voice:

"Leave me, directly, sir! I wish to have nothing to say to you."

I turned round and discovered a little lady, very simply and tastefully dressed, who looked both angry and alarmed as she rapidly passed me on her way to the more frequented part of the Gardens. A man (evidently the worse for the wine he had drunk in the course of the evening) was following her, and was pressing his tipsy attentions on

her with the coarsest insolence of speech and manner. She was young and pretty, and she cast one entreating look at me as she went by, which it was not in manhood—perhaps I ought say, in young-manhood—to resist.

I instantly stepped forward to protect her, careless whether I involved myself in a discreditable quarrel with a blackguard or not. As a matter of course, the fellow resented my interference, and my temper gave way. Fortunately for me, just as I lifted my hand to knock him down, a policeman appeared, who had noticed that he was drunk, and who settled the dispute officially by turning him out of the Gardens.

I led her away from the crowd that had collected. She was evidently frightened—I felt her hand trembling on my arm—but she had one great merit: she made no fuss about it.

"If I can sit down for a few minutes," she said in her pretty foreign accent, "I shall soon be myself again, and I shall not trespass any farther on your kindness. I thank you very much, sir, for taking care of me."

We sat down on a bench in a retired part of the Gardens, near a little fountain. A row of lighted lamps ran round the outer rim of the basin. I could see her plainly,

I have spoken of her as "a little lady." I could not have described her more correctly in three words.

Her figure was slight and small; she was a well-made miniature of a woman from head to foot. Her hair and her eyes were both dark. The hair curled naturally; the expression of the eyes was quiet and rather sad; the complexion, as I then saw it, very pale; the little mouth perfectly charming. I was especially attracted, I remember, by the carriage of her head; it was strikingly graceful and spirited; it distinguished her, little as she was and quiet as she was, among the thousands of other women in the Gardens, as a creature apart. Even the one marked defect in her—a slight "cast" in the left eye—seemed to add, in some strange way, to the quaint attractiveness of her face. I have already spoken of the tasteful simplicity of her dress. I ought now to add that it was not made of any costly material, and that she wore no jewels or ornaments of any sort. My little lady was not rich; even a man's eye could see that.

She was perfectly unembarrassed and unaffected. We fell as easily into talk as if we had been friends instead of strangers.

I asked her how it was that she had no companion to take care of her. "You are too young and too pretty," I said in my blunt English way, "to trust yourself alone in such a place as this."

She took no notice of the compliment. She calmly put it away from her as if it had not reached her ears.

"I have no friend to take care of me," she said simply. "I was sad and sorry this evening, all by myself, and I thought I would go to the Gardens and hear the music, just to amuse me. It is not much to pay at the gate; only a shilling."

"No friend to take care of you?" I repeated. "Surely there must be one happy man who might have been here with you to-night?"

"What man do you mean?" she asked.

"The man," I answered thoughtlessly, "whom we call, in England, a sweetheart."

I would have given worlds to have recalled those foolish words the moment they passed my lips. I felt that I had taken a vulgar liberty with her. Her face saddened; her eyes dropped to the ground. I begged her pardon.

"There is no need to beg my pardon," she said. "If you wish to know, sir—yes, I had once a sweetheart, as you call it in England. He has gone away and left me. No more of him, if you please. I am rested now. I will thank you again, and go home."

She rose to leave me.

I was determined not to part with her in that way. I begged to be allowed to see her safely back to her own door. She hesitated. I took a man's unfair advantage of her. I appealed to her fears. I said, "Suppose the blackguard who annoyed you should be waiting outside the gates?" That decided her. She took my arm. We went away together by the bank of the Thames, in the balmy summer night.

A walk of half an hour brought us to the house in which she lodged—a shabby little house in a by-street, inhabited evidently by very poor people.

She held out her hand at the door, and wished me good-night. I was too much interested in her to consent to leave my little French lady without the hope of seeing her

again. I asked permission to call on her the next day. We were standing under the light of the street-lamp. She studied my face with a grave and steady attention before she made any reply.

"Yes," she said at last. "I think I do know a gentleman when I see him. You may come, sir, if you please, and call upon me to-morrow."

So we parted. So I entered—doubting nothing, foreboding nothing—on a scene in my life, which I now look back on with unfeigned repentance and regret.

### III.

I am speaking at this later time in the position of a clergyman and in the character of a man of mature age. Remember that; and you will understand why I pass as rapidly as possible over the events of the next year of my life—why I say as little as I can of the errors and the delusions of my youth.

I called on her the next day. I repeated my visits during the days and weeks that followed, until the shabby little house in the by-street had become a second and (I say it with shame and self-reproach) a dearer home to me.

All of herself and her story which she thought fit to confide to me under these circumstances may be repeated to you in few words.

The name by which letters were addressed to her was "Mademoiselle Jéromette." Among the ignorant people of the house and the small tradesmen of the neighbourhood—who found her name not easy of pronunciation by the average English tongue—she was known by the friendly nickname of "The French Miss." When I knew her she was resigned to her lonely life among strangers. Some years had elapsed since she had lost her parents, and had left France. Possessing a small, very small, income of her own, she added to it by colouring miniatures for the photographers. She had relatives still living in France; but she had long since ceased to correspond with them. "Ask me nothing more about my family," she used to say. "I am as good as dead in my own country and among my own people."

This was all—literally all—that she told me of herself. I have never discovered more of her sad story from that day to this.



She never mentioned her family name—never even told me what part of France she came from, or how long she had lived in England. That she was, by birth and breeding, a lady, I could entertain no doubt; her manners, her accomplishments, her ways of thinking and speaking, all proved it. Looking below the surface, her character showed itself in aspects not common among young women in these days. In her quiet way she was an incurable fatalist, and a firm believer in the ghostly reality of apparitions from the dead. Then again, in the matter of money, she had strange views of her own. Whenever my purse was in my hand, she held me resolutely at a distance from first to last. She refused to move into better apartments; the shabby little house was clean inside, and the poor people who lived in it were kind to her—and that was enough. The most expensive present that she ever permitted me to offer her was a little enamelled ring, the plainest and cheapest thing of the kind in the jeweller's shop. In all her relations with me she was sincerity itself. On all occasions, and under all circumstances, she spoke her mind (as the phrase is) with the same uncompromising plainness.

"I like you," she said to me; "I respect you; I shall always be faithful to you while you are faithful to me. But my love has gone from me. There is another man who has taken it away with him, I know not where."

Who was the other man?

She refused to tell me. She kept his rank and his name strict secrets from me. I never discovered how he had met with her, or why he had left her, or whether the guilt was his of making her an exile from her country and her friends. She despised herself for still loving him; but the passion was too strong for her—she owned it and lamented it with the frankness which was so preëminently a part of her character. More than this, she plainly told me, in the early days of our acquaintance, that she believed he would return to her. It might be to-morrow, or it might be years hence. Even if he failed to repent of his own cruel conduct, the man would still miss her, as something lost out of his life; and, sooner or later, he would come back.

"And will you receive him if he does come back?" I asked.

"I shall receive him," she replied, "against

my own better judgment—in spite of my own firm persuasion that the day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life."

I tried to remonstrate with her.

"You have a will of your own," I said. "Exert it, if he attempts to return to you."

"I have no will of my own," she answered quietly, "where *he* is concerned. It is my misfortune to love him." Her eyes rested for a moment on mine, with the utter self-abandonment of despair. "We have said enough about this," she added abruptly. "Let us say no more."

From that time we never spoke again of the unknown man. During the year that followed our first meeting, she heard nothing of him directly or indirectly. He might be living, or he might be dead. There came no word of him, or from him. I was fond enough of her to be satisfied with this—he never disturbed us.

#### IV.

The year passed—and the end came. Not the end as you may have anticipated it, or as I might have foreboded it.

You remember the time when your letters from home informed you of the fatal termination of our mother's illness? It is the time of which I am now speaking. A few hours only before she breathed her last, she called me to her bedside, and desired that we might be left together alone. Reminding me that her death was near, she spoke of my prospects in life; she noticed my want of interest in the studies which were then supposed to be engaging my attention, and she ended by entreating me to reconsider my refusal to enter the Church.

"Your father's heart is set upon it," she said. "Do what I ask of you, my dear, and you will help to comfort him when I am gone."

Her strength failed her: she could say no more. Could I refuse the last request she would ever make to me? I knelt at the bedside, and took her wasted hand in mine, and solemnly promised her the respect which a son owes to his mother's last wishes.

Having bound myself by this sacred engagement, I had no choice but to accept the sacrifice which it imperatively exacted from me. The time had come when I must tear myself free from all unworthy associations.

No matter what the effort cost me, I must separate myself at once and for ever from the unhappy woman who was not, who never could be, my wife.

At the close of a dull, foggy day I set forth with a heavy heart to say the words which were to part us for ever.

Her lodging was not far from the banks of the Thames. As I drew near the place the darkness was gathering, and the broad surface of the river was hidden from me in a chill white mist. I stood for a while, with my eyes fixed on the vaporous shroud that brooded over the flowing water—I stood, and asked myself in despair the one dreary question, "What am I to say to her?"

The mist chilled me to the bones. I turned from the river-bank, and made my way to her lodgings hard by. "It must be done!" I said to myself, as I took out my key and opened the house-door.

She was not at her work, as usual, when I entered her little sitting-room. She was standing by the fire, with her head down, and with an open letter in her hand.

The instant she turned to meet me, I saw in her face that something was wrong. Her ordinary manner was the manner of an unusually placid and self-restrained person. Her temperament had little of the liveliness which we associate in England with the French nature. She was not ready with her laugh; and, in all my previous experience, I had never yet known her to cry. Now, for the first time, I saw the quiet face disturbed; I saw tears in the pretty brown eyes. She ran to meet me, and laid her head on my breast, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping that shook her from head to foot.

Could she by any human possibility have heard of the coming change in my life? Was she aware, before I had opened my lips, of the hard necessity which had brought me to the house?

It was simply impossible; the thing could not be.

I waited until her first burst of emotion had worn itself out. Then I asked—with an uneasy conscience, with a sinking heart—what had happened to distress her.

She drew herself away from me, sighing heavily, and gave me the open letter which I had seen in her hand.

"Read that," she said. "And remember

I told you what might happen when we first met."

I read the letter.

It was signed in initials only; but the writer plainly revealed himself as the man who had deserted her. He had repented; he had returned to her. In proof of his penitence he was willing to do her the justice which he had hitherto refused—he was willing to marry her; on the condition that she would engage to keep the marriage a secret, so long as his parents lived. Submitting this proposal, he waited to know whether she would consent, on her side, to forgive and forget.

I gave her back the letter in silence. This unknown rival had done me the service of paving the way for our separation. In offering her the atonement of marriage, he had made it, on my part, a matter of duty to *her*, as well as to myself, to say the parting words. I felt this instantly. And yet, I hated him for helping me!

She took my hand, and led me to the sofa. We sat down, side by side. Her face was composed to a sad tranquillity. She was quiet; she was herself again.

"I have refused to see him," she said, "until I had first spoken to you. You have read his letter. What do you say?"

I could make but one answer. It was my duty to tell her what my own position was in the plainest terms. I did my duty—leaving her free to decide on the future for herself. Those sad words said, it was useless to prolong the wretchedness of our separation. I rose and took her hand for the last time.

I see her again now, at that final moment, as plainly as if it had happened yesterday. She had been suffering from an affection of the throat; and she had a white-silk handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She wore a simple dress of purple merino, with a black-silk apron over it. Her face was deadly pale; her fingers felt icily cold as they closed round my hand.

"Promise me one thing," I said, "before I go. While I live, I am your friend—if I am nothing more. If you are ever in trouble, promise that you will let me know it."

She started, and drew back from me as if I had struck her with a sudden terror.

"Strange!" she said, speaking to herself. "He feels as I feel. *He* is afraid of what may happen to me, in my life to come."

I attempted to reassure her. I tried to tell her—what was indeed the truth—that I had only been thinking of the ordinary chances and changes of life when I spoke.

She paid no heed to me; she came back and put her hands on my shoulders, and thoughtfully and sadly looked up in my face.

"My mind is not your mind in this matter," she said. "I once owned to you that I had my forebodings, when we first spoke of this man's return. I may tell you now, more than I told you then. I believe I shall die young, and die miserably. If I am right, have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it."

She paused shuddering—and added these startling words:

"You *shall* hear of it."

The tone of steady conviction in which she spoke alarmed and distressed me. My face showed her how deeply and how painfully I was affected.

"There, there," she said, returning to her natural manner; "don't take what I say too seriously. A poor girl who has led a lonely life like mine thinks strangely and talks strangely—sometimes. Yes; I give you my promise. If I am ever in trouble, I will let you know it. God bless you—you have been very kind to me—good-bye!"

A tear dropped on my face as she kissed me. The door closed between us. The dark street received me.

It was raining heavily. I looked up at her window through the drifting shower. The curtains were parted: she was standing in the gap, dimly lit by the lamp on the table behind her, waiting for our last look at each other. Slowly lifting her hand, she waved her farewell at the window, with the unsought native grace which had charmed me on the night when we first met. The curtain fell again—she disappeared—nothing was before me, nothing was round me, but the darkness and the night.

#### V.

In two years from that time, I had deemed the promise given to my mother on her death-bed. I had entered the Church.

My father's interest made my first step in my new profession an easy one. After serving my preliminary apprenticeship as a curate, I was appointed, before I was thirty years of age, to a living in the West of England.

My new benefice offered me every advantage that I could possibly desire—with the one exception of a sufficient income. Although my wants were few, and although I was still an unmarried man, I found it desirable, on many accounts, to add to my resources. Following the example of other young clergymen in my position, I determined to receive pupils who might stand in need of preparation for a career at the Universities. My relatives exerted themselves; and my good fortune still befriended me. I obtained two pupils to start with. A third would complete the number which I was at present prepared to receive. In course of time, this pupil made his appearance, under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit being mentioned in detail.

It was the summer vacation; and my two pupils had gone home. Thanks to a neighbouring clergyman, who kindly undertook to perform my duties for me, I too obtained a fortnight's holiday, which I spent at my father's house in London.

During my sojourn in the metropolis, I was offered an opportunity of preaching in a church, made famous by the eloquence of one of the popular pulpit-orators of our time. In accepting the proposal, I felt naturally anxious to do my best, before the unusually large and unusually intelligent congregation which would be assembled to hear me.

At the period of which I am now speaking all England had been startled by the discovery of a terrible crime, perpetrated under circumstances of extreme provocation. I chose this crime as the main subject of my sermon. Admitting that the best among us were frail mortal creatures, subject to evil promptings and provocations like the worst among us, my object was to show how a Christian man may find his certain refuge from temptation in the safeguards of his religion. I dwelt minutely on the hardship of the Christian's first struggle to resist the evil influence—on the help which his Christianity inexhaustibly held out to him in the worst relapses of the weaker and viler part of his nature—on the steady and certain gain which was the ultimate reward of his faith and his firmness—and on the blessed sense of peace and happiness which accompanied the final triumph. Preaching to this effect, with the fervent conviction which I really felt, I may say for myself, at least, that

I did no discredit to the choice which had placed me in the pulpit, I held the attention of my congregation, from the first word to the last.

While I was resting in the vestry on the conclusion of the service, a note was brought to me written in pencil. A member of my congregation—a gentleman—wished to see me, on a matter of considerable importance to himself. He would call on me at any place, and at any hour, which I might choose

to appoint. If I wished to be satisfied of his respectability, he would beg leave to refer me to his father, with whose name I might possibly be acquainted.

The name given in the reference was undoubtedly familiar to me, as the name of a man of some celebrity and influence in the world of London. I sent back my card, appointing an hour for the visit of my correspondent on the afternoon of the next day.

*The End of the First Part.*

## PRAYER AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

MR. F. W. NEWMAN, in his celebrated book, "Phases of Faith," has described how, having been brought up in the strictest of evangelical creeds, but imbued at the same time with an earnest love of truth, he was led, after arriving at years of manhood, to examine first of all certain articles of his belief in the light of Scripture, and then certain portions of Scripture in the light of reason and conscience; and how, as the result of this process (which he found it impossible arbitrarily to arrest) he was forced to abandon the whole dogmatic system in which he had been trained, and fall back upon the one cardinal and fundamental doctrine of the existence of a Supreme Being, infinite in goodness and in wisdom. It was De Bonald, if I remember rightly, who described a deist as a man who had not had quite time enough to become an atheist. This saying, instinct with true neo-Catholic bitterness and intolerance, with the spirit which, instead of welcoming partial good, seems intent only on driving it to utter evil, has been totally disproved in many cases, and is signally so in the case of Mr. Newman, who, for some forty years, has clung to his elementary creed with an earnest tenacity, the result not of wilfulness or obstinacy, but of profound conviction. Here indeed he has found a resting-place, a lot in which he is well content to abide to the end of his days.

The process described in the "Phases of Faith" is one with which many minds in the present day are familiar. Quite analogous to it is the progressive change in the views of many thoughtful persons on the subject of prayer. Let any one begin to reflect on the nature of prayer, on the strict purport of the language in which it is commonly expressed, and not only on the signification of the language, but on what it involves or implies; let him then take note of all the facts that seem to throw light upon the efficacy or inefficacy of prayer; and the chances are great that, one after another, the petitions he has been accustomed to offer will begin to appear either inappropriate or unmeaning; and the whole exercise of prayer, considered as the offering of supplications intended to influence the Divine mind, will become an impossibility.

Far better, then, some will say, to pray and not to think. Such advice may be accepted by a certain class of minds; but not by those who have begun to look upon their unsolicited thoughts as truths claiming recognition, or at least as possible truths which it must be morally dangerous to repulse or condemn. These must entertain and examine the doubt of which they are conscious, as to whether it is a rational or proper thing to pray to God for temporal gifts, or for the suspension, in our behalf or in that of our friends, of the ordinary laws of

nature, or to ask His intervention in the concerns of others, or to supplicate Him to "bless His own work," as though He were under some temptation to mar it. These doubts arise, not from any debasement of our idea of God, but rather from a purification of that idea; and it is a satisfaction to find that they are being fairly faced by a number of candid and reverent thinkers, and are being discussed in a spirit that cannot but lead to beneficial results. After all, can we think of anything better, in this imperfect state, than a desire to know and abide by the truth. Are not all forms of doctrine whatsoever mere unimportant outposts of the soul, so to speak, compared with the determination to be true to ourselves and to one another? Let us keep *that* secure, and we have a citadel whence we can at any time sally forth and recover any positions we may have lost through surprise or unskilfulness. But let us surrender that one Palladium of our moral being, and what, or where, are we? Mere shadows of men and women battling with superstitions in a land where the very light is as darkness. Surely if it is base to sacrifice, even for the sake of life itself, the virtues or principles that make life beautiful and noble (*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*) it is no less a violation of reason and duty to sacrifice to any opinion whatsoever that which alone can make opinions operative for good, that which alone can save them from sinking into mere prejudices and superstitions—our inward sense of fidelity to truth.

In a matter of this kind no one can really have anything new to urge. The facts that bear upon the question whether prayer, as commonly understood, is a rational exercise or not, must be gathered from everyone's most intimate experience or most familiar observation. It is hard, however, sometimes to get at the true teaching of even the most familiar facts, so powerfully are our minds influenced by bias in this direction or in that. One view of the question was presented in the May number of this Magazine, by a writer for whom I have the highest respect, and whose *nom de plume* of "FIDELIS" never fails to command attention for the articles to which it is prefixed. The article to which I now refer is based upon a recent Burney Prize Essay, and is devoted to proving that "Prayer for Daily Bread" ("Daily Bread" being taken to stand for temporal blessings

generally) is not only in strict accordance with the teaching of Scripture, but fully justifiable on grounds of reason. The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which "FIDELIS" refers; but, assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective. No doubt, in the pages of "FIDELIS" much illustrative matter has been omitted; but what has been given must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive, and there can therefore be no unfairness in dealing with the argument as we find it.

If we consider prayer as a simple effort to hold communion, in such words as may most naturally suggest themselves, or as may give best expression to the burden of the heart, with a Being unseen but felt, it is difficult to conceive what valid objection can be urged against the act, on scientific or on any other grounds. Of what avail is it to tell a man that there is no proof that God exists, if every hour of his life he feels himself overshadowed, as it were, by the Divine Presence, or by a Presence, which, as he has no better word to express its vastness, and the paramount authority it claims over his whole inner and outer life, he ventures to call Divine? It was no dogmatist certainly who wrote the lines:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats though unseen among us."

To Shelley the "unseen Power" seemed to reveal or interpret itself as the *Spirit of Beauty*; but others who have felt the shadow call it by a more venerated name; and who is to say that the communion which these are instinctively impelled to hold with this ruling Presence, is irrational or vain? That the worship of the poet himself was paid to something greater than Beauty, we may be assured from his own impassioned language:

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers,  
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand years,  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers,  
Of studious zeal or love's delight,  
Outwatched with me the envious night.  
They know that never joy illumed my brow  
Unlinked with hope that thou would'st free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,  
Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express."<sup>\*</sup>

\* "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty."



To commune with any object of thought, it is only necessary to place that object distinctly before the mind, and dwell upon it in what seem to be, or are felt to be, its chief characteristics. Immediately, and by as natural a process as any that the science of chemistry reveals, a certain movement of thought and feeling is established. The object of our thought becomes to us a distinct source of influence; and if it be some high ideal, or if it be that absolute perfection which men worship as God, the effect must be to elevate and purify the mind, and strengthen the moral powers. But if with such communings be mingled distinct petitions, as from one person to another, what is the effect? Upon this point I should be sorry to pronounce with any unseemly confidence; different persons may have different experiences to relate; but it seems to me that, in proportion as petition becomes an important part of any act of communion, must the tone of the exercise be lowered. When Shelley, in the verse following the one above quoted, exclaims:

"Thus let thy power, which, like the truth  
Of nature, on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm——"

it is a breaking forth not into *petition*, but into *aspiration*, a very different thing. Aspiration is a spontaneous movement of the soul in a certain direction; and thus directly tends to accomplish that which is its object. Petition is a deliberate act performed with a view to obtaining something that is desired, or perhaps only thought to be desired; and has no natural tendency to work its own fulfilment. This distinction is one of very great importance; for petition or prayer often gets a credit for efficacy, which belongs only to aspiration. We speak of prayers being answered, when in fact they had answered themselves. A man who earnestly desires moral or spiritual good, may clothe his longings in any language that occurs to him; he may use the form of petition, or he may break forth into some half-despairing exclamation, like that of St. Paul: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The important thing is, that the man is in earnest; and, being in earnest, how can he fail to grasp that upon which his desires are set? Can a man long for purity and not be pure, or

hunger and thirst for righteousness, and not be filled? The desire, in a case like this, is simply a sign of moral growth; and it is framing hypotheses *præter necessitatem* to suppose that another will has been concerned in the result. "Fidelis," no doubt, would readily grant that no one ever yet obtained spiritual blessings by prayer, who did not earnestly desire those blessings. But postulate the desire for any particular grace or virtue, and you also postulate its accomplishment, in the direct measure of its strength and permanence.

The traditions of Christianity, however, encourage people to pray for the satisfaction of *all* their needs—for daily food, for happy circumstances, for restoration to health, for the averting of danger, for rain or sunshine, as each may seem to be necessary, for special Divine action on the minds of others, for the preservation of dear or valuable lives, for national prosperity, for almost everything in fact except superabundant wealth or luxury. Not tradition only, but, according to "FIDELIS," the strict requirements of Christian orthodoxy stamp as futile and false all objections to prayer for physical effects drawn from a consideration of the order of the universe. Those who believe in the Bible as a Divine revelation should, it is maintained, have all their doubts, if they have ever harboured any, set at rest by the single passage in St. James which declares that Elijah, "a man subject to like passions as we are," had, by prayer, prevented any rain falling on the land for three years and a half, and again, by prayer, had brought down copious showers. Some Christians might object that they do not feel called upon to attempt a feat of that kind, or any interruption of the natural sequence of meteoric changes, any more than to try and raise the dead, after the manner of Elisha and Paul; but, if so, the answer is ready that they are *commanded* to pray for "daily bread," and that if showers are necessary in order that they may have their "daily bread," they should pray for showers. Into any discussion that may arise upon this question, within the limits of orthodoxy, it is not my purpose to enter: the sole concern of the present paper being with the arguments adduced to show that no valid objections to prayer in its widest sense can be urged upon general grounds.

The following passage from the article now

in question may suffice to exhibit the general position of the writer :

"If we believe in a Divine Prescience at all, we must believe that every development of the remotest future has been foreseen and provided for—whether it be the action of a physical force or the craving of a human soul. Why, then, is it not quite reasonable to suppose that the two spheres of His spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other, just as, to compare small things with great, a skilful mechanic can adjust to each other the different 'actions' of the same machine? . . . Why should there be any difficulty in supposing that every prayer has been foreseen, and its answer provided for, whether that answer lie in the material or the spiritual world—whether it be the fulfilment of the expressed desire of the heart, or whether it come in a way which Infinite Wisdom may see to be better for the suppliant?"

This view, it should be remarked, is offered as a means of escape from the fatalism involved in the opinion that physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents, and that it is consequently futile and irrational to hope that the natural course of events can be in any way affected by prayer. We do not, however, require to examine it very closely in order to find that the doctrine recommended to us is itself nothing more nor less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit as well as the phenomena of nature. Here are two orders rigidly adapted to one another. Nothing that is done in one really *affects* what takes place in the other; but it is arranged that *occasionally* what people pray for shall happen. Now as we all know that our desires in relation to physical occurrences are often fulfilled, whether we pray or do not pray, it seems a most truistic conclusion to land us in, as the result of a very ingenious theory of the Divine government, that sometimes our prayers for specific temporal blessings will be answered, and sometimes they will not. The language used in one portion of the passage above quoted seems, however, to signify and promise more than it really does. When we read of "every development of the remotest future" being "foreseen and provided for—whether it be the action of a physical force, or the craving of a human soul," we are apt to imagine that, according to the writer's theory, some *satis-*

*faction* has been provided for every human craving. This, however, is a serious mistake: what is meant is that God, foreseeing the craving, came to an unalterable determination with regard to it, and adapted the train of physical events to that determination. In other words He decided from all eternity whether to grant the desire or not; and the event only can reveal what His decision was. Now apply this to real life. A distracted mother is bending over the cot of a child whose life is in danger. She has a friend, on one side, whose faith is entirely in the efficacy of natural remedies, and who consequently believes that the issue will depend upon the more or less skilful use of these, and upon the child's natural strength of constitution. She has another friend, who announces the theory above stated—that God foresaw her trouble, her prayers, her sore anguish of heart, and came to a conclusion which time will reveal; that possibly He so ordered things that the child will recover, and that possibly he ordered them otherwise, let the doctors do what they may. Which of these two views, I ask, would fall upon the mother's ear and heart as the more hopelessly fatalistic? I may be mistaken, but I think the latter. So long as we think that a thing depends in anywise on our own exertions, we struggle with more or less of hope and energy. But bring in the supernatural element of predestination, and take away the hope of being able by our entreaties to alter the Divine determination *now*, and might you not as well enthrone Fate at once?

Our ancestors, in simpler ages, felt none of these difficulties about prayer; because they believed *tout-de-bon*, as the French say, that the will of the Deity *could* be bent by human entreaties, especially if accompanied by sacrifices. They had not attained to our stricter notions of absolute wisdom, eternal foreknowledge, and necessary sequence; and their religion moved all the more freely and naturally, in consequence. The God of the Jews, on more than one occasion, "repented Him," as we are told, of some evil He had intended to do; not to mention that, in the days of Noah, "it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at his heart,"\* so that he was moved to destroy the whole human race save

\* Gen. vi. 6.

one family, and the whole brute creation save those that followed Noah into the ark. The modern world interprets these things in its own way. It does not like the idea of a Deity who resolves to do a thing, and then thinks better of it; or who having taken the important step of calling the human race into existence, finds out that it was a great mistake. But the modern world forgets, or seems to forget, that it was precisely this primitive anthropomorphism that called forth prayer, in the sense of petition, and made it so natural and important a religious exercise. A man may plead hopefully with a God who "repents Him," and it is not too much to say, that all who do plead earnestly for specific blessings, not of a spiritual kind, think of God—whether they admit it to themselves or not—not as unchangeable, but as subject to change; in other words they revert momentarily to the anthropomorphism of primitive times. To make such a one realize the theory of "Fidelis," that God's purpose in the matter was taken in the very beginning of things, and is now unalterable, would, it is greatly to be feared, give a serious check to his devotions.

Admitting for argument's sake that this theory does enable us to conceive how efficacy may attach to prayer for physical effects, the question still remains: has it, as a matter of fact, any efficacy? In all ordinary speculations we are on our guard against the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*; and unless we conclude that what is a fallacy in other regions is a sound principle when applied to prayer and its apparent consequences, we must hesitate before we allow that, in any particular case, the happening of some prayed-for event is an answer to prayer. If we would be honest with ourselves, we must ask the question: what grounds are there for believing that, if this thing had not been prayed for, it would not have happened? For example, in the neighbourhood in which I am writing, prayer was lately offered in some churches (not in all) for rain; and rain came at a very timely moment. It is natural enough, perhaps, that those who prayed for rain should consider their prayers answered: but what evidence is there that, if they had not prayed, the rain would not have come all the same? Absolutely none. Before we can reasonably be called upon to believe in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects, we must be shewn a large number of instances,

in which, according as prayer is offered or not offered, certain results have followed or not followed. Nothing less than this will suffice to meet the case; and unless those who believe in the physical efficacy of prayer are prepared to prove its efficacy by some such process of logical induction, they cannot expect that their views will long command the adhesion of thinking men.

What are the most familiar facts bearing upon the question? Every ocean steamer that arrives safely at port, lands, side by side, passengers who had been most earnestly committed to Divine Providence, and others for whom no special interest had been made, either by themselves or by any one else. Every steamer that sinks beneath the waves carries down with it a precisely similar mingling of human souls. In the first case, safety is vouchsafed to the prayed-for and unprayed-for alike; in the latter, the two classes are hurried to a common doom. In cases, however, where some are saved and some are lost, who has ever pretended to say that the efficacy of prayer has been illustrated by the result? Have the saved been those who were sped on their way with the greatest number of prayers, or have they been an average representation of the ship's company? When any active principle is at work, shaping results in great questions of life and death, it cannot long remain concealed; and if, in the order of nature as Divinely prearranged, escape from death were, in any large number of cases, "adjusted" to prayers for such escape, it would long since have been universally recognised that, in all general catastrophes, and indeed at all times, the praying or the prayed-for man was safer than his neighbour. But if the dismal records of railway and marine disasters, of deaths from flood, and storm, and pestilence, and earthquake, afford no trace of any such principle, what is the use of talking of adjustments of the order of nature to the fulfilment of prayer; or how can any event be claimed as the fulfilment of prayer, when precisely similar events happen in the absence of prayer! With quite as much reason might the calamities that sometimes overtake those who are fervently prayed for, be represented as the consequences of prayer, as any immunity they may enjoy from such calamities. When things go best with them outwardly, they do not flourish any more than the wicked, whose prosperity in life and

comfort in death, were a marvel as long ago as the days of the Psalmist.

I should not forget that the possibility is contemplated of a prayer not being answered according to its terms : but "in some way which Infinite Wisdom may see to be better for the suppliant." The prayer may be for some temporal gift; but the answer may come in the shape of spiritual blessing. On this I would remark, first, that it seems an abuse of language to speak of spiritual blessings constituting an answer to prayers for specific temporal good; and, second, that it ill serves the object "FIDELIS" has in view (viz., the strengthening of the general belief in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects), to fall back upon the position which no one cares to attack, that prayer may be productive of spiritual good. The question moreover arises : does spiritual benefit flow from any prayer that has not been directed to its attainment? Let any one pray for some temporal advantage without any aspiration towards spiritual good—will he be spiritually blessed? On the other hand, let there be, in connection with a prayer for temporal good, an earnest desire, let us say, to be brought into harmony with God's will; and to which shall we attribute any resulting spiritual blessing—to the specific petition or to the spiritual aspiration that accompanied it? Which is the more likely to bring peace and strength to the mind—to have besieged God with supplications for this or that object of natural desire, or to have trusted ourselves entirely in his hands, while using all proper means for the realization of our wishes? I should be quite content to accept the answer of "FIDELIS" to these questions. In the spiritual as in the material world, effects only flow from adequate causes. Men do not reap where they have not sown; and where their hearts have been set only on temporal good, they do not gather spiritual harvests.

While "FIDELIS" and the author of the Burney Prize Essay believe in the "physical efficacy of prayer," they are strongly of opinion that we should only pray for such things as, for aught we know, *may* happen whether we pray or not. "We have no right," it seems, "to expect miraculous interference," and, therefore, when we foresee any result with certainty we are not to pray that it may be averted. "No one, perhaps, save a

fanatic or a fool, would be so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal, in his particular case, of those conditions of our mortal life, on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend, and a want of confidence in which would paralyse all human energy." But, surely, is not every physical law to which we are subject a "condition of our mortal life?" And when people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this : *that the case may not be left to the action of the ordinary laws of nature.* If they had confidence that the ordinary laws of nature or "conditions of our mortal life" would bring about the result they desire, would they pray at all for Divine intervention? Why does a mother not offer up special prayers when her child has an ordinary cold, and yet pray most earnestly when scarlet-fever has declared itself? Why, except that in the one case she has every reason to trust that in the ordinary course of things her child will be better in a day or two; while in the other she has only too much reason to dread the action of natural law, and would gladly have its course controlled by supernatural power? Was it in accordance with the "conditions of our mortal life" that rain was withheld from the whole land of Samaria for three years and six months? It seems to me that here we must recognise as distinct a reversal of those conditions, as when Elisha prayed over the dead body of the Shunamite's son, and restored him to life; yet "FIDELIS" makes it a Christian duty to imitate Elijah, while reprobating as folly and fanaticism any attempt to work the works of Elijah's successor. There is certainly no warrant in Scripture for the distinction thus drawn between what may and what may not be prayed for. Christ promised his disciples that "even greater works" than he did should be done by them; and, among the signs that should "follow them that believe," he mentioned these : "In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; and they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."\* The early Christian Church took such declarations seriously, and gave a welcome to all kinds of miraculous stories. The Rev. R. Bosworth Smith, in

\* Mark xvi. 17, 18.



his recent lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," observes† that St. Augustine claims to have "ascertained, on certain evidence, that some small fragments of the disinterred relics of St. Stephen had, in his own diocese, within two years, performed no less than seventy miracles, and three of them raisings from the dead."

No warrant of Scripture whatever is appealed to by "FIDELIS" for the distinction in question. It is defended simply on the ground that any interference with the recognised laws of nature would defeat human calculations and paralyze human energy. But have we not good reason to believe that our whole life is under the government of laws, and that chance is but another name for the operation of laws too complex or too obscure as yet to serve as the basis of assured prediction. Prayer for the recovery of the sick is approved of; but how could it have any general efficacy without the science of medicine being completely overturned? It is suggested that God could "dart into the mind" of a physician the suggestion to use a certain remedy, and that thus the cure would appear to be a natural one. There is something a little grotesque in the idea of the Divine Being, while answering a prayer, taking such pains, as it were, to cover up all trace of His special action; but that objection we may waive, as there are weightier and less questionable ones to urge. Either the remedy suggested would be one adapted to all similar cases, or it would be one to which miraculous efficacy had been given for the special occasion. In the one case, a new rule of medical treatment would be established (for the physician would certainly try the successful remedy on the next opportunity): in the other, medical science would simply be confused; for the same remedy, when tried again, would utterly fail, if indeed it did not poison the patient. In the one case, the Deity would really take the whole development of medical science into his own hands; for suggestion would have to follow suggestion as often as new interventions were designed: in the latter, there would be no such thing as medical science at all. Moreover, a doctor's success would then depend, not upon his own skill, patience, attention, or learning, but upon the

spiritual character of his patients and their friends.

There is yet another aspect of the case still less satisfactory. If God, to carry out His purpose in relation to the issue of an illness, can make a physician think of something he would not otherwise have thought of; so, of course, when His purpose is that the disease shall terminate fatally, He can make the physician *forget* something that would have saved the patient's life, or, perhaps, make him commit some positive error. There is precisely the same reason for believing that he does the one as for believing that he does the other. But what, on this supposition, becomes of medical responsibility? Your trusted adviser may have administered you a poison, but who can tell by what influence his brain may have been clouded for the moment, or what strange "suggestion" may have been darted into his mind? He cannot be decisively blamed, so long as there is the possibility that he acted under supernatural control.

We may ask in the next place, would not a vivid faith that the result of an illness might be affected by prayer have the effect of superseding, in a measure at least, human efforts to conquer it? Are not the nations whose faith in prayer and in the miraculous generally is strongest, precisely the ones that show least self-reliance and energy? I have myself known at least one person whose strong faith in Divine Providence, and in the efficacy of prayer, led him to speak in the most disparaging terms of the science of medicine; and the newspapers have frequently brought to our notice the strange doings of the "Peculiar People" who, believing that St. James meant what he said when he prescribed a mode of treatment for the sick, and gave assurance of its efficacy, insist upon following his directions to the letter.\*

"Some physical changes," writes the Burney Essayist, "we do not ask for, because we see that to do so would be manifestly unreasonable; others we do ask for, because we cannot see this. Yet we doubt not that, if we could see further, we should perceive that many petitions which we now place in the second class should be assigned to the first; we therefore pray with reference to this section of the doubtful class, 'Thy will

† Page 159.

\* See St. James v., 14, 15.



"be done." This is narrowing things down to a very fine point, and leaves but little comfort for those who may wish to believe that prayer has a real physical efficacy. Just in proportion to the increase of our scientific knowledge, will the range of prayer be contracted. How long, then, we cannot help asking, will the example of Elijah praying for rain be a suitable one to hold up for imitation? Meteorology is making progress every year; storms and tidal waves can now be predicted a considerable time before they occur, and ordinary changes of weather can be known with tolerable certainty a day or two in advance. It is almost impossible not to believe that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long, or possibly some definite connection between atmospheric and solar changes, which shall place the science of meteorology on a wholly new basis, with vastly increased powers of prediction. Prayers for rain or sunshine will then (on the Essayist's principles) become unreasonable, Elijah and everything else to the contrary notwithstanding. It almost seems to me that the death-blow is given to prayer for physical effects, when an earnest advocate thus tries to prepare people in advance for successive revelations of its "unreasonableness."

It sometimes happens that two persons vehemently desire and earnestly pray for a thing which only one of them can get; as, for example, some particular situation or employment, or success in some competition. This clashing of their interests creates, however, we are told, "no difficulty; for each prays that what, upon the whole, is best may be that which his prayers shall effect." Here again language, I venture to say, is used in a most unnatural way. Nobody approaches God with a *request* that he will do what is best. Such a request would be simply irrational; and, if made with reflection upon its purport, would imply a very low view of the character of the Divine Being. A person, may, in prayer, profess his willingness to accept, without repining, a denial of his wishes; or his own private wish may sink out of sight altogether in the strong desire that possesses his soul to submit to the Will of God; but in either case, there is no petitioning God to do what is best, as though He needed the stimulus or the restraint of human entreaties to keep his purposes fixed upon that point.

Again, "each prays that what is best upon the whole may be that which *his prayers shall effect*." To understand this fully, let us suppose that a certain situation is vacant, and that A and B both pray earnestly that their individual efforts to secure it may be successful. A fails, let us say, and B is the fortunate man. Is it conceivable that the prayers of A, offered up in his own behalf, have had anything to do in securing the place for B? Unless we can suppose this, there is absolutely no meaning in the sentence quoted. "Thy will be done!" it may here be remarked, is not a prayer at all; it is a simple expression of resignation and faith.

The attempt made in the essay before us to illustrate the efficacy of prayer in the physical region is but ill-adapted to satisfy doubting minds. Almost the only facts presented are taken from the records of philanthropic and religious enterprises, the success of which, in certain cases, is attributed to the influence of prayer. No one, however, in these cases, can pretend to say with certainty how much was due to prayer, and how much to a wise adaptation of means to ends. The Oneida community is a praying community, and in many respects a most successful one; but most persons would attribute its success less to the prayers of its members than to the sagacious administration of its extremely able head. Before we can take upon ourselves to say that the success of anybody or anything is the result of prayer, we should at least try to be certain that it cannot be accounted for on natural grounds. But would God really be doing what is best were He to help institutions or persons that do not in a rational way help themselves? If it be said that the result of prayer is to cause people to conduct their affairs rationally, two consequences follow: First, a certain amount of business imbecility must be supposed before we can credit the prayers with efficacy; and, secondly, when the prayers have been efficacious, the result is only what numbers of persons attain upon whose labours no special blessings have ever been invoked.\*

\* Mr. Beecher, we now know from his own lips, has been "the subject of more prayer than any living man on the face of the globe." Yet the very speech in which he announces the fact is one of the vulgarest and most egotistical he ever uttered. It is a pity the best-prayed-for man in the world should make such exhibitions of himself.

The manner in which "FIDELIS" has discussed the subject of famines and pestilence was suggested, I cannot help thinking, more by the exigencies of a theory than by the facts of history. The Bible is referred to as showing that these are punishments of "determined ingratitude and disobedience," to be removed only "on a national repentance and confession of sin." That such visitations and their disappearance should seem to depend on wholly natural causes is only what should be expected on the theory of "adjustment." If we turn to the Bible, however, we shall find that a three years' famine was sent upon the land of Israel on account of David's failure to hang seven of Saul's sons, and that David did not even know the cause of the infliction until he had "enquired of the Lord." Moreover, these seven men were hanged, not on account of any fault of their own, but on account of their father's cruelty to the Gibeonites.\* Here there was neither national sin nor national repentance to account either for the famine or for its removal. A very similar case was that of the pestilence sent upon the land in punishment of the offence of which David had been guilty in numbering the people.† But looking at such facts as we know historically, what relation do we find existing between great calamities and the moral condition of the peoples amongst whom they happen? Were Herculaneum and Pompeii worse than Rome? Was Lisbon in 1753 worse than Paris? Had the calamities which overtook these cities any marked effect upon other places of similar moral condition? We know that the destruction of Lisbon did more than any other event that ever happened in modern Europe, not to confirm the belief in Providence, but to spread abroad a despairing feeling that all was left to chance. How Voltaire "improved the occasion" everyone knows. Then think of the middle-age pestilences, of the great plague of London, of the devastation wrought by small-pox amongst the Indians of this Continent. Think of the Indian, Persian, and Irish famines; of the millions, no worse than other well-fed millions, who have raised to Heaven their frantic, but wholly unavailing, cries for "daily bread." Surely if there is any truth in the above theory such terrible punish-

ments could only have been inflicted for some almost unparalleled national wickedness. But who ventures to hint at such a thing? Who, indeed, in sight of such wide-spread havoc of human life, does not rather echo the words of David when, for his personal fault, seventy thousand of his people were slain: "But these sheep—what have they done?"\*

The only region which "FIDELIS" and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is "the region of uncertainty," where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not. In that region we may safely pray, because if we choose to think our prayer answered, nobody can disprove our opinion. There are, however, some very broad arguments which make strongly against a belief in the efficacy of prayer even in the "region of uncertainty." For example, when rain comes after having been prayed for, is it confined to those who have prayed for it, or does it descend impartially on the evil and the good, on the believer and the rationalist? If all these things are matters of adjustment, it is singular, to say the least, that the same blessings should be adjusted to belief and to unbelief—that rain which comes in answer to prayer should descend in all its fertilising power upon those to whom the offering up of prayer for rain is a simple superstition, and those whose moral condition is such as to make it impossible that they should pray acceptably for anything.

There is something, to my mind, strangely unspiritual in the explanation "FIDELIS" has offered of the fact that while the prayers offered up for the recovery of the Prince of Wales were "answered," those offered up for his father, Prince Albert, were unavailing. The theory is that, "owing to the suddenness with which Prince Albert's malady took a fatal turn, and to the then imperfect means

\* 2 Sam. xxiv. 17. If the theory in question had any place in "modern thought," it would certainly have found expression in the comments of the press on the recent terrible disasters in South America and the South of France. But where are we to look for any hint that the stricken populations were worse than others; or for a suggestion that national repentance and confession of sin are the appropriate means of escaping similar disasters in future. I cannot but doubt whether even "FIDELIS" would care to apply the above theory to contemporary instances.

\* See 2 Sam. xxi. 1-9. † 2 Sam. xxiv.

of communication, prayer for his recovery was far from being so general" as in the case of the illness of the Prince of Wales. So the efficacy of prayer, in matters of national concern, depends on the rapidity with which prayer can be set in motion, and the extent of the area over which the impulse can be transmitted. What a meagre idea this gives us of the efficacy of prayer in past ages, when as yet the steam engine and the telegraph were unknown; and, upon the other hand, what prodigious possibilities it promises in the future, when telegraph stations shall dot the whole surface of the habitable globe! The Atlantic Cable, it is evident, might have saved the life of the Prince Consort; but that triumph of science was reserved for the benefit of his son. This theory, to be sure, is not advanced dogmatically; but still it is one which the writer who puts it forward is *willing to accept* as a not unnatural or unedifying explanation of the dealings of God with men.

Enough of criticism: a word or two now, in conclusion, as to the practical result which might be expected to flow from an admission of the truth (if truth it be) that God does not intervene in human affairs, but that man on this planet is left to find his gain or loss in the unimpeded operation of established physical laws. To some it will appear impossible that a belief of any kind in God should survive so radical a change of view. Let us speak out our innermost thought on this subject. Grant that there is a God, and that, to speak the language of men, He had a wise purpose in view in calling our race into existence: can we not conceive that His purpose might be in full course of fulfilment even though all distinct recognition of Himself might have temporarily vanished from men's minds? If at the period of this obscuration, men were following the best light then to be had; or if the obscuration were the result of new light to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, can we not conceive of God looking down upon them with at least as great favour as upon previous generations, who, while boasting of their knowledge of Him, had most unworthy conceptions of His nature,\* and

\* "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: 'I had rather

satisfied themselves with most inadequate proofs of His existence? If we would judge aright of these things we must allow our minds a much wider sweep than we have hitherto been accustomed to do. We must compare the development of the human soul with that with which it is alone comparable, the development of "this solid earth whereon we tread." How many times has life been destroyed and renewed on the face of our globe? What rich vegetations, what huge forms of animal life, have sprung up under the forcing influences of tropic heat and unstinted moisture; and then, again, what desolation was spread abroad as the glaciers began to crawl from their mountain beds, and ghostly icebergs gleamed upon every sea, and grated on every shore! Shall anything survive such wide-spread ruin? Why, the very richest germs of life have scarcely as yet taken their earliest development. The Creator's plan is not confused; His purposes are not baffled; everything survives which He intended to survive, and "the best is yet to be." Apply this to the human spirit. What are we, what were our fathers before us, that we should think our thoughts or their thoughts about divine things, or about anything, of such infinite importance? The northern blast may even now be preparing that shall chill to death every thought and imagination not fitted to endure in the brighter days to come. We may think that all is about to perish; but no, the Creator of the soul presides over its destinies, and He can guide it through drearier and more wreck-strewn seas than ever mirrored the dull face of heaven in the dim ages of the past.

There is no need, however, to assent to the opinion of those who hold that, with the belief in prayer for physical results, the belief in God Himself would perish.† Has the modern world seen a man more profoundly convinced of the existence of God, or more

a great deal men should say there was no such man as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born, as the poets speak of Saturn." Bacon's Essays: "Of Superstition." Yet even Saturn was not accused of torturing his children to all eternity.

† "There is no necessary connection," says a recent writer in "Macmillan's Magazine," "between theology and supernaturalism. It is quite possible to believe in a God, even a personal God, of whom Nature is the complete and only manifestation."

ardent in the proclamation of what he held to be divine truth, than the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton? Yet he believed and taught that the spiritual region was the only proper region of prayer. Then, is it or is it not a fact that the more spiritually-minded men become, the more intimate their communion with the Supreme Object of their adoration, the less disposition they feel to wander in their prayers beyond the spiritual region? I find an illustrative passage in a letter written by M. Singlin, the celebrated spiritual director of Port Royal, on the occasion of the death of Jacqueline Pascal; it is well worth quoting here:

"For some days past, I have been struck by a thought; it is as to our impertinence in desiring anything or in fearing anything, in wishing that this should happen or that not happen, that these persons should live or that those should not live, as if Sovereign Wisdom and Justice did not see everything, or as if we had an illumination or any special views of which God stood in need, in order to dispose and govern everything for the best. This thought often causes me to stop short upon occasions when I am inclined to wish that God would either do or refrain from doing a certain thing. All we have to do is to pray that His holy will may be done in all things; and to seek Him in order that we may know His will, submitting ourselves to all events, and only concerning ourselves with what devolves upon us to do, lest we should mix with it something of our own, and place our own providence above that of God."\*

But there is a more modern voice that speaks, as I think, with unrivalled power to the hearts of those in the present generation who find themselves compelled to cast aside

old forms of thought, but who earnestly desire to preserve all central truths. It is that of the poet Clough, who with all his unbeliefs, was a believer of the noblest kind. Clough had faced every problem; and, just as the doctrines he had received by tradition fell away one by one from his mind, did his faith in the Divine and the Eternal become clearer, purer, and stronger; till at length he felt that his own perception of the Divine existence was a matter of little moment, so long as his life was guided from above. Let us listen to some of his communings with that Spirit which was never very far from his thoughts:

"O Thou, that in our bosom's shrine  
Dost dwell, unknown because divine!  
I thought to speak, I thought to say,  
'The light is here,' 'behold the way.'  
'The voice was thus,' and 'thus the word,'  
And 'thus I saw' and 'that I heard';  
But from the lips that half essayed  
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

"O Thou, in that mysterious shrine  
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!  
I will not frame one thought of what  
Thou mayest either be or not.  
I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'  
And be profane with 'yes' and 'no';  
Enough that in our soul and heart  
Thou, whatsoever Thou may'st be, art.

"Do only Thou in that dim shrine,  
Unknown or known, remain, divine!  
There, or if not, at least in eyes  
That scan the fact that round them lies,  
The hand to sway, the judgment guide,  
In sight and sense Thyself divide!  
Be Thou but there—in soul and heart,  
I will not ask to feel Thou art."

As I read these lines, I seem to catch the echo of some words spoken very long ago:  
"I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel."

\* See Preface to Victor Cousin's "Jacqueline Pascal."

## THE NEW CANADA :

## ITS RESOURCES AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY CHARLES MAIR, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.

THE extent, soil, and climate of the Fertile Belt having been touched upon in my previous paper, its principal resources and products will now be briefly described. Chief amongst the former is tertiary lignite, a mineral which, in view of the scarcity of wood, is of immense importance to a prairie country. Its first outcrop is supposed to be on the Souris River, which joins the Assiniboine about eighty miles west of Portage la Prairie. An exposed bed upon that stream was at one time on fire, and smouldered away for several years. Captain Palliser observed it at la Roche Percée, on the eastern slope of the Coteau Missouri, seven miles north of the Boundary Line. He describes the lignites as of several different varieties, some having the appearance of compact cannel coal, some like bituminous coal, while some of it can hardly be distinguished from charcoal. The lignite group underlies the superficial deposits of the prairies of the north and south Saskatchewan, and bituminous shales exist on the former branch, and on the Athabasca, resting on limestone, which take fire and burn spontaneously. Coal, says Col. Lefroy, exists in seams about ten miles above Fort Dunvegan, on one of the small tributaries of Peace River. The lignite has also been observed by Doctor Hector on Smoking River, another tributary of Peace River, and has been traced by him on the Athabasca, McLeod, and Pembina Rivers, all to the north of Edmonton. Two miles below Edmonton, a heavy bed is exposed, and, nearer the fort, there are two seams of considerable width. On the opposite side of the river, several seams are exposed, the principal of which is six feet in thickness, with others thinner and less pure. Beds of lignite similar to those which occur on the Athabasca, are observed at various points

on Red Deer River, from Fort Athabasca up to the Rocky Mountains. On the latter stream, above the Hand Hills, the coal forms beds of twenty feet in thickness ; and, at one point, is on fire. "For miles around, the air is loaded with a sulphurous and limy smell, and the Indians say that, for as long as they can remember, the fire at this place has never been extinguished, summer or winter."

These are some of the main exposures which have been observed by explorers ; and from them it may with certainty be inferred that much of the Fertile Belt is of a coal-bearing character, and that future examinations will reveal the existence of coal in unlimited quantities, and in localities convenient for distribution and general use. Iron ore has lately been discovered far to the west of Lake Winnipeg, and ferruginous sand has been found in various parts of the prairie plateau. East of the lakes the ore is said to be abundant, and the time is probably not very distant when the coal of the Souris will be brought by rail or water to smelt the ore of Winnipeg.

As a question of immediate resource, the wooded areas of the North-west are next in importance. Bourgeau inconsiderately calls the circumarctic zone of timber, which sweeps to the North-west from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, a "worthless" forest of spruce, scrub-pine, birch, willows, and poplar. Eastward from Pointe du Chêne, a vast wooded country extends almost without break, the timber increasing in size and value towards the height of land. North of a line drawn from Oak Point, on Lake Manitoba, to the mouth of Red River, the country is fairly timbered, and this district, and the areas west of that lake, will supply a large quantity of lumber for immediate use. Many of the rivers are lined with woods to a considerable depth. The Assiniboine, for ex-



ample, is heavily timbered at many points with large oak, elm, poplar, bass-wood, and spruce, and the country between it and the Boundary Line westward, for many miles from Portage la Prairie, is pretty much a wooded country throughout. The various *coteaux* or mountains, so called, of the country, as Pembina Mountain, Ridoix Mountain, &c., and which, it will be remembered, are nothing more than ancient terraces, nourish in many places a gigantic growth of bass-wood and balsam-poplar, which make very fair lumber in the North-west. Beautiful groves, or "islands," of poplar dot the prairies in many places, and these, if protected from fire, will in time supply the settler with fuel, and—such is the speedy growth—in a few years more, with timber of fair size and good quality. There can be no doubt that, but for periodic fires, the prairies would be abundantly wooded, and in a country where the growth is so rapid, planting and protection will soon make the settler independent, so far at least as fuel and rails are concerned.

West of the first steppe, the vast interior is marked by two well-defined natural divisions. It would be difficult indeed in the Touchwood Hill country to get a quarter section of land entirely bare of timber, but this is exceptional. A line drawn from above the Fishing Lakes, on the Qu'Appelle, and produced to Battle River, following that stream, at a distance of about thirty miles to its elbow, and thence to Bow Fort on Bow River, will roughly divide the forest lands from the great plains. North of this line, the timber, pasturage, and soil are generally good, south of it there is little or no wood, the pasturage is inferior, and much of the soil is sterile. A wide extent of these plains is of much the same desolate character as the great American desert to the south of them. They are a projection of that frightful barren, rounding into our territory like a huge hump, yet they are by no means entirely worthless. The utterly ruinous denudation seems to end close to the Boundary Line, whence the desert graduates into the arenaceous clays of the cretaceous system, and assumes, as it sweeps northward, a loamy surface, and a richer vegetable clothing. Terrible, indeed, is the present aspect of those vast and forlorn areas. Fringed by the ever-vanishing horizon, the traveller pursues his way in melancholy awe, a mere pin-point on this hideous map of heaven and earth. A fire

there is the last horror which nature can bestow, and leaves behind it a scene of desolation only equalled by the fallen archangel's "windy sea of land," or that awful Desert of Lopp, described by Marco Polo, filled with illusions and enchantment.

Extensive discoveries of gold will probably be made in the North-west, along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in the valleys of the Athabasca and Peace Rivers. It exists in the gravel underlying the clay of the prairies, in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, and is got there by the miners in the sandbars of the north Saskatchewan. The yield is considerable, but the season is too short to give a profitable return, the water rising in summer from the mountain freshets, and submerging the bars. Old miners talk hopefully of future discoveries, which, if valuable, will settle the question of peopling the farther areas of the Fertile Belt very speedily indeed. Clay for brickmaking exists almost everywhere, and this cheap substitute for stone has already come into general use in Winnipeg. There is but little stone in the first steppe available for building purposes, the beds generally lying at a great distance below the surface. Salt is widely distributed throughout the North-west. The great Salt Belt trends diagonally across the continent, from Onondaga to the Mackenzie River, where it crops out in such quantities, that thousands of tons of it could be shovelled into barges at the water's edge. Very good salt is made at present by the natives, at Lake Manitoba, with the most ordinary appliances for collection and evaporation of the brine.

Traces of coal oil and bituminous springs are found in the north of unknown depth, and great prospective value. The Indians of Mackenzie River mix the bitumen with grease, and use it for gumming their canoes. Slate is found in the valley of Kicking Horse River. Deposits of pipe-clay are common near Edmonton House, where also, in the middle of the six-foot coal seam, is found a layer of magnesian steatite, which works up into a lather like soap, and is used by the women at the fort for washing blankets. Yellow ochre is deposited over a distance of forty miles on the north Saskatchewan, and carbonate of lime exists at different places, especially at Long Lake, below Portage la Prairie, and at Westburne on White Mud River, where it is used by the half-breeds to

smear their houses with, and is brilliantly white and adhesive. These are a few of the known resources of great value in the future, and, no doubt, more extended exploration will bring to light many others, as yet unknown, and concealed in the great store-house of the North-west.

The Flora of the country includes nearly all the productions of the temperate zone. The wild plum of the prairies is a delicious fruit, as are also the various berries, particularly the sasketoom, or *poire*, a purple fruit about as big as an English cherry. Strawberries and raspberries are amazingly abundant; also gooseberries, red, black, and choke-cherries, blue-berries, grapes, &c., all of which are quite equal to the wild fruits of Ontario. Gardeners are just beginning to cultivate the apple, with every prospect of success. After years of failure its success is assured in Minnesota, and as that State has a much severer climate than Manitoba, the apple may be safely counted upon as a future product of the Fertile Belt. The wild hop, very pungent and of large size, grows abundantly in the woods. Vegetables of all kinds attain complete maturity everywhere. The North-West potato is of the best quality, large and dry, entirely free from rot or blight of any kind, and yields a return so profuse as to be almost incredible. All the cereals yield abundantly, and as wheat is the most tender and important of them, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the others. This great cereal ranges throughout the entire Fertile Belt, from Rainy River to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and from the parallel of 49° north latitude to the 60th degree northward from Edmonton. There is no subject perhaps on which more popular misapprehension exists than in the culture of wheat, and nothing but the logic of facts seems sufficient to remove the impression that a high latitude necessarily precludes its cultivation. In 1832, a committee of the American Congress reported, with all seriousness, that the Illinois Territory, through defective climate, remoteness, and high latitude, was incapable of producing wheat. At the time this sagacious opinion was given, wheat had been raised for years in the Red River Settlement, six hundred miles north-west of Illinois. Since then the wheat lines have made two removes of five hundred miles each, and the quality of the grain has improved with each remove. It is now raised

successfully at Prince Albert Mission, between the Forks of the Saskatchewan and Fort Carleton, and at Lake St. Ann's, close to a tributary of the Athabasca River, in longitude 113° west. There are, of course, particular exposures where its maturation is uncertain, especially in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, where the nights are liable to invasive frosts sufficiently severe to kill the plant. But it is now established as an indisputable fact, that wheat can be grown successfully from east to west of the Fertile Belt, and northward far down the Mackenzie River and its tributaries. In the lower parishes of Red River the yield throws all Canadian experience into the shade. The same land has been sown with wheat for fifty years, and, without being manured, has returned, when unmolested by grasshoppers and floods, as much as sixty bushels to the acre. Westward the return is from thirty to forty bushels per acre, the soil being lighter, but cleaner and more easily worked than the stiff clays of Red River, and much less affected by drought. These statements may seem exaggerations to the reader, but they are literal truths, and beyond contradiction. When we consider then the ease with which farming operations may be carried on in the North-West; its adaptedness to machinery, the absence of stumps or stones rendering the whole breadth of surface available; and the prodigal yield; we can clearly appreciate the necessity of immediate enterprise in developing the country both by rail and water. The immediate construction of the Pacific Railway is warranted by every consideration of sound policy and public interest. Thirty years hence it will employ three lines of railway to carry the wheat of the North-West to tide-water, and all the canalling privileges which can be devised as well. For the last few years a market has been found for the surplus production of the country sufficiently remunerative amongst the Indians, from immigrants themselves, and from internal consumption. But now that immigration is likely to pour in in vastly increased volume, it will soon be necessary to provide a cheap as well as a speedy transit for grain, and to this end a water-route is as necessary as a railway. The difference in cost of transport by water and by rail is in the ratio of one to three, and this difference is so immense, when taken

in connection with the remote centres of production, as to make the opening of a water-route imperatively necessary. It is fortunate that we have two routes to the sea, mainly by water, and that it is not impossible to connect the Saskatchewan with Lake Superior. The development of this route would establish the greatest system of internal water communication on the continent, and the time is coming when barges will load at the foot of the Rocky Mountains and discharge cargo at Montreal; or, at all events, when there shall be but one or two transshipments between those points.

The other route referred to will, in due time, be made use of as an outlet for grain, and its importance in the future is incalculable as a summer base of supply, and an impregnable military highway between Great Britain and the Dominion. As public attention has scarcely yet been called to our supremely important military and commercial position in the north, it is worth while to dwell at some length upon it. The reader is, of course, aware that the parallel of 50° north latitude crosses the Lizard, the most southern point of England. The whole of Great Britain, therefore, lies north of a parallel which almost passes through the centre of Manitoba, nearly three hundred miles north of the City of Montreal. The line of the Canada Pacific Railway, as laid down on recent maps, cuts this parallel near the 86th degree of west longitude, and the distance from this bisecting point to James's Bay is about 200 miles. To connect them a branch line of that length would have to be built; but if Albany River is navigable below Martin's Falls, as seems likely, a line of half that length would do. Here, then, we have a mixed water and railway route from the Rocky Mountains to Moose Factory on James's Bay, and, that point reached, despite of uninformed opinion to the contrary, it is as nearly certain as anything well can be that the chief difficulties of the route have been overcome. Notwithstanding the most patent facts in the history of Polar navigation, a groundless impression obtains that the navigation of Hudson's Straits and Bay is attended with extreme difficulty and peril. A feat which, for the purposes of discovery, war, or trade, has been successfully performed by numbers of vessels every summer for over two hundred years, may well cease to be accounted extremely perilous.

\* The crazy little craft which bore the fortunes of the early explorers were the instruments of lofty and heroic spirits, whose daring rose above the suggestions of common fears and common prudence. But the spirit of trade is as heroic as the spirit of discovery, and better things were done with better ships. The great struggle for supremacy of race in America had its episodes of alternate success and disaster at Hudson's Bay, as well as at Quebec. The little venture, under the guidance of Gillam and De Groselliers, in 1668, does not count for much in history; it was remote, hyperborean, ice-bound. But it, and the subsequent desperate struggles on that unknown and savage coast, though historically neglected, were, in reality, among the important factors in a long series of events which culminated on the Plains of Abraham. Since the conquest, the Straits and Bay of Hudson have been navigated uninterruptedly during the season by the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the loss, in that long period, of only some three or four vessels. It is presumable that what has been done by this company can be done by any other company, or by anybody who has the means to equip a ship. Until thirty years ago the mails, and all the supplies for Red River Settlement and the inland trade, were brought by way of York Factory; and though the route is almost disused at present, on account of the difficulty of inland transport and the rapid extension of the American railway system, the time is coming when the exports and imports by way of Hudson's Bay will rival, for a short season, those of the St. Lawrence.

The open season on Hudson's Straits is variable, and probably does not much exceed three months. There are three sailing vessels at present on the route, the *Ocean Nymph*, *Prince Rupert*, and *Lady Head*. These vessels leave London in June, touching at Stromness, in the Orkneys, and make the trip in about six weeks, against a constant head-wind. The return trip, aided by a fair breeze, is made in some twenty days. The vessels are of about 500 tons register, but carry 800 tons, and are strongly built. Severe storms are rarely encountered on the voyage, the chief difficulty being the passage of the Straits. The Straits are narrow, and both coasts are mountainous and visible from the vessel. The coasts are lined with

icebergs which are all aground, and bear a startling resemblance to lofty embattled towers and great cities. No icebergs are afloat in the Straits, but vast sheets of floating ice are often set together by the tide, breaking up when it turns, and leaving a free passage for the ships. Two of the company's vessels go to York, and the third to Moose Factory, bringing supplies for the Indian trade, and taking return cargoes of furs. But what three vessels can do a thousand can do; and just as large fleets visit Quebec in spring and fall for timber, so large fleets will yet visit James's Bay for wheat. The adoption of steam will reduce the passage to less than the time of a Montreal and Liverpool packet, and the directness of this route will place a large portion of the North-West, as regards English trade, in as favourable a position as Ontario.

The Americans are, of course, alive to the fact that the shortest buoyant lines to the sea are in our territory; and, in order to compete with the expected development of them, have several schemes on hand, none of which is of a character to divert the trade of the North-Western States from its natural highways. One of these is to connect a navigable branch of the Ohio with James's River, by canalling over the Alleghanies; and they believe that the outlet on the Chesapeake is sufficiently far east to prevent the heating of grain. Another scheme is to connect the Wisconsin River with Green Bay on Lake Michigan, by way of Fox River, and complete the communication with the North-West by connecting the upper waters of the Minnesota with Red River. They have even sent out a party of explorers to report upon the feasibility of connecting the source of the Mississippi with the Otter Tail, which is the name Red River receives above its junction with the *Bois des Sioux*. But these routes, if ever developed, must be subsidiary to our own, which are the cheapest and shortest of them all.

I have now sketched, perhaps with more rapidity than exactness, the leading features of a territory which, according to our management of it, will either make of us a great and powerful nation, or extinguish our political existence altogether.

Do we faint at the portals of a realm so vast; or does the contemplation and possession of so much material grandeur lift our minds to the plane of more strenuous efforts

and higher duties than have enriched our history in the past? Shall it be our gracious privilege to pioneer its wondrous slopes, to erect mighty provinces, and honeycomb them with enterprise, and invite the yeomanry of Europe to come and share with us our fertile soil, and our political estate? Or shall it be the privilege of an obdurate and jealous nationality to seal it with a mucilage of iron until the swift extension of American settlement, and the intrusive fingers of American ambition, grasp it from our keeping for ever? The synchronism of priest-power and free political and material development has not, to say the least of it, been hitherto strongly marked in the history of Lower Canada; yet no Canadian of tolerant spirit dreams of interfering with the Lower Canadian's rights and privileges, his language or his laws, as limited and established by the Treaty of Quebec. Why should he, indeed, with the annals of '76 and 1812 in his hands, attesting his fidelity to the Empire amidst the most varied trials and temptations? The Canadian student rises from their perusal with feelings of thankfulness and profound respect; and, whatever may have been the inner motive, he never can forget the priceless services rendered by the people of Lower Canada during the war of independence, or the blood which, in 1812, was freely shed by them in the interests of the Empire, and for the honour and freedom of our common country. The most tempting inducements to rebel were rejected with scorn. The blandishments, arguments, and threats of a Benjamin Franklin were used and lost upon this people. And shall we now, or ever, attempt to interfere with their peculiar franchises in their own prescribed domain, or tamper with political and social conditions which are suitable to the genius and character of the people? Surely not. But, whilst faithful to our pledges, it must be remembered as well, that, with many social and domestic virtues, the French husbandman is averse to grappling with the stern conditions of success in a new country. It is not he who will subdue the "silent spaces of the West," but the Celt or Teuton who speaks our language, and the "many-tongued" people of Northern Europe. How, then, if we wish ever to become a homogeneous people, can we extend the parliamentary use of a language which is limited of right only to a certain Province? Either this



privilege must be confined to that Province, or we must be prepared to sanction its extension to a host of incoming tongues, and not only duplicate but quintuple public business in every new Province. It has been said that the Lower Canadian's faith demands the political preservation of his language; but Roman Catholicism stands in no danger of attack, for the simple reason that modern progress has ceased to fear it. It may be used as a bugaboo to frighten women and children by a few sectarian bigots; but beneath the fulminates of the Vatican, and underlying the open controversies and conflict of religious opinion, is a great Roman Catholic and Protestant laity slowly but surely learning the wisdom of mutual forbearance and a tolerant spirit.

More trouble is to be apprehended from the suspicion and distrust of a minor nationality operating freely within a larger one, and the squeeze which constructive legislation is likely to receive in consequence. In order to build up a great nation minor nationalities are no doubt called upon to make heavy sacrifices. Many time-honoured sentiments and prejudices have to be cast under foot, and, in order to effect that identification of national movement whose result is power, the factors must resign their individuality, and consent to be held in solution. This, of course, implies anything but unlimited subordination, or tyrannous control. There are political as well as chemical solvents, and the *status quo ante* will, perhaps, always be assumed by a spirited minor nationality in time of need.

In the development of the North-west this sacrifice is required of the Lower Canadian people, and nothing but an utter lack of political perspective can blind them, or any other nationality in the Dominion, to the imperious necessity of the hour. Many features of recent American diplomacy and legislation point to an eager desire to encroach upon our rights, and to cramp and confine our trade. The purchase of Alaska, as an act of national policy, can only be explained in one way, and the journals of the Western States are almost a unit in insolent opinion as to the future of our North-west Territories. The wheat range drained by the Mississippi, less rich than that of the Northern Anticlineal, is becoming exhausted. Every tenth year, it is said, lops off a wheat-exporting State. The fertile areas

are almost entirely taken up, and the immigration of the future, to be retained at all, must be largely projected into the American desert. It is not astonishing, then, that Americans should look with longing eyes upon the inexhaustible areas of the Fertile Belt, or that, understanding as we do the political lights by which they read, they should consider every means justifiable in order to accomplish our political extinction. Nor do they lack a certain following in the Dominion itself, confined almost entirely to Quebec, and due in a great measure to the mediæval inertia and trammelled enterprise of that Province. It is not surprising that Americans should advocate annexation. Bad as their system of government is, they love their country, and by every means in their power encourage the growth of a national sentiment which, notwithstanding its glaring faults, is an honour to the Yankee. But it is surprising that there should be even a few Canadians in Canada—for Canadians, of whom there are thousands, in the United States, are almost to a man opposed to it there—who with the repulsive characteristics of American political and social life constantly before them, advocate the incorporation of this young and vigorous Dominion with the moribund and unhealthy fabric of the huge Republic. The earnest and high-minded advocates of Independence in Canada stop far short of this, and have the fair form of national dignity for the goal of their reasoning. This is a question which stands in abeyance, and has yet to be argued on the grounds of our preparation for it; and which, discussed in the light of modern ideas and human progress, will probably be subordinated to the vastly nobler conception of the homologation of the whole Empire, the first great and permanent step towards a universal brotherhood of nations. But with regard to the other question, there can be no difference of opinion amongst men of clear mind. Man lives not by bread alone, and all the material advancement in the world would not atone to Canada for what she would lose by annexation. It is impossible to deny, and, in a certain sense, not to admire the amazing extension of the American Republic, and the wonderful enterprise of its people. But, on the other hand, too many Americans, puffed up by the vast material resources of their country, err by attributing to a political system, eminently



defective, results which are due in a large measure to the bounty of nature. The mighty resources of America would nurse the apathetic and brutalized civilization of the Turk into greatness; and had the carnal Chinese been the primary occupants of the land, they would long ago have converted it into a universal garden. There is extension which carries with it spiritual degradation and decay, and enterprise which strews the path of national progress with moral ruin. With all his indomitable perseverance and material success, the Anglo-American is, at this moment, a living exemplification of the danger of wild assumptions and wild interpretations in politics and morals. The Puritanical *cultus* of New England, starting from the fair premiss of religious freedom, developed into a withering and exacting spiritual tyranny, which overshadowed liberty of thought, and wrought its own destruction by a natural revolt. The stately tree yet stands, but it is a "rampike," and out of its blasted trunk have sprung the monstrous fungi and secondary growths, which sometimes amuse, and sometimes horrify the Christian world. Allied to it were the political dogmas of the revolutionary *Doctrinaires*, which, starting from the tantalizing postulate that all men are created free and equal, have developed into the cardinal principles, that all men are equal who have equal means, and that freedom is a legal technicality wherein the hardened criminal partakes by purchase. When unbridled religious emotionalism is wedded to wild political theories of human perfectibility, and both are secretly laughed at by their hierophants, it is not surprising that the results should be immorality and corruption.

There is nothing particularly censurable in a high pursuit of wealth, if the methods employed are honourable. But it is the widespread consideration of it in the United States as an end to be reached by any means, which is objectionable and unpromising. Much of this evil tendency is due to the sordid maxims of that curiously over-estimated infidel and affecter of republican simplicity, Benjamin Franklin, who pointed the material instincts of his countrymen downwards, instead of upwards, and gave reverential status to the yellow deity, for whom Washington Irving coined the apt title of "Almighty Dollar." The high value set upon dollars has had a disastrous effect upon

legislation. Familiarity with office has begot its appropriate and proverbial contempt. Shrievalties and magistracies, stripped of all honour and dignity, are elective, and are quite as likely, and even more so, to be held by the lowest and most untrustworthy, as by men of sound education or upright moral character. Children are indoctrinated with the ideas of their elders before they are fairly emancipated from bib and tucker, renounce allegiance to and respect for their parents at an early age, and are goaded into an impudent and boundless self-assertion, which is called "smartness." The very diet of the people is an outrage upon common sense, and an evidence of that dangerous tendency towards physical indulgence which long ago moulded the New England physique into its distinct and well-known type. The pure taste for simple flavours is almost unknown. Pastry and pickles are devoured in quantity, at the expense of health and digestion, and the palate is flattered by outlandish dishes, which are the product of the foolish ingenuity of American women, responding to the morbid cravings of American stomachs.

These are the more noticeable vices and defects of their social and political system, with which most of us have long been familiar. But underlying them is a fouler ulcer than humanity would willingly believe, and a prevalent and extending vice, which is rapidly converting the human economy of the Republic into a vast *hortus siccus* of prurency and disease. This is indeed a question which is hourly assuming a more and more complex and alarming aspect. Robust and perfectly healthy national life is fast dying out, and republican simplicity is a thing of the past, or exists only in the introverted philosophy of the literary journals, where functional disease and morbidity of mind disappear in the terms *Fragilitéé* and *Spiritualité*. An universal desire for a life of luxury and self-indulgence has infected the otherwise amiable and really clever women of America, crushing down before it the sense of duty and responsibility, invading the arena of man's less laborious pursuits, shunning the rougher toil of life, and—oh, sad and unholy truth! withering even the noble instinct of maternity. I should have no desire to pursue this unfortunate question at the present time, were there not a special reason for it. But as the insidious poison is being poured into our country by the agency of the circular

and the newspaper, the time has come when someone must speak out ; and, if I do so now, it is with the consciousness that the reader has the good of Canada at heart, and is too sensible to take offence at what is meant for the future well-being of our own happy, and, as yet, comparatively innocent country.

Who that takes up an American daily paper but must be shocked at the vile and indecent advertisements which occupy so prominent a place in its columns. Are not these advertisements indicative of extensive abuse, and would they be continued, and more and more widely extended, if they did not "pay?" No! These loathsome appeals are begot of a practice now widespread in the American Republic; a practice which is undermining the health of American women everywhere, destroying their moral sense and delicacy, and swelling the annals of criminal miscarriage to monstrous and incredible bulk. It has long been observed that native American women have singularly small families, and the fact has been popularly accounted for by the delicacy and tenderness of their constitution. But the facts are the other way. The jaded and haggard physique of so many American women is oftener due to the fact that they have small families, or, as is frequently the case, no families at all. The idea seems to be that if two young people of moderate means like each other, there is no reason why they should not be husband and wife. But, then, they must live in the same luxury and self-indulgence as their neighbours; and, to do so, they must be childless, and childless they are accordingly. Fortune may favour them; but the ice has been broken, and what was before a crime for economy's sake, is continued as a crime for the sake of indolence, and freedom from trouble and domestic care. Much wonder and indignation is expressed in Canada at the laxity of the American State Laws concerning divorce; but a little consideration of the facts casts a flood of light upon this question, and the *reductio ad absurdum* of absolute childlessness makes it, after all, a question of very little importance whether people are divorced or not.

But what are the consequences of this baleful and terribly unwomanly crime? What but impaired vitality, a listless married youth of freedom from married cares, and a middle-

age—for old age is fast vanishing out of the question—of hopeless physical suffering, self-contempt, and despair. And what is its political effect? It is that the reins of government are slowly but surely slipping from the hands of the Anglo-American. He who traces his lineage to the foremost and freest nation upon earth is already sandwiched between alien antipathetic and reproductive races, one of which, perhaps, in the distant future, will write in blood the word "supremacy."

Talk of annexation to such a state of things as this! There is not one fibre of our moral or intellectual nature which does not revolt at the coarse and unworthy suggestion. Is there any true Canadian who can think of these things without disgust and loathing? Is there a Canadian girl who can think of them without horror and shame? No! Thank God, our young men are not afraid of the battle of life, our maids are innocent and pure. Their dreams are holy, touched with the hope of a true Canadian offspring, and the consciousness that the world can bestow no higher honour than to be the virtuous and devoted mother of a Canadian child.

This new Dominion should be the wedding of pure tastes, simple life, respect for age and authority, and the true principles of free government on this Continent. It stands, like a youth upon the threshold of his life, clear-eyed, clear-headed, muscular, and strong. Its course is westward. It has traditions and a history of which it may well be proud; but it has a history to make, a national sentiment to embody, and a national idea to carry out. There was a time when there was no fixed principle or national feeling in Canada; when men were Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Frenchmen, and when to be a Canadian was almost to hang the head. But that time has passed away. Young Canada has come to the front, and we are now a nation, with a nation's duties to perform, privileges to maintain, and honour to protect. That national sentiment which has yet to defend the "meteor flag" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is opening amongst us like a flower. All true men will carefully water the plant; all wise men will assiduously nourish its growth. Its vegetation has, indeed, been slow. Individual nationalities have militated against it. Local jealousies and heartburnings here, and me-

diæval politics there, have trammelled its growth and screened it from the light. But its power and cohesiveness are being felt at last, and already is it binding the scattered communities of British America together in the bonds of a common cause, a common language, and a common destiny. Influences from without are doing much to establish it more firmly. The bad example of our neighbours has not been lost upon us. They have restricted our trade, and thereby taught us self-reliance. They have fostered and fed our enemies, and given them their soil as a base of operations against us, and this has revealed our readiness and spirit.

But chiefly from within must we look for its fair and true development. The sentiment, to be entirely autochthonous, must grasp with its roots, and be nourished by, the inner and domestic life of the people. It must be embodied in our school-books, be illustrated by the chisel and the pencil, and enter into the more thoughtful spirit of the press. One of its infallible signs is the growth of a national literature. This, to be characteristic, must taste of the wood, and be the genuine product of the national imagination and invention. No nation can be truly great which lacks these faculties, inasmuch as they lie at the root of such human efforts as rise above the satisfaction of animal desires, and are the true source and ministers of all the higher orders of our pleasures. The contemporary condition of a nation's literature is, of course, the touchstone and gauge of them; but they operate in all directions, cover the entire field of national progress, and more or less inform every branch of human speculation. The genuine and most important result of their operation is the creation of a national idea, or sentiment, which has for its internal condition *unity*, and for its external aspect *force*; a sentiment which, to be sound and effective, should move in two directions, and act, at once, magnetically and dynamically upon the masses. So tenacious of life is a concrete idea of this kind, where it has once obtained a thorough hold upon a people's mind, that nations have eked out a show of power and resistance upon its mere ground-swell, and long after the original forces themselves had become utterly abased and corrupt. Wise nations instinctively utilize this force, and invariably put it out at interest, so to speak; and wher-

ever this usury is in existence, we may be sure that a nation's life is vigorous and active. On the other hand, where, from causes operating beneath the surface of society, the denationalizing process has fairly set in, we may expect to find a nation living upon its capital, and existing mainly through the respect and sufferance of others. It may be remarked that this sentiment is generally in advance of everything saving its contemporary literature. It may be asserted, on the other hand, that a wise statesmanship can produce or create it, and clever politicians no doubt sometimes flatter themselves that they are a little in advance of it. The fact is that politics almost invariably lag behind the national idea, and those parts of it which obtain the legislative sanction are merely its reflux waves, which are presently taken hold of and petrified into laws. Where the national sentiment is vigorous, even sterile and obstructive legislation becomes comparatively harmless.

This, then, is the light which we must cause to shine before men and before nations; the abstract of our national life and ideas; the concrete feeling and inspiration of the country, which Canadians must project into the fertile immensity of the west. It is not they only, but they first, who should carry to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca our language and our laws, establish our Provinces, and lay the groundwork of that national feeling without which we can never become eminent as a nation.

And what a noble heritage is before them! An atmosphere of crystal, a climate suited above all others to develop the broad shoulder, the tense muscle, and the clear brain, and which will build up the most herculean and robust nation upon earth. Mighty rivers whose turbid streams drain half a continent, and bury themselves in the Northern Ocean. Measures of coal and iron, the sources of England's material greatness, and which will make any nation great which can use them aright, almost locked together. Above all, the hope of the despairing poor of the world, a boundless ocean of land, diversified by rolling hills, by lakes and woods, or swelling into illimitable plain. The haunt of the Indian, the bison, and the antelope, waiting with majestic patience for the flocks and the fields, the schools, the churches, the Christian faith and love of freedom of the coming men.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE annual meeting of the Press Association reminds us that a laudable effort was once made to infuse something of an *esprit de corps* amongst journalists. The aims of the Association were good, and if it had exerted any appreciable influence on the Canadian press, every right-minded man would have rejoiced at its success. But it has not succeeded; for the virus of party has proved too potent to be withstood by so feeble an antidote. At its annual meetings, members inveighed against discourtesy, and exhorted their brethren to eschew personal abuse, and conserve the amenities of the profession—but all in vain. Having paid their respects to decency by these hortatory exercises, the same men returned home to befool themselves anew with the mire of scurrility. It cannot be said that they were consciously inconsistent, still less hypocritical; the exigencies of party forced them into the old ruts, and they resumed the journey, jogging on as before, and bespattering all within their reach. Thus it happened that an Association, established with the best of motives, has contributed its quota of flag-stones to that pavement which is compacted of good intentions.

It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the vast influence of the press in this and every other free country. Journalists are not in the habit of underrating the importance of their mission, and more than enough has been uttered upon that head. But there is an inference to be drawn from it which editors are prone to forget or ignore—that the extent of its power should be the exact measure of its responsibility. In practice, however, the wider the influence of any party journal, the more reckless and disingenuous its tactics. Time was when the urban newspapers made themselves merry with the Billingsgate of rival editors in the country. They can do so no longer; for the weekly and daily papers have changed places in this

regard. It is to the credit of the country press that it has steadily risen in ability and courtesy, whilst its leaders have as palpably deteriorated. At the present moment, when personal slander and abuse run riot, nearly all the pleas for journalistic decency are to be found in the weekly press outside the cities.

Nowhere are the baneful effects of party spirit so marked as in the gradual degradation of the press. Years ago, when men had principles to contend for, personal abuse, if it appeared occasionally, was kept in the background; it forms now the staple of political controversy. The eighteenth century in England divides itself into two distinct periods, which may serve to illustrate the distinction. During the first half of it, politics consisted chiefly of intrigue, first of bed-chamber women and concealed Jacobitism, then of disappointed political ambitions. It is true that the principles of the Revolution were in jeopardy, as the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 sufficiently demonstrated, but as an ostensible spring of political action, Jacobitism kept in the background. The active agencies were personal invective and satire. In 1694, the Licensing Act expired by efflux of time, never to be renewed. It may be urged in extenuation of the excesses of the press in Anne's time, that political writers had not yet learned their true position and responsibility. They had been cast suddenly upon their own resources, and it could hardly be expected that they would use their freedom wisely or well. To what use they did put it, we know from the pamphlets of the time, and from such papers as the *Examiner*. Prior, and Swift, and Bolingbroke, were not over delicate in their political strictures, it is true; but they had genius and a grim satirical humour at command, which partially atoned for the unworthy means they employed. The instrument they wielded was the rapier, not the shillelagh, as

with us. Passing on a few years, we have the unscrupulous warfare of the "patriots" on Walpole—as salient an instance of pure faction as English history affords. Those were the days when Carteret and Pulteney, whose aims were purely selfish, issued the *Craftsman*, and when caricature first began to be a power in the state. Even the elder Pitt, who was a patriot indeed, failed to escape the general defilement. Amongst the factionists he occupied a prominent place. When the time came he did not scruple to support the infamous bill of Indemnity to witnesses against Walpole, which was, in fact, a statutory bid for perjury. Worst of all, as if to show how lightly principles sat on the noblest of statesmen, he had no sooner entered the Royal closet than he espoused the German schemes of George II., although he had not long before denounced them with all the force of his scathing eloquence. Such is the result of parties having no distinctive principle to divide them.

With the accession of George III., and the temporary ascendancy of Bute, issues of portentous moment were presented to the nation. The young monarch, glorying in the name of Briton, had read Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," and was determined not merely to reign, but to govern. The disastrous conflict with America did not, perhaps, originate in any plan of his; for the taxation scheme appears to have been the device of George Grenville alone. At any rate, the war was unquestionably popular with the great mass of the English people. Simultaneously with the inception of American taxation, however, appeared a deliberate scheme for subverting liberty at home. General warrants, *ex officio* informations, an oppressive libel law, and a gross violation of the rights of constituencies, aroused the writers of the day. They had principles to fight for, however, not shadows. Wilkes was but a wooden idol, insincere, self-seeking, and vain; but he was the victim of a system which could easily have been turned against better men. The personalities of the press, notably in Junius, were unjustifiable in the light of modern opinion, but they partook of the prevailing fashion, and had at least such palliation as strong conviction could afford them. The invective was merciless, sparing none of the sanctities of private life; yet it was subsidiary to a higher and a worthier aim. During the century after the Revolu-

tion, the English constitution was in solution, crystallizing slowly into the definite form of parliamentary supremacy. The Crown and the great patrician oligarchies struggled for the ascendancy; in the end, the popular triumph was definitively assured. It was no light matter, in those days, to be involved in the strife; and, though we may regret the traces of fierce passion which lie embedded in the records of the time, allowance must be made for the terrible earnestness of the combatants.

Returning to our own time and country, the question to be asked is, how has it happened that the leading party press of the country has taken us back beyond the period of conscientious political warfare to the era of personal ambitions and personal vindictiveness? The answer is not far to seek in the light of the eighteenth century. It is because parties are no longer based upon principles and politics, but have degenerated into a vulgar scramble for office. In periods of political ferment, personal abuse will form part of the controversy, but only a subordinate one; where there is nothing to contend for, it at once assumes the chief place. When there is no relevant argument to be had, the *argumentum ad hominem* absorbs all our political logic. When men are in earnest about principles they may indulge in personal attack as by-play, but they usually prefer to forego it altogether. Richard of England and Saladin could afford to be courteous to each other; it is only coal-heavers, quarrelling about nothing over their cups, who resort to fisticuffs.

In 1867 political parties in Canada, properly so-called, ceased to exist. They are now as completely extinct as Cavalier and Roundhead. Those who still call themselves Reformers and Conservatives can give no plausible reason for doing so. A Reform party which takes a Conservative into the Ontario Cabinet, and another into the Privy Council at Ottawa, discloses its conviction of this truth by its acts. The nett result of preserving the absurd distinctions of party in name is a steady declension in the dignity and respectability of the newspaper press. The leading organs have ceased to argue; they only abuse—the inevitable result of a state of things where principles have disappeared from the arena. Junius denounced as cant the maxim, "measures not men." He may have been right; but there is something



worse than cant in vogue with us : men without regard to measures is the motto here—adulation or abuse of the former, carelessness in criticism with regard to the latter. So far as the ministerial policy is concerned, it is supported or condemned in the press according as that press is on the one side or the other. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks : “that the verdicts which will be given by different party-journals upon each ministerial act may be predicted, and that the opposite opinions uttered by speakers and applauded by meetings concerning the same measure, may be foreseen if the political bias is known, are facts from which anyone may infer that the party politician must have his feelings greatly moderated before he can interpret, with even proximate truth, the events of the past, and draw correct inferences respecting the future.”—(Study of Sociology, p. 265.) It ought surely to be obvious that a press which feels itself bound to support or oppose every measure of an administration, is *ipso facto* unfit to be a popular guide. The effect of any particular bill upon the general welfare is left out of consideration. It may promise well or ill, but that is left entirely out of consideration. Thought and forecast are out of the question, the only problem which engages the party editor is—this is a Government measure, what plausible reasons can we devise for supporting or opposing it? If this were all, there would be quite enough to complain of. No set of men in power are wholly wise and good, or entirely bad and fatuous. Their measures, no matter how thoughtfully and conscientiously framed, cannot always be defensible or assailable in their entirety. Yet the sound and intelligent criticism they should receive from the press is almost always wanting. The Cabinet is a cabal, infallible to one party and totally depraved in the eyes of the other. It is not flattering to the self-conceit which prides itself on the deliberative character of our representative institutions that party has put all honest deliberation out of the question. The people desire questions of moment to them in the present and in the future to be discussed with some regard to the national interests, but the party press treats them uniformly either to denunciation or apologetic. A fair examination of political questions solely on their merits is seldom or never attempted.

What then takes its place? Miserable

personality in every form the spirit of malignity can devise. If a measure be good in itself, the policy is to attribute it to corrupt motives ; if it be proposed to devote the public money to the best of public purposes, it is open to opponents to charge its promoters with sinister designs on the public purse ; if the necessities of a growing population seem to demand the enlargement of the judiciary or the improvement of any branch of the civil service, the cry of nepotism or political favouritism comes into play ; and if money is to be raised in the European market there are men who would not hesitate to damage the credit of their country to serve the petty interests of their party. We are not speaking now of either faction in particular, and the view is as well retrospective as immediate and present. Party spirit, as it finds expression in the party press, is the object in view. Grit or Tory, it has one feature in common—the corruption of political morality by unworthy methods of political warfare. Like the Harpies in Virgil, the organs taint all they touch—*contactu omnia sedant immundo*—and it matters little whether it be the Grit Ocypte or the Tory Celæno who under takes the loathsome work.

It is when their forces are united against a non-party opponent that the tactics of both are seen at their strongest. When their craft is in danger they both manage to pull together. They may affect to despise the revolt of public opinion against the prevailing strategy, but they know that it exists in the bosom of both their camps. The contest between the people and the parties must come to a settlement sooner or later, and it needs no prescience to foretell on which side the victory will rest. For the present it suits the organs to assail one man or a small body of men who have thrown themselves into the breach, with a virulence unexampled in journalism. Casting aside every honourable and gentlemanly instinct and trampling upon the common courtesies of their profession, they have ventured to impute motives, misrepresent utterances, and defame reputations. The silly affectation of humour where humour is not, which marks the style of the arch-offender, is too grim to come of anything but uneasiness and chagrin. Even party editors do not waste powder upon what is really despicable, and it is hardly supposable that their savage attacks upon

Mr. Goldwin Smith and the National party could have wound them up to fever-heat if they were not fully convinced that the danger is serious and imminent. The sound popular heart is sick of party recrimination, sick of slanders, sick of unreasoning eulogy or condemnation; what it wants is a fair, a rational, and an independent press.

Lord Dufferin in England is the same ardent friend of Canada we have found him to be from the first. Here he stands in no need of panegyric. Everyone recognises the wisely impartial character of his administration, the charm of his manner, and the eagerness with which he has sought to identify himself with Canadian interests and Canadian aspirations. The most inveterate of Tories would be disposed to condone many offences of the Gladstone administration in consideration of the happy instinct which selected for us the most popular Governor-General we have had for thirty years. He has been the first, within contemporary memory, to keep Canada before his eyes, even during vacation. At the dinner given in his honour at the Canada Club, His Excellency's speech could not have been more distinctly Canadian if he had been born and reared amongst us. His identification with Canadian progress and Canadian feeling was almost passionate in its utterance. The first assurance Lord Dufferin had to give, was one about which there can be no mistake:—"If there is one especial message which a person in my situation is bound to transmit from them to you, it is this,—that they desire to maintain intact and unimpaired their connection with this country, that they cherish an ineradicable conviction of the preëminent value of the political system under which they live, and that they are determined to preserve—pure and uncontaminated—all the traditional instincts of England's prosperous polity." There would have been no need to state this obvious fact so explicitly had not political rancour busied itself in flinging reckless charges of disloyalty and treason at the heads of awkward opponents. Nor would the American press have suffered itself to be beguiled into the belief that there is a thick vein of anti-British sentiment permeating the Dominion, if our politicians had only learned to speak fairly and honestly of one another.

The leading government organ gives its

own interpretation of His Excellency's speech, in an editorial eminently characteristic in style and method. We are told that Lord Dufferin recognises the necessity, under our system of government, of having the conduct of Ministers "carefully watched by a well-organized, well-disciplined, and, if I may so call it, a professional opposition." The quoted words are His Excellency's, but those which precede them are a gloss of the *Globe's*, garbling and perverting the text. The reader will scarcely be surprised to learn that nothing occurs in the sentence about "necessity," or about "our system of government," except from a personal point of view. Lord Dufferin merely spoke of an Opposition as a means of facilitating the discharge of his own duties; on the general question of party we shall find him holding entirely with us. These are the words for which the *Globe* substituted its gloss:—"Still, I must confess, as the constitutional head of the State, and dependent, consequently, for my guidance upon the advice of Parliamentary chiefs, I should feel extremely uneasy, unless I knew their conduct," &c. The initial word of this sentence indicates that it is a qualification of something that has been previously affirmed; but of that presently. What strikes us here is the superb impudence of the organ. That a journal which is intolerant of the simplest criticism of party measures or the slightest divergence of opinion, even within the fold, should prate of the necessity of a powerful Opposition, is surely the acme of assurance. The readers of the *Globe* have not yet forgotten its rabid attack on Mr. Mills, or the attack it evidently desired to make, but dared not, upon Mr. Blake. The native cowardice, which never forsakes it, preferred the indirect method of approach, and signalized itself by dastardly assaults upon Mr. Goldwin Smith and Dr. Canniff—men who were in no public position, and had been guilty of no crime save that of discussing public affairs from an independent stand-point. A strong Opposition, quotha! Who was it, we may ask, who strained every nerve to wipe all effective opposition out of existence, at the last general election? Who was it that would have moved heaven and earth, not to speak of another place, in order to defeat Sir John A. Macdonald, the man who, above all others, is best qualified by his ability and experience to be a useful co-

adjutor in legislation? What journal is it that has denounced the present opposition as hopelessly bankrupt in character, factious in conduct, and worthless in criticism? The readers of the *Globe* may answer these questions for themselves. One thing is certain, that whatever may have been the faults of the last administration (and they have certainly found no apology in these columns), the conduct of Sir Jno. Macdonald in opposition has been unexceptionable. With quite as large a following as the Reform leaders had in by-gone days, he has disdained to repeat their obstructive tactics. Accepting the inevitable necessities of the situation, he has preferred to be an unofficial *collaborateur*, rather than a reckless opponent. The judicious course of the Opposition leaders has no doubt confirmed Lord Dufferin in his approval of the convenience, from a vice-regal point of view, of an effective Opposition. We believe he has been misled by the forbearance of Sir John Macdonald and his knowledge of English habits. He has not yet experienced—and we hope his patience may never be put to the test—the energies of party without principle. There are those among us who have not forgotten the administrations of Lord Elgin and Sir Edmund Head.

The organ informs its friends that His Excellency's utterances are "perfectly free from the cant of non-partyism." Cant is an awkward word to be found in the *Globe's* vocabulary. It has traded so largely in it as a marketable commodity, and has done so in such a peculiar way, that one might fancy the mere thought of it would have caused a spasm in the throat. The public has been treated in turn to its Orange cant and its Roman Catholic cant, as political alliances seemed to suggest. Of all Canadian journals, it has dealt most largely in hypocritical pretence, delusive battle-cries, Pharisaical assumption, and *ad captandum* appeals to ignorance and prejudice. Even the sentence which begins with a protest against "cant" ends by exemplifying it, for its concluding words are these: (His Excellency) "has seen the worst as well as the best results of 'party' here." In other words, the "worst" have flowed from that Opposition which the *Globe* values so much that it is strange it does not propose a salary for Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper; the "best" are from the "party of

purity." This we take to be "cant," pure and simple. So far as the non-party feeling of the country has found expression, it is singularly exempt from the imputation of "cant" in any form. Its basis is fact, not catch-words or illusory maxims, and no word has been uttered in its interest, so far as we know, which the most crooked ingenuity could translate into the language of "cant."

The phantom which disturbs our contemporary's enjoyment, even when he revels in the cheery speech of Lord Dufferin, assumes an importance in His Excellency's eyes. He, at any rate, believes that, with the exception of a fancied difficulty in his own way in comprehending the exact significance of Parliamentary movement, there is no need of party. The prominent place he gives to the non-party movement in his address is the best evidence of its substantial hold upon the Canadian people. "In fact," he says, "it is made a matter of complaint by many persons that the considerations which regulate and determine the allegiance of the people to their several political leaders have become effete and meaningless traditions, unrepresentative of any living or vital policy which distinguishes the administrative programme of the one party from that of the other." This is the "cant of non-partyism," as defended by Earl Dufferin in the pleas he afterwards takes the trouble to urge on its behalf. The *Globe* could not well suppress the able speech of His Excellency, but it took care to provide a deceptive commentary, and yet we think it would puzzle the most ardent admirer of that journal to reconcile its perversions of that lucid address with the address itself, which, with a few verbal modifications, might be used as a manifesto of "Canada First." The Governor-General does not think it high treason to speak of Canada as a nation. The words "national" and "nationality" occur more than once in the course of this address, and with one pertinent extract we may leave the subject for the present: "No characteristic of the *national* feeling is more strongly marked than their exuberant confidence in their ability to shape their own destinies to their appointed issues, their jealous pride in the legislative autonomy with which they have been endowed, and their patriotic and personal devotion to the land within whose ample bosom they have been nurtured, and which they justly regard as more largely dow-

ered with all that can endear a country to its sons than any other in the world." That is the national creed tersely and lucidly expressed; we need not say it is not the creed of the *Globe* and trading politicians generally.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne seems to have passed off with almost uniform tranquillity. Canada and Ireland passed through the trial unscathed, and even the New York Orangemen enjoyed their pic-nic without molestation. Almost the only exception was a very cowardly and unprovoked attack upon a few Orangemen and their friends at Lawrence, Mass. There was no possible pretext for this assault. That a crowd of angry Roman Catholics should assault a handful of unoffending men and women returning, without band or party insignia, from a pic-nic, was utterly beyond excuse—it was simply villainous. At the same time, the question remains, How has it come about that twelfth of July celebrations are the only form of *quasi*-festivity which uniformly excites bad blood, and not unfrequently ends in riot and murder? Is there any countervailing utility traceable in the history and aims of the Society which takes this anniversary under its especial patronage, to set off against the imminent danger which menaces the public peace at least once every year? If any such advantage can be fairly shown to be derivable from fantastic dress and offensive party music, it might be as well if those who plead the cause of the Society would make it known, at least to Protestants who have not been favoured with the peculiar light of Ulster tradition.

The conclusion to which many of us have arrived, after some reflection upon the facts of its history, and its somewhat erratic course in this country, is that the Orange Society is not merely valueless in itself, but absolutely harmful as a nucleus for strifes and bitternesses which are foreign both to Canadian feeling and inclination. It may be readily admitted that there are many good and earnest men who are, from hereditary or traditional habit, within the Orange ranks; indeed, unless some such leaven existed, the entire organization would long since have gone to pieces. But that even these *franc-tireurs* of the Church militant should fancy themselves to be the main body of the army, and boldly proclaim that the cause of Pro-

testantism would be lost irretrievably from the moment they ceased to fire their pop-guns or hold their own in street scimmages with irate Roman Catholics, is surely a marvel of infatuation. It has been well remarked that there are two descriptions of Orangemen within the fold of the Society—the ideal Orangeman of the Constitution and the Obligation, who is, in great part, a creature of the imagination; and the practical Orangeman, who constitutes the active spirit of the party, ready for any violence, from depopulating a Province or plotting against an Empire, to well-nigh killing a poor Italian organ-grinder for playing so harmless a national tune as "St. Patrick's Day." Of course we are speaking here, not of the majority of the Society, but of those who, in fact, shape its destinies and bring disgrace upon its name. The evils these violent partisans of Orangeism have entailed upon it, and upon the countries where it unfortunately flourishes, are melancholy but incontrovertible historical facts. The institution, as it now exists, supplanted the "Peep o' Day Boys," and its first lodge was instituted at Loughall in 1795. It proposed no less a task to itself than the forcible ejection of the Roman Catholic population from Ulster, beginning with Armagh. Lord Gosford, then governor of that county, reported as follows:—"It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age nor acknowledged innocence as to the late disturbances is sufficient to excite mercy, much less afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this merciless persecution is charged with is a crime of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible; it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and immediate banishment." After declining to put himself or his readers to the pain that a detailed account of the attendant horrors would inflict, his lordship continues: "Where have we read—or in what history of human cruelty have we read—of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in

the midst of an inclement winter, to seek shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them? This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this country; yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest heart. These horrors are now acting, and acting with impunity."—*Molesworth's Hist. of England*. Ed. 1874. Vol. I., p. 376. It is evident that the words, "the face of a Papist daren't be seen," which still forms the refrain of an offensive party song, had at one time a fearful significance, hardly yet forgotten by the grand-children of the sufferers.

It is right to say that in those early days men of intelligence and some measure of tolerance had not yet taken the management of the lawless Society into their hands. That they did so ultimately resulted in a mitigation of the atrocities of the ignorant and unreasoning mass; but that was not an unmixed blessing. Had the Association remained under the control of the ruthless men who set it on foot, its career would have been short-lived, and much of the embarrassment caused by so potent an element of strife would have been spared to English governments, Whig and Tory. As it is, Orangeism has been made the means of embittering the quarrels of race and religion in the hands of men who gained political capital by setting Ireland by the ears. The toleration they profess has always found a sad practical commentary in the pertinacity which has clung to every hoary abuse and resisted every honourable effort at reform and conciliation. The plea that the Roman Catholic population will never be satisfied with any concessions that England may make from a sense of justice would not, even were it true, be the slightest excuse for resisting the plainest dictates of national duty. When everything that can and ought to be done has been effected, the conscience of England will approve of the work, whether it be successful or not. They are the true foes of Ireland's future who withstand à l'outrance the simplest measure of justice, and whose reading of the golden rule is distinctly anti-Christian—"Whatsoever ye think it probable men would do unto you, in certain vague and scarcely imaginable contingencies, do ye also unto them."

No one will accuse us of Ultramontane

leanings, but we cannot repress the reflections which are pressed upon us by the extravagances of this antagonistic phase of religious tyranny and intolerance. It seems singular to an ordinary Protestant, that Orangemen should be deluded by the factitious notion, in which they have been nurtured, that their institution is the chief defence of the reformed religion, instead of being, as it is in fact, a standing stumbling-block in its way. Stranger still, that the effigy of William III., a man singularly in advance of his age in tolerance, and even in his latitudinarian views on religion—should be limned upon the banners of a Society which, from first to last, has been the determined foe of political equality and religious freedom. If proof were wanting of the crass prejudices which prevent the average Orangeman from understanding how to mete out an even measure of justice to his opponents, it is not far to seek. We have only to contrast the insane rage which seizes him when innocuous Irish airs are played in his hearing, with the ostentatious pertinacity with which he deafens the public ear with unmelodious party tunes, wedded as they are to words ridiculing all that a Roman Catholic holds sacred, and reviving, in the most offensive form, the bitterest memories of the past. Orangeism is an anachronism, utterly unfitted for the time or country in which we live. Its most effective period was that in which its garments were most copiously stained with blood. Any one who can imagine for a moment that parading in fantastic garb, or that the noisy performance of offensive airs, can be of service to Protestantism, must strangely mistake the spirit of the age in which we live. The nineteenth century has religious controversies to settle, momentous enough in all conscience; but they must be settled in a rational, tolerant and courteous spirit. It is not by the blare of trumpets, the squeaking of fifes, or the thrashing of sheepskin, that these weighty problems are to be solved. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget*. How far the spokesmen of this society are from mastering the difficulties which beset men on every side, may be gathered from the blatant utterances in which they indulge at their annual assemblages. Want of sobriety in thought and of moderation in speech, are fitly conjoined with imperfect knowledge of history and total incapacity to appreciate the spirit of



theage. It seems scarcely necessary to point out that both in Ireland and in Canada they have not even remained constant to their religious professions. From 1798 until now, the temptations to make the Society a political engine have been too strong for them, and both by temporary alliances and permanent antipathies, it has often been warped out of the traditional groove.

In two Provinces of the Dominion, at least, Quebec and Manitoba, any display of politico-religious partisanship would evidently end in bloodshed. Elsewhere the minority grinds its teeth in secret, and submits to an unavoidable necessity. We are far from crediting Roman Catholics with that studied forbearance to take offence, which arises from indifference or contempt; they ordinarily refrain from resisting, because resistance is hopeless. But it may not be out of place to submit to intelligent and honourable Orangemen, whether these annual parades are not dearly paid for in the concealed or forcibly repressed rancour and bitterness they inevitably arouse? If the principles of the Reformation possess the value we assign to them, it is surely not by empty show and declamation that they can be maintained and disseminated. The rights of free thought and private judgment have not yet received complete acceptance even from Protestants—their recognition is yet in the future—but of all policies that *quasi*-religionists could adopt, the most unwise and un-Protestant is that of retrogression. The English Revolution was a notable step in the national progress; but we have mounted higher in our conceptions of civil and religious liberty since 1688. To revert to the crude and imperfect notions of that period, would be to advance crab fashion, by going backwards. Protestantism will cease to be a vital force in the world when it ceases to be the guide and light of the age, and the cry of "religious liberty" will soon be meaningless in the nineteenth century, if it contracts itself within the narrow signification it acquired in the seventeenth. Every lover of his country loves its history also, and delights to live by sympathy in the struggles of the past; but he is not blind to their imperfect character, or the faltering steps with which our forefathers toiled toward the dawn. The battles of the Boyne and Aughrim were such steps as Bosworth, and Naseby, and Culloden were in the sister-

island; but the true patriot would no more fancy it incumbent upon him to celebrate the former than the latter, especially when the celebration assumes an offensive and irritating guise. Above all things, it is lamentable to see the youth of Canada schooled in wilfulness and disregard of all control, and we fear we must add, as the result of the experiment in Toronto, in deliberate initiation in the slippery paths of organized lawlessness and rowdiness.

The hope may be cherished that, with the progress of the Dominion, these baneful influences will lose their power. To despair of the growing enlightenment of popular opinion would be a serious blunder, to make the lightest of it; and we believe that with increased intelligence the evil will work its own cure. We have appealed to the well-informed members of the Orange Society, because we cannot believe that they are so infatuated with the party fetish as to be inaccessible to reason. In coercive measures we have no faith; we believe neither in Party Processions Acts, nor in the short-sighted policy which has more than once rejected Bills for the incorporation of the Orange Society. We have never been convinced of the justice of repressive legislation, for it has always failed. The sound common sense of the people in this free country, where religious dissension should be an exotic, will some day or other lead the Orange Association to disband itself *proprio motu*, as its Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland disbanded it authoritatively in years gone by.

The question has been raised in the newspapers—"How long may a member of the Cabinet hold office without securing a seat in Parliament?" The first point that will strike the student of constitutional law and usage is this: that no number of precedents can justify any particular departure from an acknowledged rule. No mere summing up of weeks or months in any English or Canadian case, can be held to justify an equal or shorter period in any other case, unless the circumstances are such as of themselves to warrant it. In other words, each precedent, so-called, must stand on its own foundation, and cannot be justified by reference to others, which probably rest upon entirely diverse grounds. It will be seen in the sequel that we have no sympathy with the

pothor which party has raised about the length of time Mr. Crooks has been out of Parliament; but we have no idea of submitting, without protest, to the fallacious argumentation indulged in by the Treasurer's friends. Constitutional usage is clear upon the point:—Ministers of the Crown must find seats in the Legislature "within a reasonable time" after the calamity of a defeat. What that "reasonable time" may be in any particular case, is not to be decided by reference to the length of time other men may have held Government offices without a seat in Parliament, but solely by the circumstances of the case under discussion. It does not at all follow that because Mr. J. C. Morrison occupied the Solicitor-Generalship for over two years without a seat, Mr. Crooks, one of five Cabinet ministers, would therefore be justified in adopting the precedent even for six months.

A correspondent of the *Globe*, who styles himself "Parliamentum," takes a different and, as we think, an erroneous view of the subject. The first thing to be noted in these letters is the strange assumption that, because Lords Russell and Derby laid the principal stress upon the necessity that those who hold "high offices of State should be members of the Houses of Parliament, that they may be here to defend or explain their conduct," they maintained also the very different proposition, that their election or non-election till the eve of the Session, was a matter of indifference. By what process in dialectics this conclusion is arrived at, we are at a loss to divine. Suppose that a Minister of the Crown, after enjoying office without Parliamentary responsibility, for nine months, as he might do in Ontario, should then take it into his head to resign his office just before the Session, how could he be there "to defend or explain his conduct?" The *dicta* quoted by "Parliamentum" are applicable to the recess as well as to the Session. If a member of the Government holds a seat in Parliament, the people know that they can call him to account when the House meets; but if he remains out, without making any attempt to secure one, how are they to assure themselves of his responsibility to any one? Neither of the noble lords quoted utters a word in defence of a Cabinet Minister spending his "reasonable time" in doing nothing to secure a seat; and it savours of

fallacy to make them defend what they simply ignore, on the strength of a positive assertion in the form of an attack.

Let us turn now to the cases cited, premising briefly that no valid parallel can be drawn between the English Government, or even the Dominion Government, and our Provincial Cabinet. To begin with, an administration in England, instead of being five in number, forms a numerous body, especially in the Commons; this of itself is decisive against the relevancy of the quoted cases. In the next place, the absence of the chief of any department is not so great an inconvenience as with us, because there is always a Parliamentary subordinate in the shape of an Under-Secretary to "defend or explain" any transaction that may be called in question. Finally, such inconvenience as there is takes the shape of additional labour cast upon the Premier, who is usually without a portfolio, rather than a breach of constitutional duty to the public. "Parliamentum" quotes five Conservative and three Whig cases in which the constitutional rule was strained. The former sound rather strangely when quoted as precedents by a Reform apologist, but we shall glance at them presently. Meanwhile, there are the three Whig instances. Sir John Campbell's is no precedent at all, for he was not a member of the Cabinet, and was only four months without a seat. Lord Palmerston, in the second Melbourne Government, was out of the House too short a time to be reckoned, so that that case also must go by the board. The third precedent we hardly know how to characterize. The writer says:—"During Lord Palmerston's second administration, in 1861, he had no Cabinet Minister especially representing Ireland, except the Chief Secretary;" and he then proceeds to tell us what became of the Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General. "Parliamentum" ought to be aware, if he is not, that the Chief Secretary is not necessarily a member of the Cabinet. Whether he shall be so or not is a mere matter of domestic arrangement, depending altogether on the rank or importance of the man, and not of the office. With this morsel of political information we may waive that point, since Mr. Cardwell was a Cabinet Minister. But when the correspondent goes on to speak of there being no other Cabinet Ministers for Ireland, he surely cannot suppose that

the law officers ever occupy that position. If so, he must be further indebted to us for the information that the English, Scotch, and Irish law-officers are never included in the Cabinet. Thus the third Whig precedent meets the untoward fate of the others.

Now for the Conservative precedents as urged by a Reformer. The first is "during the Canning Administration"—a misleading expression, for Canning only took office on the twelfth of May, 1827, and died on the eighth of August, a period of less than four months. Besides, the Postmaster-Generalship is not always a Cabinet office. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, was not in the Cabinet, and we may add was not "a Peer." The President of the Board of Trade is usually a Minister, but his office has always been more or less a sinecure, and there were exceptional circumstances in the defeat of Vesey Fitzgerald by Dan. O'Connell, in Clare. The times were exceedingly critical; party ties were torn asunder; and some allowance must necessarily be made under the circumstances. The same remark applies to the case of Mr. Gladstone, who held the office of Colonial Secretary for six months without a seat in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel had announced his Free Trade policy, and Lord Stanley (the late Earl of Derby) immediately surrendered the seals of the Colonial Office. The Premier had lost the bulk of his party, and although the Whigs sustained his trade measures, he could not invite them to take seats in the Government. He was, therefore, compelled to cling to the friends that were left him, or imperil the success of a scheme he believed to be a national necessity. The last two cases will illustrate our meaning when we contended, a little ago, that every departure from constitutional usage must be defended on its own merits. The Master-General of the Ordnance, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, are bastard precedents, for neither of them occupies more than a subordinate position, although the first, we believe, was included in Sir R. Peel's Cabinet on that occasion.

Turning to the Canadian precedents, we encounter the honoured name of Robert Baldwin. He was certainly the last man to disregard the rights of the people, nor did he do so on the occasion referred to. It is quite true that he was defeated in Hastings in September, 1842, and did not find a seat

till he was returned for Rimouski in January, 1843,—only four months after all. "Parliamentum" forgets to tell us, however, that another election occurred in the interim. Mr. Murney defeated the Attorney-General at an election so unusually violent that the troops were called out. The latter contested the election, and could not be reproached, therefore, because he did not seek a new constituency when his object was to recover the old one. The sitting member was unseated, but again succeeded in defeating Mr. Baldwin, whose return for Rimouski followed within a very "reasonable time." Mr. Vankoughnet again was not a member of either house when his appointment was gazetted. It was intended that he should be a candidate for the Elective Legislative Council, and as the elections did not take place till October, it was scarcely possible that he could be returned earlier. Mr. Morrison's case is one, considering the uproar raised about it by the Grit party, that we are surprised "Parliamentum" should have tackled. It and those following it are surely Tory precedents which a "true Reformer" ought to spurn. There are two others which, under the circumstances, it is strange he did not quote: M. Viger, the Lower Canada leader under the Metcalfe régime, held office for eighteen months without a seat—a case in point, not irrelevant like Mr. Baldwin's; the other is that of Mr. Cayley, who, like Mr. Crooks, was a Finance Minister. Perhaps delicacy in referring to sanctions drawn from the Family Compact may have restrained him.

So far as Mr. Crooks is concerned, we demur to the course of his opponents on special grounds, other than those of fallacious precedent. The difference between constitutional government in England, or even at Ottawa, and that sort of magnified municipal system which obtains in the Provinces, has been already referred to; but it has a wider bearing when we come to deal with ministerial responsibility. There is a possibility of straining constitutional usage too far in the conduct of such governments as that of Ontario. The introduction of party distinctions was the first blunder. With functions so limited as those possessed by our Ontario Assembly, with little else to do than devise, in a harmonious manner, how the money at our command may be made to go the farthest and effect the

most, men have preferred to ape the forms of supreme Parliamentary bodies, and to substitute for party principles party and personal vituperation. In the same spirit they are strong in insisting upon constitutional punctilio where, at best, it has only a doubtful application. We are not speaking here in the interest of one party rather than the other. On the contrary, we believe that one source of the Provincial muddle in which we seem likely to be involved, is directly traceable to the party now in power. If the plan of government adopted by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, in 1867, had been consistently followed, in preference to the rigid party system which succeeded it, the result would have been different. As it is, each party follows the bent of its humour, carping and slandering at its own sweet will. If Mr. Crooks had a national or imperial policy to expound or defend, we could understand the clamour now raised against him; but it is far otherwise. His duties are wholly of an administrative, and chiefly of a routine, character, not much superior to those of a County Treasurer. English and Dominion precedents fail us entirely in the case of an officer whose functions are not those of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or Minister of Finance. We can see no reason why any one should insist upon a usage which is too elaborate and exacting for a simple form of government like that of Ontario. The presence of the Treasurer in Parliament during the Session, with some means of compelling him to meet his responsibilities, should he desire to shirk them, is all that seems necessary, unless we desire to see the Province capsized by deckload or machinery. For these reasons we have no sympathy with the outcry against the Treasurer—not for the reasons pressed upon the readers of the *Globe* by "Parliamentum."

The Opposition has lost its most telling card by the retirement of the Provincial Secretary; Mr. McKellar has, like every new hand, been chargeable with administrative blunders; but what has made him vulnerable to attack may be attributed to qualities we are accustomed to rank amongst the virtues. His chief faults, as a public man, have undoubtedly been too great openness of character and too constant a flow of animal spirits. The man who wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, is sure,

in public life, to find them pecking there before long. In private life, openness and cheerfulness of manner are invariably acceptable; but in political life, as politics go now-a-days, reticence and moroseness are the rule, frankness and cordiality the unfortunate exceptions. Official reserve, as it is called, passes in parliamentary circles for official wisdom, and no man can hope to pass unscathed the ordeal of adverse criticism who has not learned that language is given to conceal, rather than express, our thoughts. Mr. McKellar has, perhaps, erred on the other side, and this, with the provoking joviality of his temper, has brought it about that, since he took office, he has been the best-abused man of his party. Admitting that his judgment has not always been sound as a Minister, we are not aware that he has ever been chargeable with avarice or self-seeking. Eighteen years of Parliamentary life have brought him to the verge of sixty. During all that time, if it be a merit to serve one's party faithfully, the ex-Secretary has never swerved from his allegiance, and thus has well earned such recognition of his services as his party has the power to bestow. Younger men have taken care of their remaining years while yet in the prime of life; Mr. McKellar has kept the harness on his back till he has arrived at an age when the most bitter of opponents will not grudge the repose he has earned, for the most part, in the cold and unpromising shades of opposition.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto City Council, it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Ald. Withrow, that an application should be made to the Legislature for an amendment of the Municipal Act, so as to provide that, at any future vote on a by-law granting a bonus, a majority of all the ratepayers entitled to vote shall be necessary to its passage. With the object of the motion it is impossible not to sympathize; indeed we should like it much better, if it were extended to cover every exercise of the elective franchise, parliamentary and municipal. So far as bonuses are concerned, there is an obvious necessity for some such provision immediately. The City of Toronto has voted, from time to time, many hundreds of thousands of dollars in aid of railways—the interest has to be provided on the debentures yearly, as well as a sinking fund to liquidate the principal in twenty-one years or so—and yet it has been found impossible to drag

even a respectable number of qualified rate-payers to the polls. The opposition to these by-laws is seldom well organized and effective, unless rival interests clash, or an unwonted fit of parsimony seizes the people. All that the company which is to profit by the bonus has to do, is to secure the attendance of a small proportion of the constituency, large enough to defeat any probable minority opposed to the vote. The large majority of those entitled to a voice in the matter remain at home, perfectly indifferent, although it strikes at a vital part—the pocket. Now, what we should like to ask the Corporation is, how they propose to tempt these people to the polls? It is hardly supposable that the object of the application is to place a veto upon any future bonus; but that will almost inevitably be its practical effect, unless it be supplemented by some device to induce voters to do their duty. Let the Corporation insert a clause to render this compulsory, and they could easily bring about a better state of things.

We have never been able to understand what good object the chief organ proposes to itself, when it doctors the election returns so as to favour its party. The trick is sure to be found out in the end, and can therefore be of no practical benefit after all. The result of the Quebec elections, for example, after making all reasonable deductions, shows somewhere in the neighbourhood of twelve as the Conservative majority. What surprises us is, that it is not larger, considering the exertions of the hierarchy, on the Government side. At episcopal headquarters, in the City of Montreal, there were three terrible Opposition defeats, which must have tended to disquiet considerably the repose of M. Jetté and his colleagues. Both parties endeavour to secure the influence of the Church, without caring to inquire whether it be legitimately exercised or not. The difference between them is this—that whilst the Conservatives, for the most part, believe in the power they invoke, the Liberals do not. For our own part, we have not hesitated to pronounce clerical intervention, as now exercised, a wanton meddling with the freedom of elections, and, in every way, fatal to the progress and good government of the country. That the clergy of all denominations, might exercise, if they would, a very important and salutary power over

the electorate, we believe; and that the Roman Catholic episcopate are fully alive to the fact is much to their credit. Moreover, interference at elections in the interests of party is not entirely confined to them. The cases are, no doubt, isolated ones in which Protestant ministers have used the pulpit for political propagandism; still, especially in the rural districts, they are more numerous than is generally supposed. The influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, however, is *sui generis*—ubiquitous, continual, unceasingly vigilant, and it cannot be compared with any number of desultory efforts on the Protestant side. How the English Government, disposed as it is to a broad system of conciliation, and the Irish bench view this interference was unmistakably shewn in the famous Galway election case. We cannot agree with the *Mail*, when it says: "If they, the Roman Catholic body, choose to submit to a greater degree of leadership from their hierarchy than Protestants, we do not see that any one has a right to object." So far as regards those whose religion sits lightly upon them, this is true; but the sincere and devout Catholic has no choice in the matter. He is the victim of "undue influence and intimidation" combined, far more potent than those exercised by landlords and employers of labour. The latter may cause temporary inconvenience and suffering, but the clergy carry their promises and threats into a world beyond the grave. The *Mail* seems to suppose that the ballot is a protection to the Roman Catholic voter, and to some extent this is no doubt true, as the late elections have proved. But it is by no means an adequate protection; since whether the vote shall remain unknown or not, depends upon the discretion of the *curé*. If he chooses to ply the ecclesiastical machinery at his command, no legal provision can render the secrecy of the ballot inviolable. It is one of the fatalities of ecclesiastical interference that, from want of familiarity with politics, it is sure to make itself felt in the wrong place. Nothing could establish more clearly its impropriety than the attacks made by Mgr. Bourget on the course taken in Parliament on the New Brunswick School Act and the Amnesty question, and the flattery heaped upon a handful of irreconcilables led by Messrs. Masson and Mousseau. On the first question, he proposed to violate the Act of 1867 by



meddling with the local autonomy of a Province; on the other, he did not hesitate to interfere, in imperious terms, with the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. We observe that the first step of the De Boucherville government, as soon as the elections were over, was to pave the way for a return to office of Messrs. Ouimet and Chapleau, the heroes, with M. Dansereau, of the Tanneries scandal. The first-named may, perhaps, prefer the more secure and permanent post of Educational Superintendent, but the Cabinet is open to them both, if they desire to enter it—a sad commentary on the high moral tone of the Government when it took office.

A short time since some hope was held out that the tedious Guibord case was likely to be satisfactorily adjusted at last. This expectation has unfortunately been disappointed, and the matter appears to have collapsed with the refusal of the *Fabrique* to obey the judgment of the Judicial Committee. M. Doutre, who was of counsel for the appellants in London, informed the *curé* of the result, intimated the desire of his clients that the interment of Guibord should take place as quietly as possible, and, of course, without the ordinary religious rites. In reply, the Rev. Mr. Rousselot distinctly refused to obey the law. "At the present time," he says, "I acknowledge, no more than in 1869, the right of the Civil Courts to intervene in questions which belong *wholly* to ecclesiastical authority; and notwithstanding my profound respect for our Gracious Sovereign, and my perfect submission to her authority in anything of a civil order, I am, and shall be, obliged to refuse burial to J. Guibord, in consecrated ground, so long as my bishop forbids it." The assumption that the question involved here is "wholly" ecclesiastical, or even largely so, is absolutely untenable. The question is distinctly one pertaining to "the civil order," and, as such was adjudicated upon by the highest court in the Empire. Guibord was the owner of a lot in the Cemetery, a tithe-payer in a Province where the tithes are recoverable by legal process, under an Imperial statute. He had civil rights, therefore, as a Roman Catholic, which the law courts were bound to recognise and enforce. Under the French *régime*, neither the bishop nor the *curé* would have ventured to defy the Govern-

ment, as they are well aware they may do with impunity now-a-days. Louis XIV. and Colbert were not in the habit of standing any nonsense from the hierarchy, and thus the secret instructions to Governors and Intendants abound in admonitions to keep them in their proper places. Certainly they would never have permitted the bishops to violate both civil and ecclesiastical law, as they are doing in the case before us. Two hundred years ago, the *Parlement* of Paris would have committed Père Rousselot to the Bastille without scruple, and kept him there while he proved contumacious. We neither advocate nor desire any coercive measures of the kind; but merely note the fact that the exceptional indulgence afforded to the priesthood of Quebec is poorly requited by an insolent defiance of both authority and common sense. It is sometimes urged that the privileges at present enjoyed by the Catholic Church are guaranteed by treaty—nothing can be more wide of the fact. The enjoyment of their "language, their institutions, and their laws" has no stronger basis to rest upon than the Imperial Act of 1774. Neither capitulations nor treaty secured even State recognition of the episcopate, or anything beyond bare toleration and the recognition of proprietary rights. The right to enforce the payment of *dîmes* or tithes was also conceded by the same statute. We should be sorry to see the liberties of the Church in any measure curtailed, but common gratitude, if nothing else, might have suggested that the clergy, in return for the liberal policy of the English Government, should scrupulously and cheerfully fulfil their part of the compact.

The judgment of the Judicial Committee stands upon clear and irrefragable grounds. Without pronouncing any opinion on the puzzling question of "the precise *status* of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada," they claim that they must decide as they would do even in the case of a private and voluntary society, where a member of it complains that he is deprived of his rights. They are not prepared to admit that the *mandat* of the Bishop, based "on grounds revealed or unrevealed, satisfactory to himself," can avail to dispense with the application of general ecclesiastical law, so as to enable him to prohibit the burial of a parishioner. Moreover, the pretence that the Bishop can excommunicate an entire Asso-

ciation *en bloc*, so as to operate against each member separately and individually, is utterly unwarranted by any law, civil or ecclesiastical. The Guibord case was seized upon as a peg on which to hang extreme Ultramontane doctrine, but has no support from the law of the Church.

M. Doutre points out that, so far from regarding the matter at issue as a matter of conscience, the clergy have, since the commencement of this case, buried half-a-dozen members of the Institute in consecrated ground. The Freemasons are denounced by the Church, and declared liable to excommunication, though not individually and *ipso facto* excommunicated. The learned counsel mentions one fact which ought to tell with crushing effect in the present argument. In the church itself, of Pointe Claire, a parishioner was buried who belonged to both proscribed societies; for he was not merely a member of *l'Institut Canadien*, but a Freemason likewise. The *curé* was well aware of both facts; and if he had been called to account, he could have defended himself unanswerably, by pleading that the man had not been individually and by name extruded from the fold of the Church.

A statement is made by M. Doutre, which serves to show the clerical insubordination, not merely to the Sovereign, but to the Pope, which prevails at Montreal. "You may read the condemnation of your conduct, by the laws of the Catholic Church of all ages, by the Councils, by the theologians of all countries. And as a fly does not walk lame in this good Canada, without bringing opinions from Rome, I invite you to publish those you have obtained there on the Guibord affair. Rumour is a great liar if you have not been condemned there, rank and file. Your rebellion in this case would be not only against the Queen of England, but also against the opinions of Roman theologians. However, we are accustomed to see the religious authorities of Montreal laughing at decisions rendered at Rome, after having solicited them, so that no one can wonder at any kind of rebellion on your part." We should rejoice to find that the Pontiff has dared to do justice to the rectitude of English law, and the binding authority in all cases of the ecclesiastical canons of his own Church. Meanwhile, we agree with the learned counsel, that the desire of the *curé*

to enact the rôle of martyr will not be gratified, and that the vanity which prompts him to court attachment and imprisonment, should be treated with deserved contempt.

No more promising feature can be noted in this time of earnest religious controversy than the tolerant calmness which possesses the disputants. It is not so long since orthodox and sceptic alike seemed to be laid hold of by the demons of rage and unreason, whenever they came in conflict. To the former, doubt was a sure mark of immorality; to the latter, orthodoxy was a synonym for hypocrisy. Calm discussion or judicial examination of moot points on the most momentous subjects, was never thought of. The change which has taken place within the memory of living men is as welcome as in some aspects it is surprising. The *odium theologicum* still rages, but it is, for the most part, within the Church, not as between Christianity and its critics or opponents. The bitterest assaults come from scientific men, like Professor Clifford and a few other extremists, and the most unscrupulous and worthless of defences from those who know the least. We have only to contrast with the early English deists, Voltaire and Paine, the writings of F. W. Newman, Strauss, Hanson, Greg, and the author of *Supernatural Religion*, to note the difference on one side, and to compare the apologetic writings of both periods on the other, in order to recognize the essential difference in tone and treatment. Taking up the *Sunday Magazine* for July, we find, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, a notice of *Supernatural Religion*. He does not, of course, approve of that work; but he can speak of it without abusing its author, and even concedes something to him. It is "a large and well-written book," and its arguments are "minute and elaborate." The editor then speaks of Dr. Lightfoot, who, like himself, would have been denounced as a rationalist not many years ago in England, and would almost certainly be so denounced in free Canada even now. Dr. Blaikie first makes a very important admission—"It cannot be denied that the subject (*i. e.* of the credibility of the Gospels) is not free from difficulty." He then proceeds to note that there are many persons who imagine that the New Testament was revealed as a whole. "The faith of such persons," he says, "is apt to receive a shock

when they come to know the history of the Canon, and when once they find that the Canon of the New Testament was not fixed finally till the fourth century, they are apt to swing to the opposite extreme and fancy that the New Testament has little more authority than an ordinary book." Finally, he prefers the manly and honest course of facing doubt and ascertaining what it has to say for itself, instead of ignoring the "difficulty" and nibbling at the edges of it. The reason why there is so much cryptic scepticism amongst us is to be found in the systematic repression of all open statement of unpalatable views. These have full course amongst our young men, for they work their way in secret; and those who ought to meet them in the light of day, do not choose to do so. Human intellects cannot be always kept in leading-strings; the time is sure to come when the treatment which is natural enough where you have to deal with children, inquisitive on forbidden subjects, will no longer serve. The consequence is, as Dr. Blaikie justly observes, that as old illusions are dispelled, our young men "swing round" into hopeless and confirmed infidelity. We have no fears for the future of the Christian religion; but we believe that one of the chief dangers which menace it in Canada arises out of that evasive dread of criticism, often so morbid as to betray secret distrust in the power of truth. Objections, to be met, must be stated, and that by those who believe in them; the "shock" which comes to faith is the immediate consequence of a zeal without knowledge. The article on "Prayer," for example, in the present number, represents substantially the views of the Rev. Mr. Knight, of Dundee. Why should Canadian Christians fear to hear statements which were listened to with attention in General Assemblies, and scattered broadcast through the *Contemporary Review*? The same columns are open for reply, and that is all that can reasonably be asked; for where would be the utility of excluding an earnest and reverent, though it may be an erroneous, statement of the natural order of the universe, when almost every intelligent man or woman is fully aware that the view is maintained and expounded in England? It is not confidence, but the lack of it which is the parent of this unreasoning terror, and what we clearly want in Canada is a broader tolerance of opinion, with less tim-

idity; greater faith in Christian doctrine, and less of owlsh blinking at current forms of doubt.

Before the middle of the month the English Parliament will have been prorogued. The session has been in many respects a singular one. Mr. Disraeli's government, with a majority of seventy at its back, has acted as timorously as if it held office on sufferance. Most of its measures will pass, so far as their titles are concerned; and that seems to be all the Premier cares for. Sir Stafford Northcote's scheme for the reduction of the National Debt, and Mr. Cross's Masters and Workmen Bill, are the only measures which have passed through the ordeal triumphantly. The Pollution of Rivers Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, the Tenant Right Bill, the Food and Drugs Bill, were not worth much at the first, and they have been completely emasculated during their progress. The Merchant Shipping Bill would have been among the "innocents," if Mr. Plimsoll had not uttered some remarkably strong language. On the other hand, the Liberal party remains as demoralized as ever. Its leader, the Marquis of Hartington, spends most of his time in filling the part of *claqueur* to Mr. Disraeli. When Mr. Trevelyan moved the second reading of his bill to establish household suffrage in the counties, or, in other words, to assimilate the county and borough franchise, the Marquis approved of the principle, but refused to support the Bill. When the House divided, he and Mr. Goschen left the House; Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, Forster, and Childers voted for the Bill, and Mr. Lowe against it. It is clear that the Liberal party is not likely to emerge from the wilderness for many a long day.

The proposals of the Government touching the intended visit of the Prince of Wales to India can hardly be called extravagant or unreasonable. Those who know India best feel assured that, if judiciously managed, this six months' excursion may be productive of immense good. Prof. Fawcett, who is one of these, supported the Government scheme, his only objection being to charging any part of the bill to the Indian exchequer. The Marquis of Hartington thought the sum of £60,000 too small. Mr. Wyndham, who agreed with him, stated that Lord Elgin's tour cost

£50,000, and even the Liberal *Spectator* is of opinion that £100,000 should have been asked. Of course, Mr. P. A. Taylor and the noisy knot of republicans who grow rabid whenever the Royal Family is mentioned, cried out against any vote. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for loyalty is the *mode* in England just now.

Public affairs in France have not been proceeding quite so smoothly as they promised. M. Gambetta's speech at Versailles, in which he strove to "educate his party" into alliance with the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, was a very clever and honourable effort. He was followed, sometime after, by the minister, M. Buffet, who also made a conciliatory speech, which might have been delivered by M. Thiers, on the necessity of rendering the Assembly a thoroughly popular body. So far well; but this *entente cordiale* was far too good to last. The first bombshell was the University Bill, which destroyed the hope entertained by the Liberals of establishing secular education. The Right Centre, the Right, and the Bonapartists unitedly supported the clergy and the bill. Then came the revelations, made by the Committee on the Nièvre election, of the intrigues of Imperialism, and M. Rouher's audacious defence. M. Gambetta very inconsiderately accused M. Buffet of aiding Imperialism by keeping Bonapartist prefects in office, and from that moment, the allies have been working at cross-purposes. The Left wants an immediate dissolution; the Right Centre are quite willing, if the Left consent to abandon the *scrutin de liste*, which they will not do. The immediate

consequence is that a long vacation has postponed the general elections for some months.

M. de Laveleye has said that the dangers of the European situation "arise from the difficulties in which Germany finds herself—difficulties that are the nearly inevitable result of the last war, and the treaty that ended it." It is quite certain that the Empire is ill at ease. There was more truth than most people were disposed to allow in Count Von Moltke's complaint last year, that Germany was without allies on whom she could depend. In fact, she has been passing through a series of scares ever since the termination of the war. Her ecclesiastical legislation is a failure, and trade and manufactures are in a state of stagnation. Then came the suspicious fraternization of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel. Following it was the remonstrance against French armaments, and the peremptory and somewhat ostentatious demand of the Czar that peace should be preserved. The alliance of the three Emperors is, in fact, an exceedingly shaky one. Their meeting at Ems did not take place. Instead of that, Alexander went to visit his Austrian brother, without passing through Berlin, as he had always done before. The reason why Germany is now looking so anxiously at Russia, is because she fears that instead of keeping Austria back from assisting France in any new war, she might herself form a member of an anti-German coalition. Altogether, the ambitions of European powers and their swollen armaments have rendered the renewal of war a mere question of time.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

QUEEN MARY: a Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The announcement that Mr. Tennyson was about to give to the world a new poetical production, and that in the form of a drama based upon one of the most exciting periods of English history, naturally caused no little stir in

literary circles. The interest aroused by the announcement was intensified when it became known that "Queen Mary" was the title of the drama, and that its subject embraced the chief incidents, religious, civil, and political, of the period from Mary Tudor's accession to her death in 1558. Now that the book has appeared, and that every literary critic, at least, has read it, it may be safe to hazard the opinion

that the production does not justify the high eulogiums passed upon it by the *Times*: that nothing like it has appeared since the creations of Shakespeare's genius.

Coming with such heralds of praise and promise, it would be hard, even with a new "Iliad," or a "Paradise Lost," to satisfy expectation thus aroused. The remark that "a moderate success commands respect, but a failure of complete success is often fatal," is fittingly illustrated in this case. This, however, is Mr. Tennyson's misfortune, not his fault; and an incident that qualifies the absolute felicity of his honours and success. But whatever divergence of opinion there may be as to the merits of the new work, Mr. Tennyson may claim credit for the result achieved, considering that his labour has been in a field entirely new to him, and one in which an experiment, though rash, was quite pardonable. It would be curious to know what prompted Mr. Tennyson to venture into the dramatic field. His muse is essentially lyrical and narrative, and he has confined his compositions to these alone for nigh a lifetime. Whether he has caught the contagion of ecclesiastical strife from Mr. Gladstone's recent efforts, or has been firing his brain with the inspiration of an Irving or a Salvini, we know not. But, though he has not hitherto piped to the glare of the foot-lights, his muse has not altogether been indifferent to the traditions of the stage. The ode to Macready, which he wrote on the retirement of that actor from professional life, shows his interest in the drama.

"Thine is it that our drama did not die,  
Nor flicker down to aimless pantomime."

But whatever may have suggested to Mr. Tennyson the dramatization of this sad piece of English history—and we may not be far astray in hinting that, like a true Englishman, Mr. Tennyson views with alarm the recent aggressions of Rome upon the domain of English thought and English affairs, and may wish to recall the malign influences of its policy upon a former era in the nation's history—there is this benefit likely to result from the Poet's new effort: that it will give a much-needed impetus to the literature of dramatic art, and probably greatly contribute to the restoration to the stage of the glories and higher influences of the historic drama, of which the modern theatre has known so little. In saying this, however, we do not commit ourselves to the opinion that "Queen Mary" is such a revival of the Shakespearean drama as may win for it success upon the stage. Doubtless, whatever it may lack as a creation adapted for dramatization, should it be placed upon the stage, it will have the benefit of every auxiliary, in actors, pageantry, scenery, dress, &c., with which to vitalize its characters, and vivify its dramatic situations. But Mr. Tennyson's effort is too serious

and too earnest in the direction of a high dramatic composition, and his name and influence is too great, for his work to fail of effect upon the writers of the day in inciting them to turn their attention to the literature of the drama, and to endeavour to use it for the high lessons and purposes which the dramatist can so powerfully influence with. To our mind, this is the feature for congratulation in the Poet's new venture, more than the merit of the work as a drama. A valuable and prized addition to our English literature it undoubtedly is; but it is not more than a careful, accurate, and elaborate historical study. It lacks both in spirit and movement the characteristics of the drama. Its characters are vividly brought out, and its situations are often picturesque and telling. But the personages are wanting in the play of creative effect, and the incidents lack the stir of inventive resource. Moreover, though the story of Mary's life is essentially dramatic, and the incidents of her reign are tragic in the extreme, the author does not seem to us to have extracted from either that which goes to the making of a great drama. This evidently is the result of following too faithfully the events of history and the records of the time, as well as, in some degree, from want of sympathy, which the writer could not impart, with the leading characters and their actions. Still, much has been made of the materials; and though the personages and incidents appear in the narrative in the neutral tints of history, yet the period is made to reappear with a freshness and distinctness which, while it satisfies the scholar, gives a true charm to every lover of the drama. Again and again, as we read, are we reminded of the Laureate's rare poetical fancy and fine literary instinct, and the dialogues contain many passages of striking thought and noble utterance. But the work is overcast by the great gloom of its central figure—the gloom of bigotry, passion, jealousy, disappointment, and despair which ever environs the miserable Queen; and much though the Poet has striven to brighten the picture, and awaken sympathy for the weakness of the woman who, royal mistress though she was, could not command her love to be requited, the poetic measure of his lines roughens and hardens to the close, when the curtain falls on what is felt to be a tragic and unlovely life.

As the work is so accessible in the neat and inexpensive Canadian edition which has been published, and as most of our readers are, doubtless, now familiar with its narrative from the many selections which have appeared in press, we do not think it necessary to extend our notice by extracts from the work. We may simply refer to the other *dramatis personæ* introduced to us, who are among the notable historical characters that figure during Mary Tudor's reign. They are those who take part in the incidents, religious, civil, and political, of



the period, and are, for the most part, both in speech and bearing, the portraits familiar to us in Mr. Froude's history. Of these the most pleasing is the Princess Elizabeth, whose portrait is drawn with masterly skill, and engages our interest as the fortunes of its original oscillate "Twixt Axe and Crown,"—to use the title-phrase of Mr. Tom Taylor's adaptation.

"A Tudor  
Schooled by the shadow of death, a Boleyn too  
Glancing across the Tudor."

But aside from the interest in the safety of her person, which is in constant jeopardy from the jealousy of her half-sister, Elizabeth wins upon the reader by her modest, maidenly bearing, her frankness of manner, and by a playfulness of disposition which readily adapts itself to the restraints which the Queen is ever placing upon her person, and which endears her to the people, who, could the hated Mary be got rid of, would fain become her subjects. The civil strife of the period furnishes material for some powerful passages, which are wrought up with excellent effect; and in this connection Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Thomas Stafford, the Earl of Devon, Sir William Cecil and others historical personages appear upon the stage. The other incidents introduced are those which attach themselves to the religious persecutions of the time, and which brought Archbishop Cranmer to the stake, and give play to the papal intrigues of Cardinal Pole, Bishop Gardiner, and the emissaries of the Spanish Court. The second and third scenes in the fourth act devoted to Cranmer, and which detail his martyrdom, are hardly so satisfactory as they might have been, though the Poet here again follows closely the historical accounts. The scenes, however, give occasion for the introduction of a couple of local gossips whose provincial dialect, and keen interest in the national and religious policy of the time, here as in occasional street scenes, are cleverly portrayed. This sapient reflection in the mouth of one of these gossips, Tib, is a specimen at hand:—

"A-burnin' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk  
"madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor't  
"Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—  
"the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the  
"Pwoap out o' this 'ere land for iver and iver."

Philip we have not spoken of; but he fills such a hateful niche in the historical gallery of the time, and the Poet introduces him but to act his pitiful rôle, that we pass him by; though many of the grandest passages in the drama are those which give expression to Mary's passionate love for him, and her longing desire for an issue of their marriage, which afterwards culminates in her madness and death. We have to speak of but one other character in the drama, whose death, as it has been said, was sufficient to honour and to dishonour an age.

The beautiful Lady Jane Grey appears for a little among the shadows of the poem, and moves to her tragic fate.

"Seventeen—a rose of grace!  
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose!  
Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

A few songs of genuine Tennysonian harmony, pitched in the keys that most fittingly suit the singer's mood, are interspersed through the drama, and serve to lighten the narratives of their gloom and plaint. Their presence, we cannot help thinking, recalls work better done, and more within the limitations of the Poet's genius, than this drama of Queen Mary.

THE CHARACTER AND LOGICAL METHOD OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. E. Cairnes, LL.D., New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

A melancholy interest attaches to this book as being the latest utterance of its distinguished and lamented author, the news of whose death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, reached us by cable the other day. It is said that the present work, as well as the author's "Leading Principles of Political Economy, Newly Expounded," which appeared a year or two back, were produced with the greatest difficulty, and under sufferings of the most prostrating kind, caused by the lingering disease which has now done its fatal work. Unable himself to write, his devoted wife acted as his amanuensis in the preparation of both works. We learn from Mr. Cliffe Leslie, in the last *Academy*, that "Prof. Cairnes has been laid to rest with extraordinary honour. No other author's death in our time, save Mr. Mill's, has called forth so strong an expression of feeling" as that of his greatest disciple.

The previous edition of these lectures appeared more than seventeen years ago, and has long been out of print. The present, though extensive changes have been made in the form and treatment, yet, as regards the substance of the opinions advanced, does not differ from its predecessor. An additional lecture, however, on "Definition," has been added.

As now presented the work is in every way worthy of the master mind which produced it. It is in fact the only one in the language in which the true character and method of Political Economy are adequately dealt with. As such it should be carefully studied by everyone who wishes to understand the important, but much misrepresented and much abused science of which it treats. Prof. Cairnes shews it to be an egregious mistake to suppose that Political Economy is an inductive science, like Chemistry or Physics. In those sciences, in order to reach a general law, a large number of observations and experiments have to be made, on which to found an induction. The

position of Political Economy is both better and worse. It is worse because the economical investigator is excluded from experiment. It is better inasmuch as its general principles are furnished to his hand. "*The Economist starts with a knowledge of ultimate causes.* He is already, at the outset of his enterprise, in the position which the physicist only attains after ages of laborious research. If any one doubt this, he has only to consider what the ultimate principles governing economic phenomena are. They consist of such facts as the following: certain mental feelings and certain animal propensities in human beings; the physical conditions under which production takes place; political institutions; the state of industrial art: in other words, the premises of Political Economy are the conclusions and proximate phenomena of other branches of knowledge" (pp. 87-8). The function of Political Economy, as stated by Prof. Cairnes, is to expound "the laws according to which [the phenomena of wealth] co-exist with or succeed each other; that is to say, it expounds the laws of the phenomena of wealth" (p. 35). Its method is to arrive at these laws by arguing downwards from general principles, such as the foregoing. In short, its method is essentially deductive. This was the view taken by the late Mr. Buckle, who sought to account for the success of Adam Smith, and other Scotchmen, in the cultivation of Political Economy, by asserting that the Scotch intellect is eminently deductive. Prof. Cairnes states that no economical truth meriting the name of scientific was ever discovered inductively, and that it may be safely asserted that none ever will be (p. 79); but, on the contrary, that all economical discoveries, such for instance as those of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Malthus, were results of the opposite method. In every instance of such discoveries, the appeal is not to a set of facts, ascertained by experiment or observation, but to some mental or physical principle (p. 117). The modern German school of economists practically repudiates these ideas. The historical method (which, of course, is nothing more than induction from observation, there being no scope for experiment) is the favourite one with them. But if there is any truth in Prof. Cairnes's exposition, they are in the wrong track, and will find themselves engaged in a barren labour, so far, at least, as concerns the discovery of economic truths.

Doubtless, in social enquiries, as distinguished from merely economical ones, the historical method is the most potent that can be used; and is, in fact, being turned to the best account by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "*Principles of Sociology*," now in course of publication. But Prof. Cairnes shows that the two subjects are as distinct as the science of Mechanics is from Civil Engineering. "Political Economy," he says, "stands apart from all particular systems

of social or industrial existence. It has nothing to do with *laissez faire*, any more than with communism; with freedom of contract any more than with paternal government, or with systems of *status*. It stands apart from all particular systems, and is, moreover, absolutely neutral as between them all. Not of course, that the knowledge which it gives may not be employed to recommend some and to discredit others. This is inevitable, and is the only proper and legitimate use of economic knowledge. But this notwithstanding, the science is neutral, as between social schemes, in this important sense. It pronounces no judgment on the worthiness or desirableness of the ends aimed at in such systems. It tells us what their effects will be as regards a specific class of facts, thus contributing *data* toward the formation of a sound opinion respecting them. But here its function ends. The *data* thus furnished may, indeed, go far to determine our judgment, but they do not necessarily, and should not in practice always, do so. For there are few practical problems which do not present other aspects than the purely economical—political, moral, educational, artistic aspects—and these may involve consequences so weighty as to turn the scale against purely economic solutions. On the relative importance of such conflicting considerations, Political Economy offers no opinion, pronounces no judgment—thus, as I said, standing neutral between competing social schemes; neutral, as the science of Mechanics stands neutral between competing plans of railway construction, in which expense, for instance, as well as mechanical efficiency, is to be considered; neutral, as Chemistry stands neutral between competing plans of sanitary improvement; as Physiology stands neutral between opposing systems of medicine. It supplies the means, or, more correctly, a portion of the means for estimating all; it refuses to identify itself with any" (pp. 36-38). Had these considerations been present to the minds of some of our social philosophers, they would have been saved from wasting a good deal of feeble wit and misplaced invective at the expense of what they are pleased to call "the dismal science;" a phrase quite as applicable to gravitation, which, as Mr. Mill remarks, will infallibly break the neck of any philanthropist, however benevolent, who neglects to fulfil its requirements.

The last two lectures are devoted to illustrating the method of Political Economy, as actually practised in making the two capital discoveries known as the Malthusian Doctrine of Population, and Ricardo's Theory of Rent. About a year ago, during Mr. Goldwin Smith's candidature for election to the Council of Public Instruction, some of our enlightened organs of public opinion attempted (unsuccessfully, we are happy to say) to get up a cry against

that gentleman on the score of Malthusianism. The men who thus sought to pander to popular prejudice by presuming upon popular ignorance, will hardly be pleased to learn that the greatest economist of the age since Mr. Mill's death, thoroughly accepted the doctrines of Malthus. Still, though it may not give them pleasure, they can hardly fail to profit by a careful perusal of Prof. Cairnes's seventh lecture; and, accordingly, we recommend it strongly to their notice, hoping that they will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they will there find.

We have only to add that, throughout these lectures, the literary characteristics of Prof. Cairnes—his exquisite lucidity of style, and his masterly skill as a dialectician—are as prominent as in any of his other works.

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BLUEBELL: A Canadian Society Novel. By Mrs. G. C. Huddleston. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The publication of a native reprint of this so-called "Canadian Society Novel" is as little justifiable as are the author's libels upon the society of the country she professes to describe. A few months ago, on its appearance in England, the novel was the subject of a scathing review in a critical journal well known for its caustic yet wholesome criticism; and now, as if to pander to the desire, too often indulged, of enjoying improprieties exposed by the Reviewer under the thin pretext of condemning them also, the novel has been reproduced in a Canadian dress. That there are those in Canada who read such works just because their unwholesomeness has been indicated by some faithful censor of the press, is not helpful to him who would vindicate our society from those who malign it. But we feel sure that all those who look upon the purity of our domestic life, and the fair fame of our countrywomen, as objects to be conserved and held sacred from the dishonour of being lightly spoken of, will join with us in deprecating the picture of society represented in "Bluebell," as typical of Canadian households; and in resenting so gross an offence against good taste, good feeling, and hospitality, as the authoress has in the work before us been guilty of.

From what we have said, a review of the book will not be expected from us; nor are its offences, its flippancies, and its vulgarities so concealed that it is necessary for us to point them out, and so justify our remarks. We may just say that the book is of the most ordinary and commonplace type of a military-society novel, with its scenes mainly laid in a garrison town (Toronto) in Canada, at some period before the withdrawal of the British forces from the country; and giving glimpses of such society as its writer has been familiar

with, or, more properly, found herself confined to. There is also an attempt made to weave into the narrative descriptions of out-of-door amusements during a Canadian winter, and of such incidents and dialogues as the writer chooses to degrade her book with, and which are too often outside the limits of even such morality and propriety as ordinarily govern garrison life.

The principal male character of the novel is of the type which Canadian society, at least, is thankful to have got rid of—a fribble of the parade ground and mess-room—whose virtue was as easy as his honour was stained, and whose instincts were as low as his designs were often base. The heroine, with other female characters introduced in the novel, are feeble creations. Their chief characteristics are duplicity, and such lack of modesty and lady-like manners as make them the peers of those of the other sex, and naturally fit them to be the mates, or victims, of such specimens of gentlemanhood as the authoress brings before her readers. But the book is so eminently offensive that we forbear to notice it further. We should have to go back to the period of Smollett to find its match. The style is slipshod and objectionable; and the tone vulgar and mischievous. But it is as a study of so-called Canadian society that we most object to it. We should blush for our countrywomen were the novel accepted as evidence of their manners or their bearing. Its pretensions and its vices, however, have already met with their deserts in the literary circles of England; and we doubt not that whatever circulation it may have in Canada will but serve to confirm the verdict of the mother country. If Mrs. Huddleston takes up her pen again she will do well to make amends for the gross injustice she has done to Canadian girlhood; and we advise her, in her future writings, if she pursues authorcraft further, to amend her English; abandon her slang; and never again to undertake to describe national character after the model of her own vulgar mind, or that of any of her own set.

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We were recently laid under heavy obligations to the literary industry of a New Englander, Mr. Francis Parkman, for a prose epic on a stirring period of early Canadian history, replete with historic incident and romantic episode. As if the publication of that monograph, from our rich Canadian quarries, were not enough to shame us for our dwarfed national spirit, we have now a further literary service to acknowledge from the same quarter, and one which we should chide ourselves for leaving to be done by an alien pen. We refer to a "Handbook to the Maritime Provinces," just issued by the Messrs. Osgood, of Boston, modelled after the famous continental guide-books of Karl Baedeker, and containing a

perfect store-house of historical and topographical information, as valuable to the student and antiquarian as it is to the settler and tourist, for whom the work has been more specially designed. There are many features, historic and picturesque, in the region covered by the book, which should arouse the pride of every Canadian, as it may awaken the sympathies and admiration of the chance sojourner or tourist. The brilliant records of English and French conquests; the romantic story of Acadian settlement; the heroic exploit of pioneer missionary; the legend and tradition of Indian life—all serve to quicken the interest of the reader; while the eye has a feast, in noble

coast-scenery, in picturesque valley or plain, and in quaint old town, that must please the most critical taste, and satisfy the most exacting requirements in scenic attraction. A glance at the literary authorities consulted in the compilation of the work, from Champlain, La Hontan, Charlevoix, and Lescarbot, down to Parkman, Le Moine, Haliburton, Howells, and Thoreau—will show how rich is the work in historic and literary treatment; while, in the drier details of routes of travel, hotel accommodation, places of interest, &c., &c., the book is no less a mine of almost exhaustless practical comment.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MR. GLADSTONE'S paper in the *Contemporary Review*, which asks, but can hardly be said to answer, the question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" has one merit his publishers will appreciate: it has raised the current number to the dignity of a fifth edition. It is urged that the ex-Premier is preparing the way for a change of front on the State Church question; but this is by no means clear. His argument may, of course, be put in this way—the Church is only worth preserving if the contending parties in it consent to live in peace, one with another; but they will not; therefore the church should be disestablished. In any other writer, we should be likely to accept this as the logical conclusion of the whole matter; but Mr. Gladstone is so fond of mystification that his drift is not readily discernible. His opinions may be in a state of flux and transition, but we cannot feel sure of it. He is so prone to look at the goal askance, or strabismically so to speak, that peering into his eyes will give us no certain indication of the course he is about to take. His paper appeared on the day the Public Worship Act came in force, and its sole object may have been to admonish the Episcopal bench and the Church of the inconvenience and possible danger they may cause, by encouraging litigation under its provisions. It has been urged that Mr. Gladstone is here undoing the work he accomplished by his pamphlets on "Vaticanism," since in the latter he asserted the supremacy of the State, whilst in this paper, he questions the capacity of Parliament or the Courts to deal with ecclesiastic matters. The difference, however, is rather apparent than real; because in the pamphlets he was protesting against doctrines he held to be subversive of civil allegiance; in the article, he is dealing

with matters of church order, and objects to the competence of the tribunal set up to determine them. What astonishes us is the waste of ingenuity displayed by Mr. Gladstone in his attempt to devise possible meanings certain Ritualistic practices may bear, without having recourse to dogmatic significance. He selects the eastward posture and the sacramental vestments as crucial instances, attaching to them explanations which neither Ritualist nor Evangelical will accept. If they are matters of such slight importance, why does Mr. Stanton of St. Alban's, in London, cling to them as essentials, so pertinaciously?

Cassandra re-assumes the prophetic mantle this month, in a paper entitled "The Echo of the Antipodes." Having received what he considers confirmatory evidence of his gloomy forecast, Mr. Greg publishes a letter from Sydney, and enlarges upon it. We are informed that they have lodger as well as household suffrage in New South Wales, and the result is a government controlled by trades-unions. "It would be in vain" says the correspondent, "for any one however talented, influential, or wealthy, to seek to obtain a seat in the Assembly, until he has bowed down before the Juggernaut of the sovereign people, and avowed his sympathy with 'the working man;' and yet, properly so called, the working man does not exist in New South Wales," and so forth.

Mr. Geddes, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, contributes "A New Theory of the Homeric Question," which deserves careful perusal. He believes that the *Odyssey* was the work of one author, although he gives some strange reasons for it, such as the recurrence of the word  $\mu\omicron\iota$  in the first line. He further thinks this the superior poem, which it doubtless is in artistic form

but not in any other respect. With regard to the Iliad, he considers it divisible into two parts, the Achillean or Thessalian, and the Odyssean or Ionian. The latter portion, which he regards as the work of Homer, the author of the Odyssey, consists of ten books, viz.: Those from the second to the seventh inclusive, the ninth and tenth, and the twenty-third and twenty-fourth. The other books, except some Odyssean episodes, he regards as Achillean. The theory is worked out with considerable ability, and is decidedly to be preferred to the rhapsodist or Pisisratid notions. "The Beginning of the Co-operative Trouble," by G. J. Holyoake, the founder of English secularism, is in fact a short sketch of the life and aims of Robert Owen, well written, and of course thoroughly sympathetic. Prof. Max Müller has written of Sun-myths, and the paper on "Wind-myths," by Mr. Keary, is an examination of a cognate subject, based upon the Eddas chiefly. It forms a slight but interesting contribution to comparative mythology.

Mr. Pope Hennessy, who dropped out of Parliamentary life some years ago, makes a strenuous effort to persuade people, that "The Tories and the Catholics" ought to be the closest of allies. His historical facts are for the most part fairly stated, but they are posed occasionally in a peculiar manner. Much is made of the opposition of the Liberals, including Fox, Barré, and Thomas Townshend to Lord North's Canadian Bill of 1774—the statute which virtually established the Roman Catholic religion as a State Church in Lower Canada. The paper is worth reading, but it is not satisfactory by any means. Mr. Matthew Arnold has reached No. 6 of his "Review of Objections to 'Literature and Dogma.'" His immediate subject is the Fourth Gospel. He utterly repudiates the theory of Baur and the Tübingen school, which supposes this Gospel to be the work and for the most part the invention of a learned Greek, tainted with Gnosticism, and written at the end of the second century. The so-called "art of our Greek Gnostic," says Mr. Arnold, "is after all, not art of the highest character, because it does not manage to conceal itself. It allows the Tübingen critics to find it, and by finding it out to pull the whole of the Fourth Gospel to pieces, and to ruin utterly its historical character." He then proceeds to argue that the fancied divergence in fact and doctrine from the synoptics has no real foundation. His own view of the Gospel is very high, although his theory of its composition is hardly orthodox. He believes, as a cardinal principle, that Jesus was always "above his reporters," and that they never perfectly comprehended his teaching. At the same time, he thinks the discourses in St. John are suitable *logia* of the Saviour received directly from St. John, and pieced into the narrative, not always with discrimination and understanding, by a

Greek of considerable literary pretensions. The Duke of Argyll's paper on "Animal instinct, in its relation to the Mind of Man," is not a deep paper, yet, in many respects an interesting one. The opening pages give some curious instances of the working of instinct in which imitation could have had no part.

The name of M. Emile de Laveleye, is too well known to English readers to require any introduction. In the current *Fortnightly*, he appears as the author of an elaborate paper on "The European Situation." The key-note to the whole is to be found in a few words: "The vanquished think of recovering what they have lost. The victors cause jealousies. They know this; they fear it; and naturally they wish to anticipate possible alliances or to make themselves strong enough to be able to see them without apprehension. Hence follow strong temptations, and even apparent necessities, to resort to arms as a means of arriving at a more secure position." M. de Laveleye does not believe that Germany is dazzled by any dream of universal conquest, but he gives many reasons why she will be likely to anticipate attack. To some extent, we think he exaggerates the importance of Ultramontanist. He regards it as the moving cause of the Franco-German war, although, as has been well-remarked, Ultramontanist did not start a Hohenzollern as candidate for the Spanish throne; it did not drive Napoleon to a war undertaken to gain the confidence of the army, and to get rid of governmental complications. Sometimes he appears to think that the Falk Laws were not merely defensible, but inevitable, at others he thinks them impolitic. "I am then disposed to think," he says, "that the Prussian Government, in attempting by means of repressive laws to master the hostility of the priests, made a blunder, for I do not see how it is to come victorious out of the struggle." The conquest of Alsace, according to the writer, "is an inexpiable cause of war between Germany and France. It is a duel to the death;" and elsewhere—"France does not at this moment wish for war."

It is contrary to the truth to accuse her of seeking to trouble Europe. But it is useless to deny that the day when she shall believe herself strong enough to recover Alsace, she will try." Turning to the probable attitude of the several powers in that contingency, he regards it as inevitable that Russia and Austria, with the Particularists of South Germany, would join hands with France, and that Italy would probably be neutral. M. de Laveleye ridicules the reproaches cast upon England because of her abstention from continental broils. Singularly enough, however, he imagines that England would unite with Germany, because she hates Ultramontanist, forgetting, as an English journal remarks, that she would never stir a finger to aid a power too strong already, that she could secure the independence of Italy,



Belgium, and Holland much more effectually by being the soul of a coalition and an ally of France. Mr. George Darwin piles up a lot of statistics, not very conclusive in the matter, on "Marriages between First Cousins." He rather favours these marriages, and although he admits that they facilitate the transmission of certain diseases, he believes the evil has been much exaggerated. Mr. Thomas Hare, in his "Note," gives a very concise and modest defence of Representative Government and the scheme of Minority Representation which bears his name, against the supercilious criticisms of the Positivists.

The most attractive paper in the number is

that on "The Military Position of England," by Col. Chesney, (the author of "The Battle of Dorking") or whoever else it was that gave a negative reply to the question, "Could we have helped France or Belgium?" He contends that England must do one of two things: either give up all idea of continental influence, and then she may rely on her navy, volunteers, and a small army; or if she desires to interfere with effect on a proper occasion, she must re-model her army so as to be able to mobilise immediately 100,000 men. The scheme is drawn out in detail with a masterly hand.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE only performances in Toronto during the past month which call for any comment were those of the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company, from New York, at the Grand Opera House; and those of Mr. Charles Fechter, and his troupe, at the Royal Opera House.

"The Big Bonanza" is unquestionably by far the best American play ever performed in Toronto. It belongs to the class of "society" plays, and is evidently very closely modelled upon the productions of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste," "School," and other dramas. In the American play the plot is of the slightest possible description, though quite sufficient to unite the various scenes into a compact whole. The interest is mainly derived, however, from telling situations, some really excellent character drawing, and a dialogue which is bright, sparkling, and witty throughout. As regards acting, for completeness in every character, even down to the most unimportant, it was quite the best thing we ever remember seeing in Toronto. Where all were so good, it is somewhat invidious to mention any in particular; but we may single out as deserving of especial commendation, *Eugenia* (Miss Sarah Jewett); *Virgie* (Miss May Nunez); *Prof. Cadwallader* (Mr. Lamb); and *Bob Ruggles* (Mr. James). \*Miss Jewett is a young English actress, and one of remarkable promise. In the two love scenes with Bob Ruggles her exquisitely natural acting was charming in the extreme. Miss Nunez is, we understand, a novice upon the stage, a fact which accounts for a certain rawness and want of finish; notwithstanding this, however, her presentation of the lackadaisical and romantic *Virgie* was exceedingly lifelike. Mr. Lamb and Mr. James were also wonderfully good; the latter, in the scene where he has to do his love-making in a pair of agonizingly tight boots, being perfectly killing. Among the other characters the most noteworthy was *Alphonsus de*

*Hass*, an English exquisite of the inevitable Dundreary type, capably performed by Mr. Rockwell.

The only other play given by the company was "Monsieur Alphonse," an adaptation by Mr. Augustin Daly, the author of "The Big Bonanza," from the French of Alexander Dumas *filz*. Like nearly every French drama written during the present generation, the plot turns upon a question of conjugal fidelity. The treatment, however, is quite unobjectionable and the moral thoroughly wholesome. It was acted throughout, but particularly in the last two of the three acts, with a perfect naturalness that was quite startling in its lifelike realism. The *Captain Montagnin* of Mr. Louis James was a really masterly performance, earnest, dignified, and manly; and revealed powers of quite a different order from those displayed in the "Big Bonanza." As his wife, *Raymonde*, Miss Jewett was somewhat weak, and wanting in effective by-play, in the first act. In the other two, however, she was admirable. In the second act, there is a scene of extraordinary power between husband and wife; and both Mr. James and Miss Jewett rose to the height of the situation, as was testified by the numerous tearful faces among the audience, men as well as women. The minor characters were filled in the same satisfactory manner as those in the "Big Bonanza." The most noteworthy were Mr. Ringgold, in the unpleasant part of *M. Octave*; Miss Nunez, as *Madame Guichard*; and Bijou Heron, as the child *Adrienne*.

Mr. Fechter, though not the greatest actor living, is certainly a remarkably fine one. We apprehend that Salvini, Rossi, Irving, Barry Sullivan, and probably also Edwin Booth, are his superiors. Nor do we believe that he could give as grand a performance of *Othello* or *Richelieu*, as Mr. T. C. King. During his brief

stay here, Mr. Fechter appeared in *Hamlet*, *Ruy Blas*, *Obenreizer* in "No Thoroughfare," and in *Claude Melnotte*. His most celebrated character is, of course, *Hamlet*. Respecting it, a remark may be made similar to that of some of the London critics in regard to Salvini's, viz., that it is not Shakespeare's, but Fechter's. Mr. Fechter, notwithstanding his twelve years' residence among Anglo-Saxons is still unmistakably French, and his *Hamlet* is as French as himself. It has too much movement; too great exuberance of gesture—play of the hands and arms, shrugging of the shoulders, &c. The French accent, though very noticeable, is but a trifling drawback. Much more objectionable is the placing of emphasis on the wrong word, and a trick of running sentences into one another without a break, where an Englishman would make a distinct pause; both faults being of frequent occurrence. Another noticeable defect is a lack of princely dignity; in place of which we have a poor substitute in attitudinising, of which there is a superfluity, especially in the scene with his mother. Notwithstanding these

numerous drawbacks, however, the performance is a wonderfully fine one. In many of the scenes the actor's earnestness and intensity carry everything before them. There was the impressiveness too of novelty, in bringing out "points," in much of the business of the play, and also in many of the readings. His finest scenes were the soliloquy, "O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I;" the scene with Ophelia; and the one with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, where the recorders are brought in. In each of these he was really magnificent. The scene with the ghost, the play scene, and the one with his mother, though they all possessed some fine points, were on the whole somewhat weak. Taken altogether, the performance was undoubtedly a remarkable one, quite worthy of the great reputation of the actor.

Mr. Fechter's *Claude Melnotte*, however, is artistically more satisfactory than his *Hamlet*. It is less uneven; and the actor's nationality is an advantage, instead of a drawback; a remark which applies also to *Obenreizer*, a very unpleasant character, evidently modelled after Count Fosco.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Willing & Williamson a copy of a new Railway and Postal Map of Ontario, compiled from the special maps of the Post Office Department, and other official sources. It is constructed upon a scale of ten miles to the inch, and is unquestionably one of the most satisfactory and serviceable maps we have yet seen. It is coloured by counties, and shows every town and village, and every railway and telegraph station, in the Province, indicating the distances between towns *via* the mail routes. Its mechanical execution is so good, being clear, legible, and with no over-display of colour, that it must be invaluable for either wall or pocket reference.

We are indebted to M. Campeau for a copy of his "Illustrated Guide to the House of Commons." It comprises the portraits in photography of the members of the Cabinet, and the members and officers of the House of Commons of Canada, with a list of the constituencies, and a chart indicating the position of the members' seats in the House. The work forms a sort of "Physiognomical Hansard," and will be useful as a companion to Mr. Morgan's little work, and to the Official Debates' Journal. It would, however, be an improvement were the photographs printed from uniform negatives, instead of from prints, which lose in distinctness and interest by being copied. But we should prefer to see a work of this kind produced in a less clumsy form than that of mounted photographs. Were the art

of wood-cut engraving more in use amongst us, it would be better adapted for such a work.

However stagnant the general publishing trade may be, there is no dearth of fiction. Novels continue to appear from the press with their accustomed unceasing flow. Among those most recently to hand are "Walter's Word," by James Payn, and "What will the World say?" by Charles Gibbon, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.; "Bluebell," by Mrs. G. C. Huddleston, noticed elsewhere in these pages, and "The Wreck of the Chancellor," by Jules Verne, from Messrs. Belford Bros. Toronto. From Messrs. Harper, we have received Mr. Anthony Trollope's new work, "The Way we live Now;" "Miss Angel," by Miss Thackeray; "Eglantine," by the author of "St. Olaves;" and "Iseulte," by the author of "The Hotel du Petit St. Jean." In addition to this bill of fare, all the English magazines are publishing new stories in serial form, by the best known writers. If novel reading keeps pace with novel writing, there must be little else read.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his three ecclesiastical essays in one volume, under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion." Continuing to discard statesmanship for Polemics, Mr. Gladstone has also issued an English translation of M. Laveleye's pamphlet on "Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations," accompanying it with an introductory letter by himself.

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